

# SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

VOL. XXI.

NOVEMBER, 1880.

NO. 1.

## PETER THE GREAT AS RULER AND REFORMER. I.

[Copyright, 1880, by Eugene Schuyler. All rights reserved.]

### CHAPTER I.

#### THE JOURNEY OF PETER TO WESTERN EUROPE.

THE Tsar's feeling was so strong with regard to what might be learnt about ship-building in foreign countries that, after he had sent off many of his subjects to study the trade, he resolved to go himself. Without ascribing to this journey all the importance which Macaulay did when he said, "His journey is an epoch in the history, not only of his own country, but of ours, and of the world," we must admit that it was a remarkable event, and one fraught with much consequence. Since the exiled Izyasláv visited the court of the Emperor Henry IV., at Mayence, in 1075, no Russian ruler had ever been out of his dominions. Peter's journey marks the division between the old Russia, an exclusive, little known country, and the new Russia, an important factor in European politics. It was also one of the turning points in the development of his character, and was the continuation of the education begun in the German suburb. In one way, it may be said that Peter's appearance in the German suburb was really more startling, and of more importance, than his journey westward, for that journey was the natural consequence and culmination of his intercourse with foreigners at Moscow.

This sudden and mysterious journey of the Tsar abroad exercised the minds of Peter's contemporaries no less than it has those of moderns. Many were the reasons given for the journey, and have been given since, for this step. There was even

a dispute among the students of the University of Thorn as to the reasons which had induced the Tsar to travel. Pleyer, the secret Austrian agent, wrote to the Emperor Leopold that the whole embassy was "merely a cloak for the freedom sought by the Tsar, to get out of his own country and divert himself a little." Another document in the archives at Vienna finds the cause of the journey in a vow made by Peter, when in danger on the White Sea, to make a pilgrimage to the tombs of the Apostles St. Peter and St. Paul, at Rome. According to Voltaire, "He resolved to absent himself for some years from his dominions, in order to learn how better to govern them." Napoleon said: "He left his country to deliver himself for a while from the crown, so as to learn ordinary life, and to remount by degrees to greatness." But every authentic source gives us but one reason, and the same. Peter went abroad, not to fulfill a vow, not to amuse himself, not to become more civilized, not to learn the art of government, but simply to become a good shipwright. His mind was filled with the idea of creating a navy on the Black Sea for use against the Turks, and his tastes were still, as they had always been, purely mechanical. For this purpose, as he himself says, as his prolonged residence in Holland shows, he desired to have an opportunity of studying the art of ship-building in those places where it was carried to the highest perfection, that is, in Holland, England and Venice.

In order to give the Tsar greater freedom of action, and to save him from too much formality and ceremony, which he exceed-

[Copyright, 1880, by Scribner & Co. All rights reserved.]

VOL. XXI.—I.



GENERAL VIEW OF ZAANDAM.

ingly disliked, an attempt was made to conceal the purpose of his journey, by means of a great embassy, which should visit the chief countries of Western Europe, to explain the policy of Russia toward Turkey, and to make whatever treaties it was found possible, either for commercial purposes or for the war against the Turks. The embassy consisted of three extraordinary ambassadors, at the head of whom was General Lefort. Besides the other rewards he had received for the campaigns against Azof, he had been given the honorary title of Governor-General of Nóvgorod. The other ambassadors were the Governor-General of Siberia, Theodore Golovin, who had already distinguished himself by the treaty of Nerchinsk with the Chinese; and the Governor of Bólkhof, Prokóp Voznitsyn, a skillful and experienced diplomat. In the suite of the ambassadors were twenty nobles and thirty-five others, called volunteers, who, like those previously sent, were going abroad for the study of ship-building. Among these was the Tsar himself. These volunteers were chiefly young men who had been comrades of Peter in his play regiments, in his boat-building, and in his campaigns against Azof. Among them may be particularly remarked Alexander Menshikóf and Alexis Galitsyn, two Golovíns, Simeon Narýshkin, and the Prince Alexander Bagrátion of

Imeritia and Georgia. Including priests, interpreters, pages, singers, and servants of various kinds, the suite of the embassy numbered as many as two hundred and fifty persons. The Tsar himself traveled under the strictest incognito. It was forbidden to give him the title of Majesty,—he was always to be addressed simply as *Min Her* Peter Mikhailof,—and it was forbidden, under pain of death, to mention his presence with the embassy.

During the absence of the Tsar, the government was intrusted to a regency of three persons—Leo Narýshkin, Prince Boris Galitsyn and Prince Peter Prozorófsky, who were given supreme power. Prince Ramodanófsky was charged with maintaining order in Moscow, and he had verbal instructions to follow up, in the severest way, the slightest movement of discontent or rebellion. The boyár Shéin, assisted by General Gordon, had charge of the defense of the southern frontier on the side of Azof, while Prince Jacob Dolgorúky succeeded the boyár Sheremétief in charge of the defenses against the Tartars on the frontier of Little Russia, and was ordered to get galleys ready for the siege of Otchakóf in the spring of 1698. Sheremétief, who had already served two years in that country, obtained leave of absence and permission to travel abroad.

Preparations were nearly finished for the



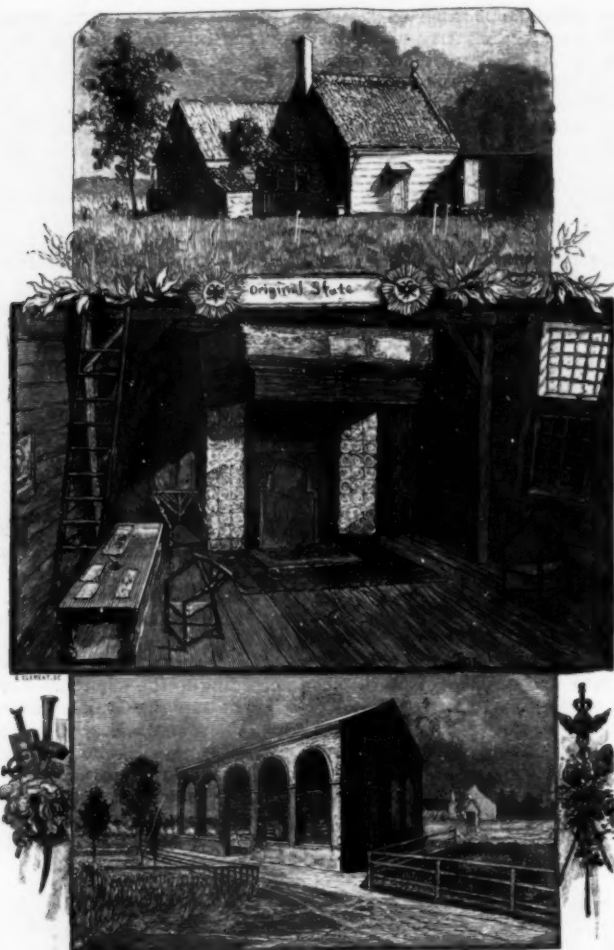
departure of the embassy, when an unexpected delay occurred. Gordon expressed it thus in his diary: "A merry night has been spoiled by an accident of discovering treason against his Majesty." The colonel of the Streltsi, Iván Tsykler (spelled also Zickler), of foreign birth or extraction, Alexis Sokovnin and Theodore Púshkin, were accused of plotting against the life of the Tsar. They were accused on the testimony of Lárión Yelisárof, who was one of the denunciators of the alleged plot against Peter's life in 1689, when he took refuge at Tróitsa. In all probability, there was no plot whatever, but simply loose and unguarded talk between discontented men. Tsykler had always been well treated by the Princess Sophia and Privy-Councilor Shaklovity, but when he saw the preponderance was on the side of Peter, he went to Tróitsa and made denunciations. He did not, however, receive the reward and favor which he expected, but, on the contrary, was looked upon askance, and had recently been sent to Azof. He was naturally irritated against the Tsar, and in unguarded moments probably expressed his feelings too strongly. Sokovnin was a virulent dissenter, and the brother of two ladies well known for their opposition to the Patriarch Nikon, and their encouragement of dissent in the reign of Alexis—Theodora Morózof and the Princess Avdótia Urúsóf. He was therefore opposed to many of Peter's innovations; and his father-in-law, Matthew Púshkin, who had been appointed Governor of Azof, had excited the anger of the Tsar because he had refused to send his children

abroad. Theodore Púshkin was one of the sons, and had uttered vague threats of revenge in case the Tsar should have his father whipped to death for his refusal, for rumors to that effect were being industriously circulated. Torture produced confessions of various kinds, and among them repetitions by Tsykler of the old accusations against the Princess Sophia. The prisoners were speedily condemned, and were beheaded on the Red Place, after having had their arms and legs chopped off. Their heads were exposed on stakes. The confessions of Tsykler, and the renewed accusations against his sister, excited Peter's mind against the whole of the Miloslávsky family, and in his rage he even went to the length of taking up the body of Iván Miloslávsky,—who had been dead fourteen years,—of dragging the coffin by swine to the place of execution, and of placing it in such a position that the blood of the criminals spurted into the face of the corpse.

Even at this time there was much popular discontent and hostile criticism of Peter. Not all of those who saw that reforms were absolutely necessary approved his measures and his conduct. A rumor was spread that the Tsar Iván had publicly proclaimed to all the people: "My brother does not live according to the Church. He goes to the German suburb, and is acquainted with Germans." There was talk, too, of the way in which Peter had abandoned his wife and family, and it was perhaps family affairs which caused the quarrel between Leo Narýshkin and the Lopúkhins, the relatives of Peter's wife. What exactly happened is not known,



PETER AT WORK IN HIS LODGINGS AT ZAANDAM. (FROM AN ETCHING BY BARON MICHEL KLODT.)



PETER'S HOUSE AT ZAANDAM.

but Peter Lopúkhin, the uncle of the Tsar-itsa, and the Minister of the Palace, was accused of bribery and extortion, and for this, or some other cause, was exiled, together with his brothers, one of them the father of the Tsaritsa. A report was circulated among the common people, and was widely believed, that Peter had assisted with his own hands in applying the torture to his wife's uncle. One man, the monk Abraham, dared to make himself the exponent of the popular feeling, and presented to Peter a petition in which he made mention of the abandonment of his wife, of the relations

which he had formed in the German suburb, and of the bad feeling which had been excited by the Tsar lowering himself to work at boats, and to appear on foot in the triumphal procession, instead of taking his proper place. As was natural, the petition gave rise to a trial, and Abraham was sent to a distant monastery, and three other men who were implicated were punished with the knout, and sent to Azof.

When these trials were completed, the embassy set out, on the 20th of March, 1697. It was intended to go first to Vienna, then to Venice and Rome, then to Holland and

En-  
nig-  
on  
tha-  
in  
by  
Kö-  
T  
fore  
The  
ord-  
Pet-  
lect-  
the  
the  
repl-  
in t-  
wou-  
ove-  
fam-  
cou-  
from  
was  
that  
befo-  
mac-  
foun-  
go o-  
Psk-

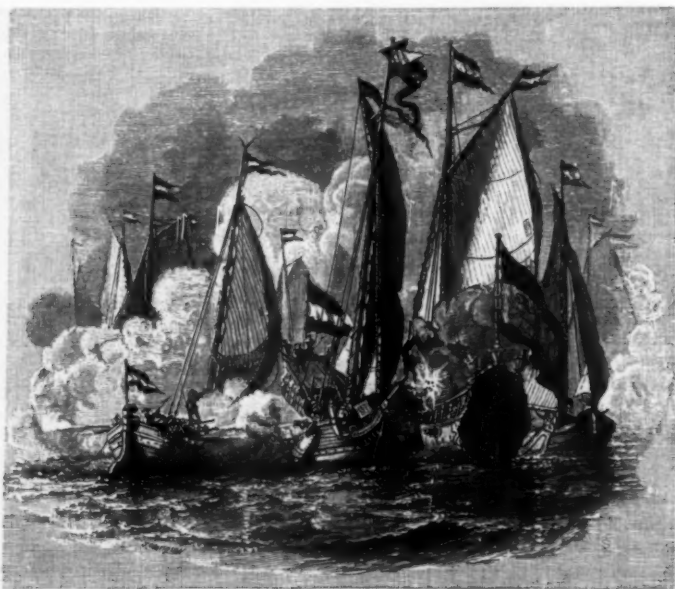


PETER THE GREAT AT ZAANDAM. (FROM AN ENGRAVING BY WAPPEER.)

England, and to return by the way of Königsberg. The trouble in Poland, consequent on the interregnum, made traveling through that country dangerous, and the only way in which Vienna could be reached was by a roundabout journey through Riga, Königsberg and Dresden.

The first experience of the Tsar in a foreign country was an unfortunate one. The Governor of Pskov, who had been ordered to make the arrangements for Peter's journey through Livonia, had neglected to say in his letter to Eric Dalberg, the Governor of Riga, of how many persons the embassy was composed. Dalberg replied, asking the number of the persons in the embassy, and saying that, while he would do his best, he hoped they would overlook some inconveniences, as a great famine was unfortunately reigning in the country. Major Glazenap was sent to the frontier to escort the embassy, but Peter was so impatient, and traveled so fast, that the embassy arrived at the frontier before the proper arrangements had been made to receive them. They therefore found no conveyances, and were obliged to go on to Riga in the carriages brought from Pskov, and trust to their own provisions. A

short distance from Riga, light carriages and an escort were waiting for them, and they were ceremoniously received in the town with a military parade, while a guard of fifty men was placed near their lodgings. The next day the ambassadors sent two of their nobles to thank the governor for his kindness, and a return visit was paid by one of his adjutants. Immediately afterward, Peter wrote to Vinius that they "were received with great honor, and with a salute of twenty-four guns, when they entered and left the fortress." Unfortunately, the embassy was detained at Riga for a whole week by the breaking up of the ice on the Düna, which made crossing impossible. Peter preserved his incognito, and went out to see the town. His military curiosity naturally led him to inspect the fortifications and measure the width and depth of the ditches, when he was somewhat rudely ordered away by the sentinel. Discontented at this, a complaint was made, and the governor apologized, assuring Lefort that no discourtesy was intended. Lefort was satisfied, and said that the sentinel had merely done his duty. It must be remembered that Riga was a frontier town; that Livonia was an outlying province of Sweden,



SHAM FIGHT AT AMSTERDAM IN HONOR OF PETER.

and that the embassy was not accredited to the Swedish court. Dalberg kept himself within the bounds of strict propriety, but did not err on the side of politeness. He knew perfectly well that the Tsar was in the embassy, but he respected his incognito. As the ambassadors did not pay him a visit in person, he did not pay a personal visit to the ambassadors. Nothing was done in the way of amusement or diversion for the Tsar, besides the first reception. The ambassadors were left to pay for their lodgings and their provisions, and to get on as best they might. They paid high prices for everything, but times were hard, and the people naturally tried to make the most they could out of the distinguished strangers. As there was nothing to be seen, either in a military or naval way, as there were no feasts nor amusements of any kind prepared for him, Peter became bored, especially as he was anxious to continue his journey. He left the rest, and ventured across the river in a small boat, and remained two days on the other side, waiting for the embassy. In a letter to Vinius, of the 18th of April, he says: "Here we lived in a slavish way, and were tired with the mere sight of things." Nevertheless, the embassy took its leave with all form and ceremony, and crossed the river on a vessel carrying

the royal flag of Sweden, and with a salute. When it was necessary to find a pretext for a war with Sweden, the reception at Riga was made one of the reasons, and even in 1709, when the siege of Riga was undertaken, Peter, after throwing the first three bomb-shells into the town, wrote to Menshikóf: "Thus the Lord God has enabled us to see the beginning of our revenge on this accursed place." We should add here that Peter's feelings about his reception at Riga probably increased with time. In other countries where he went, there was a sovereign with a court, and although, in a certain way, the Tsar was incognito, yet he was privately and familiarly received and entertained. It was unfortunate for him that his first venture was in an outlying province, the tenure of which was not too secure, and in a commercial rather than in an aristocratic town.

Mitau is now a dull provincial town, and the Hebrew signs on the street corners show the great Jewish population. Its greatest object of interest to travelers is the old Ducal Castle, almost entirely rebuilt in the last century, with its reminiscences of the residence and sudden departure of the exiled Louis XVIII., and the mummified body of the Duke John Ernest Biren (the lover of the Empress Anne, and the ances-

tor  
col  
son  
ri  
of  
per  
cro  
min  
hin  
tho  
he  
Pe  
con  
ma  
in  
am  
Pe  
per  
wh  
a v  
sm  
Kö  
pas  
tho  
exp  
que  
bee  
not  
Bes  
an  
tha  
was  
sala  
whi  
har  
The  
thro  
I  
abo  
emb  
tert  
eve  
ten  
all  
ano  
har  
it, a  
tion  
"It  
con  
writ  
from  
"Le  
him  
of s  
nin  
pipe  
and

tor of the Sagan family), which lies in the coffin attired in velvet and ruffles, but by some malice lacking the tip of the nose. In 1697 Mitau was the capital of the little Duchy of Curland, which maintained a semi-independence by becoming a fief of the Polish crown. The reigning Duke, Frederic Casimir, was an old friend of Lefort. It was with him that Lefort had served in Holland. Although he was poor, he did everything that he could to make the time pass pleasantly for Peter and for the embassy. Here the Tsar consented to give up in part his incognito, made visits to the Duke, and received them in return. A week was quickly passed in amusement and pleasure, but even with this Peter found time to exercise himself in a carpenter's shop.

From Mitau Peter proceeded to Libau, where he was detained by bad weather for a week, when he finally took passage on a small ship going to Pillau, the port of Königsberg. During his stay at Libau, he passed for the skipper of a Russian privateer, though he was able to give no satisfactory explanation to an acquaintance who frequently met and drank with him in a small beer-shop as to why it was a privateer, and not a merchant vessel, that he commanded. Besides the beer-house, Peter often visited an apothecary's shop, and wrote to Vinus that he had seen there "a wonder which was ordinarily considered untrue, a real salamander preserved in spirits in a bottle," which he had taken out and held in his hand. The embassy proceeded by land. The Tsar went by sea, to avoid passing through Polish territory.

Blomberg, whom I have already cited about the election of Patriarch, met the embassy in Curland, and says of their entertainment: "Open tables were kept everywhere, with trumpets and music, attended with feasting and excessive drinking all along, as if his Tsarish Majesty had been another Bacchus. I have not seen such hard drinkers; it is not possible to express it, and they boast of it as a mighty qualification." Of Lefort's drinking he remarks: "It never overcomes him, but he always continues master of his reason." Leibnitz, writing from private information received from Königsberg, says much the same thing: "Lefort drinks like a hero; no one can rival him. It is feared that he will be the death of some of the Elector's courtiers. Beginning in the evening, he does not leave his pipe and glass till three hours after sunrise, and yet he is a man of great parts."

Frederick III., Elector of Brandenburg, then on the eve of transforming himself into the first King of Prussia, was greatly interested to know whether the Tsar was really among the embassy, and beside sending a secret agent into Curland to find out, he gave directions about the treatment of the embassy, in case it were simply intending to pass through his dominions, or in case it were directed also to him. Peter was therefore met at Pillau by an officer who proffered the hospitality of the Elector, but an answer was returned that there was no person of distinction on board, except the Prince of Imeritia, and that no visits could be received. A similar occurrence took place at the mouth of the Pregel, and it was not until Peter arrived at Königsberg itself that he was willing to allow himself to be known to the Elector. After taking small lodgings in a street on the Kneiphof, he went out in a close carriage, late at night, and paid a visit to the Elector, entering the palace by a private staircase. The interview lasted for an hour and a half, and the sovereigns were mutually pleased. Although, in order to keep his incognito, Peter refused to receive a return visit, yet he saw the Elector several times again, and was entertained by him at his country house, witnessed a bear fight, and appeared at a hunting party. His curiosity and vivacity, his readiness to be pleased, and his appreciation of the manners and habits of the country, made a favorable impression. He astonished by his natural capacity and his dexterity, even in playing the trumpet and the drum.

The embassy arrived eleven days after Peter, and was splendidly received. Great advantages were expected to Brandenburg from an intimacy with Russia, and the economical Elector, on this occasion, spared no money. Peter's visit is said to have cost him 150,000 thalers. Under the skillful guidance of Lefort and Von Besser, all ceremonial observances were strictly complied with, and, for the first time in the history of Russian missions abroad, there was no unseemly wrangling over points of precedence and etiquette. The members of the embassy appeared officially in Russian costume, though they wore foreign dress in private. The Elector told the Tsar afterward that he had hard work to keep from laughing, when, according to custom, he had to ask the ambassadors how the Tsar was, and whether they had left him in good health. Peter had just before been standing at the window to see the entry of the





THE STONE JUG. (FROM THE ORIGINAL BY A. VAN OOSTADE IN THE MUSEUM OF VIENNA.)

embassy, and was well satisfied. At a supper given in honor of the embassy, great pleasure was caused by the fire-works, one of the pieces of which represented the Russian arms, and another the victory at Azof.

The two rulers were so well disposed toward each other, that a treaty of friendship was speedily concluded. The Elector was greatly desirous that there should be inserted an article of alliance for mutual defense and protection; but the Russians were too cautious for this, and although the treaty contained clauses giving additional privileges to merchants, especially as regarded the Persian trade, and for the surrender of criminals and deserters, yet the Elector had to be satisfied with a verbal agreement to assist each other against those enemies who should attack either country in the interest or to the advantage of the enemies of Christianity.

This was a plain allusion to the French intrigues in Poland.

On the 20th of June, after nearly a month's stay, Peter went to Pillau, with the intention of taking ship directly to Holland, for he found it more convenient to defer his visit to Vienna till his return. Before leaving, he sent a ruby of large size as a present to his host. At Pillau Peter was detained three weeks longer, by the necessity of watching affairs in Poland. The threatened intervention by the French, to support the Prince de Conti on the Polish throne, would have been greatly against the interest of Russia. The Tsar occupied his leisure with active and thorough studies in artillery, under the guidance of the chief engineer of the Prussian fortresses, Colonel Streitner Von Sternfeld, who gave him a certificate of remarkable progress and knowledge.

An unfortunate incident, arising from Peter's hasty temper, marked the conclusion of his stay. He had remained a day longer to celebrate his name's-day, and had expected the Elector to visit him. He had even made some fire-works for the occasion. Frederick had been obliged to go to Memel, to meet the Duke of Curland, and therefore sent Count von Kreyzen to the Landvogt von Schacken to present his compliments and his regrets. Peter was childishly vexed, and in his disappointment at not being able to show his fire-works, vented his

Instead of going by sea from Pillau to Holland, Peter went no further than Collberg, as he was fearful of falling in with the French squadron, which was said to be escorting the Prince de Conti to Poland. From that place he traveled by land as speedily as possible, stopping only to look at the famous iron-works near Ilseburg, and to ascend the Brocken for the view.

The journey of the Tsar produced as much commotion and excitement in the minds of curious people of that time as did those of the Sultan and the Shah in our own day.



TARTARS BURNING THE STEPPES IN ADVANCE OF THE RUSSIAN ARMY. (DRAWN BY VIERGE.)

rage on the envoys. He took it amiss that they had left the room after dinner to "refresh themselves" after their journey, and had them brought back. Looking "sourly" at Count von Kreyzen, he remarked in Dutch to Lefort, that "The Elector was very good, but his counsellors were the devil." Then, imagining he saw a smile steal over the face of Kreyzen, who was about to retire, he rushed at him, cried, "Go! go!" and twice pushed him backward. His anger did not cool until he had written to his "dearest friend," the Elector, a letter, half of complaint and half of apology.

Among those most anxious to form a personal acquaintance with the Tsar were the philosopher Leibnitz, who had long been interested in Russia, chiefly for philological reasons, and his friends, Sophia, the widowed Electress of Hanover, granddaughter of James I. of England, and her daughter Sophia Charlotte, wife of the Elector of Brandenburg. Sophia Charlotte was on a visit to her mother, and had therefore missed the visit of Peter to Königsberg, though she had had full accounts of it from a constant correspondent. Leibnitz was unable at this time to see the Tsar, but the



NICHOLAS WITSEN, BURGO-MASTER OF AMSTERDAM.

two Electresses, attended by several young princes and members of their court, made a hasty journey from Hanover to Coppenbrugge, through which they found Peter was to pass. They invited him to sup with them, but it took a discussion of an hour to persuade him to accept, and he did so only on the assurance that he would be received in the simplest way. He finally succeeded in avoiding the curious eyes of the attendants, and in getting into the supper-room by the back staircase. After supper there was a dance, and the party did not separate until four in the morning. Perhaps the princesses can tell their own story best. Sophia Charlotte says, in a letter:

"My mother and I began to pay him our compliments, but he made Mr. Lefort reply for him, for he seemed shy, hid his face in his hands, and said: '*Ich kann nicht sprechen.*' But we tamed him a little, and then he sat down at the table between my mother and myself, and each of us talked to him in turn, and it was a strife who should have it. Sometimes he replied with the same promptitude, at others he made two interpreters talk, and assuredly he said nothing that was not to the point on all subjects that were suggested, for the vivacity of my mother put to him many questions, to which he replied with the same readiness, and I was astonished that he was not tired with the conversation, for I have been told that it is not much the habit in his country. As to his grimaces, I imagined them worse than I found them, and some are not in his power to correct. One can see also that he has not had any one to teach him how to eat properly, but he has a natural, unconstrained air which pleases me."

Her mother wrote, a few days afterward :

"The Tsar is very tall, his features are fine, and his figure very noble. He has great vivacity of mind, and a ready and just repartee. But, with all the advantages with which nature has endowed him, it could be wished that his manners were a little less rustic. We immediately sat down to table. Herr Koppenstein, who did the duty of marshal, presented the napkin to his Majesty, who was greatly embarrassed, for instead of a table-napkin at Brandenburg, they had given him an ewer and basin after the meal. He was very gay, very talkative, and we established a great friendship for each other, and he exchanged snuff-boxes with my daughter. We staid, in truth, a very long time at table, but we would gladly have remained there longer still without feeling a moment of ennui, for the Tsar was in very good humor, and never ceased talking to us. My daughter had her Italians sing. Their song pleased him, although he confessed to us that he did not care much for music.

"I asked him if he liked hunting. He replied that his father had been very fond of it, but that he himself, from his earliest youth, had had a real passion for navigation and for fire-works. He told us that he worked himself in building ships, showed us his hands, and made us touch the callous places that had been caused by work. He brought his musicians, and they played Russian dances, which we liked better than Polish ones.

"Lefort and his nephew dressed in French style, and had much wit. We did not speak to the other ambassadors. We regretted that we could not stay longer, so that we could see him again, for his society gave us much pleasure. He is a very extraordinary man. It is impossible to describe him, or even to give an idea of him, unless you have seen him. He has a very good heart, and remarkably noble sentiments. I must tell you, also, that he did not get drunk in our presence, but we had hardly left when the people of his suite made ample amends."

In another letter, she says :

"I could embellish the tale of the journey of the illustrious Tsar, if I should tell you that he is sensible to the charms of beauty, but, to come to the bare fact, I found in him no disposition to gallantry. If we had not taken so many steps to see him, I believe that he would never have thought of us. In his country it is the custom for all women to paint, and rouge forms an essential part of their marriage presents. That is why the Countess Platen singularly pleased the Muscovites; but in dancing, they took the whalebones of our corsets for our bones, and the Tsar showed his astonishment by saying that the German ladies had devilish hard bones.

"They have four dwarfs. Two of them are very well proportioned, and perfectly well-bred; sometimes he kissed, and sometimes he pinched the ear of his favorite dwarf. He took the head of our little Princess (Sophia Dorothea, ten years old), and



OFFICIAL BUILDINGS AT THE HAGUE.



MEETING OF PETER AND WILLIAM III. OF ENGLAND. (DRAWN BY VICTOR NEHLIG.)

kissed her twice. The ribbons of her hair suffered in consequence. He also kissed her brother (afterward George II. of England, then sixteen years old). He is a prince at once very good and very *melanchant*. He has quite the manners of his country. If he had received a better education, he would be an accomplished man, for he has many good qualities, and an infinite amount of natural wit.<sup>1)</sup>

## CHAPTER II.

## PETER IN HOLLAND.

A SHORT sail from Amsterdam, up the gulf of the Y, brings the traveler to the picturesque little town of Zaandam, extending along the banks of the river Zaan. From the windows of the coffee-house, built on the dam or dyke which connects the two parts of the town, one can see on one side the placid pool of the Binnenzaan, with gardens sloping to the shore, and cottages painted blue, green and pink, half concealed in the verdure, and on the other the port with its wharves and ship-yards, the many sails on the Y, and the multitudinous wind-

mills, which surround the town like guardian towers. At the end of the seventeenth century, Zaandam, with the neighboring villages, was the center of a great ship-building business. There were not less than fifty private wharves in Zaandam, at which merchant vessels were constructed, and so great was the crowd of workmen, and so rapid the execution, that a vessel was often ready to go to sea in five weeks from the time the keel was laid. The wind-mills then, as now, supplied the motive power for sawing the necessary timber. At Vorónesh, at Archangel, and elsewhere, Peter had met shipwrights from Zaandam, who had praised so much their native town, that he was convinced that only there could he learn the art of ship-building in its perfection. His journey from Copenbrugge and down the Rhine had been rapid, and passing through Amsterdam without halting, the Tsar reached Zaandam early on the morning of the 18th of August, having with him only six volunteers, including the Prince of Imeritia and the two brothers Menshikóf. On the way, he saw an old

M  
Ki  
an  
co  
lut  
his  
sar  
alr  
var  
for  
too  
wa





VIEWS IN RUSSIA.

Moscow acquaintance, the smith Gerrit Kist, fishing in the river. He hailed him, and told him for what purpose he had come to Zaandam. Binding him to absolute secrecy, the Tsar insisted on taking up his quarters in his house; but it was necessary first to persuade the woman who already lodged in this small wooden hut to vacate it, and then to prepare it a little for the illustrious guest. Peter therefore took refuge in the "Otter" Inn, for it was Sunday, and the streets were thronged

with people, and although he was in a workman's dress, with a tarpaulin hat, yet the Russian dress of his comrades excited the curiosity of the crowd. The next day, he entered himself as a ship-carpenter at the wharf of Lynst Rogge, on the Buitenzaan.

Peter's stay in Zaandam lasted a week only, and as, during this time, he visited nearly all the mills and factories in the neighborhood, at one of which he made a sheet of paper with his own hands, and as the next day after his arrival he bought a row-boat, and passed much of his time on the water, supped, dined, and talked famil-

ially with the families and relations of men whom he had known in Russia, he could not have done much work. The popular curiosity proved too annoying for him. There were rumors that the Tsar was in the place. These rumors brought large and inquisitive crowds from Amsterdam. Finally, one day when Peter had bought a hatful of plums, and was eating them as he walked along the street, he met a crowd of boys, with some of whom he shared his fruit. Those to whom he had refused to give first began

Tsar was with it, and would in all probability visit Zaandam. The Tsar, it was said, could easily be recognized by his great height,—nearly seven feet,—by the twitching of his face, by his gesturing with his right hand, and by a small mole on the right cheek. This letter was seen by the barber Pomp. When, soon after, the Muscovites came into his shop, he immediately recognized Peter as answering to this description, and at once circulated the news. When Peter sailed on the Zaan in the new yacht



1. PETER IN THE MUSEUM OF JACOB DE WILDE AT AMSTERDAM. 2. PETER'S LODGING AT LEYDEN.

to follow him, and, when he laughed at them, to throw mud and stones. The Tsar was obliged to take refuge in the "Three Swans" inn, and send for the Burgomaster. He had to make some sort of explanation to the Burgomaster, and an edict was immediately issued, forbidding insults to "distinguished personages who wished to remain unknown." One man, too, had received a letter from his son in Moscow, speaking of the great embassy, and saying that the

which he had bought, and to which he had himself fitted a bowsprit, he was followed by crowds of curious people. This put him out of patience, and leaping ashore, he gave one of them a cuff on the cheek, to the delight of all the spectators, who called out: "Bravo! Marsje, you are made a knight." The angry Tsar shut himself up in an inn, and could only return late at night. The next day, Saturday, had been appointed for drawing a large ship built by Cornelius

Calf across the dyke, from the Binnenzaan to the Vorzaan, by means of rollers and capstans, an interesting and critical operation. Peter, who was greatly interested, had promised to come, and a place had been set apart for him. The news of his expected presence having spread, the crowd was so enormous that the guards were driven back, the palisade broken down, and the reserved place encroached upon. Seeing the crowd, Peter refused to leave his house, and although the Schout, the Burgomasters, and the other authorities came in person to him, they got nothing more than "*Straks, straks*" (immediately), and finally, when he had stuck his head out of the door and seen the crowd, a blunt refusal: "*Te veel volks, te veel volks*" (too many people). Sunday, it seemed as if all Amsterdam had come for a sight of him, and Peter, as a last resource, managed to get to his yacht, and although a severe storm was blowing, and every one advised him not to risk it, he sailed off, and three hours later arrived at Amsterdam, where his ambassadors were to have a formal reception the next day. With some difficulty he made his way to the *Oude zijds Heeren logement*, where they were living.

After the ambassadors had been received, Peter, in company with them, visited the town hall (now the Royal Palace), considered by all good burghers of Amsterdam as a *chef-d'œuvre* of architecture, inspected the docks and the admiralty, went to a special representation of a comedy and ballet, took part in a great dinner, and saw a splendid display of fire-works on the Amstel, and, what interested him most of all, witnessed a grand naval sham-fight on the Y, which lasted for a whole day, under the direction of the Vice-Admiral Giles Scheij.

The house in which Peter lived at Zaandam has been a place of pilgrimage for a century, beginning with a royal party, which included Joseph II., Emperor of Germany, Gustavus III., Adolphus, King of Sweden, and the Grand Duke of Russia (afterward the Emperor Paul), then traveling as the Comte du Nord. Even Napoleon went there. Bought in 1818 by a Russian princess, at that time Queen of Holland, it is now preserved with greatest care inside a new building. In itself it is no more worth visiting than any other house where Peter may have been forced to spend a week. It is only of interest as being the spot where the ruler of a great country sought to gain knowledge of an art which he thought would

be beneficial to his people. His real life as a workman was all in Amsterdam.

During the *fêtes*, Peter asked the Burgomaster Witsen, whose personal acquaintance he had at last made, whether it would not be possible for him to work at the docks of the East India Company, where he could be free from the public curiosity which so troubled him at Zaandam. The next day, at a meeting of the directors of the East India Company, it was resolved to allow "a high personage, present here incognito," to work at the wharf, to assign him a house in which he could live undisturbed within the precincts, and that, as a mark of their respect, they would proceed to the construction of a frigate, in order that he might see the building of a ship from the beginning. This frigate was to be one hundred or one hundred and thirty feet long, according to the wish of the Tsar, though the Company preferred the length of one hundred feet. The Tsar was at the dinner of state given to the embassy by the city of Amsterdam, when he received a copy of this resolution. He wished to set to work immediately, and was with difficulty persuaded to wait for the fire-works and the triumphal arch prepared in his honor; but as soon as the last fires had burnt out, in spite of all entreaties, he set out on his yacht for Zaandam to fetch his tools. He returned early the next morning, the 30th of August, to Amsterdam, and went straight to the wharf of the East India Company, at Oostenburg.

For more than four months, with occasional absences, he worked here at ship-building, under the direction of the Baas Gerrit Claes Pool. Ten of the Russian "volunteers" set to work at the wharf with him. The rest were sent to other establishments to learn the construction of masts, boats, sails and blocks, while Prince Alexander of Imeritia went to the Hague to study artillery, and a certain number of others were entered as sailors before the mast. The first three weeks were taken up with the preparations of materials. The 19th of September, Peter laid the keel of the new frigate, one hundred feet in length, to be called "The Apostles Peter and Paul," and on the next day wrote to the Patriarch at Moscow, as follows:

"We are in the Netherlands, in the town of Amsterdam, and by the mercy of God, and by your prayers, are alive and in good health, and, following the divine command given to our forefather Adam, we are hard at work. What we do is not from any need, but for the sake of learning navigation, so that, having



A RUSSIAN NUN. (FROM A PAINTING BY TH. TCHOUMAKOFF.)

mastered it thoroughly, we can, when we return, be victors over the enemies of Jesus Christ, and liberators of the Christians who live under them, which I shall not cease to wish for till my latest breath."

Peter allowed no difference to be made between himself and the other workmen, and it is said that, when the Duke of Marlborough and the Earl of Portland came expressly from the king's château at Loo to have a sight of him, the overseer, in order to point him out, said: "Carpenter Peter of Zaandam, why don't you help your com-

rades?" and Peter, without a word, placed his shoulder under the timber which several men were carrying, and helped to raise it to its place. In the moments of rest, the Tsar, sitting down on a log, with his hatchet between his knees, was willing to talk to any one who addressed him simply as carpenter Peter, or Baas Peter, but turned away and did not answer those who called him Sire or Your Majesty. He never liked long conversations.

When Peter came home from the wharf,

he devoted much of his time to learning the theory of ship-building, for which he had to make additional studies in geometry. His note-books, which have been carefully preserved, show the thoroughness with which he worked. But, besides that, he had many letters to answer, and now that he was away from home he took more interest in at least the foreign policy of his Government. Every post from Moscow brought him a package of letters, some asking questions and favors, —for, in spite of the Supreme Regency, many matters were still referred to him,—some giving him news, and others containing nothing but good wishes or friendly talk about social matters. To all of these Peter endeavored to reply by each Friday's post, but, as he wrote once to Vinius, "sometimes from weariness, sometimes from absence, and sometimes from *Khmelnitsky*,\* one cannot accomplish it." He was the first to communicate to Moscow news and congratulations on the battle of the Zenta, where Prince Eugene of Savoy defeated the Turks commanded by the Grand Vizier, for which he ordered *Te Deums* and festivities at home, and had a banquet given by his embassy in Holland. The defeat of the Tartars near Azof, and the splendid defense of Taván against the Turks, made an occasion for another feast. Until the Prince de Conti ignominiously returned by post from Danzig, after he had gone there with a French squadron, the Tsar was much troubled with Polish affairs. He had also to thank Charles XII. of Sweden for his timely gift of three hundred cannon to arm his infant fleet, while, at the same time, Lefort was asking the Chancellor Oxenstjerna for explanations about the attitude of Sweden in regard to Poland. He was in constant communication with the great embassy, and used his best efforts to persuade William III. to join in the league against the Turks. Partly for this purpose, together with Lefort and Witsen, he went to Utrecht, where he had an interview with the King in the Toelast Hotel. Although the details of this interview have never been known, it was thought worthy of a commemorative medal. The Government of the Netherlands, fearing for its Smyrna and Eastern trade, was unwilling to enter into any such alliance, and made no offer of money nor of a loan, which, indeed, the Russians had not asked, and it was with some difficulty even

that men could be found to enter the Russian service as officials, engineers, or craftsmen. Those who went, did so without the recommendation of the Government, and on their own responsibility.

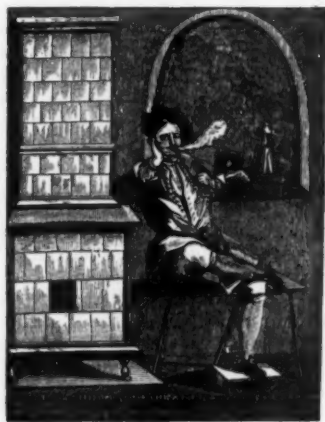
The Tsar was also greatly interested in the conferences at Ryswyk, which at last resulted in a treaty. He understood well that if the Emperor of Austria were freed from the war in the West, he could so much the more readily devote himself to operations against the Turks. Nevertheless, he had little confidence in the duration of the treaty, even before it was signed. Not understanding how necessary it was for England and the Netherlands, he believed it to be simply a maneuver on the part of France for gaining time, and expected a new war soon. We know the history of the negotiations at Ryswyk, the struggles for precedence, and the interminable disputes on etiquette. Now that Russia had made up her mind to enter upon regular diplomatic intercourse with other nations, it was important that she should make her *début* properly. No better stage could be found than the Hague, where the most skilled diplomates of all European countries were then assembled. On the whole, Russia did well. The embassy was splendidly received at the Hague, and lodged in the Oude Doelen Hotel, for the palace of Prince Maurice, the usual ambassadorial lodging, was already full. The ambassadors were men of good presence, Lefort had wit and good breeding, the liveries were new and gorgeous, the entertainments were sumptuous, the presence of the Tsar (for he had gone on to the Hague for a few days, to witness the ceremonies) added to the *éclat*. Visits were made to all the foreign ambassadors except to the French. The feeling created by Prince Dolgorúky's report of his mission, in 1687, was still so strong, added to the irritation of Peter against the French intrigues in Poland and at Constantinople, that he would not permit his ambassadors to call on the French. In this he was unwise, for it was in consequence of this that certain persons continually tried to cause difficulties in his negotiations, and that untrue and malicious reports with regard to the embassy, and to the Tsar in particular, had circulation then, and have since found credence.

In his hours of recreation, Peter's curiosity was insatiable. He visited factories, work-shops, anatomical museums, cabinets of coins, botanical gardens, theaters and hospitals, inquired about everything he saw,

\* *Iedshka Khmelnitsky*, from *Khmel*, hops, is the Russian substitute for Bacchus.



and was soon recognized by his oft-repeated phrases: "What is that for? How does that work? That will I see." He journeyed to Texel, and went again to Zaandam to see the Greenland whaling fleet. In Leyden he made the acquaintance of the great Boerhave, and visited the celebrated botanical garden under his guidance, and in Delft he studied the microscope under the naturalist Leeuwenhoek. He made the inti-



THE EVENING PIPE. (FROM AN ENGRAVING IN THE POSSESSION OF SENATOR RAVINSKI).

mate acquaintance of the Dutch military engineer Baron Van Coehorn, and of Admiral Van Scheij. He talked of architecture with Simon Schynvoet, visited the museum of Jacob de Wilde, and learned to etch under the direction of Schonebeck. An impression of a plate he engraved—for he had some knowledge of drawing—of Christianity victorious over Islam, is still extant. He often visited the dissecting and lecture room of Professor Ruysch, entered into correspondence with him, and finally bought his cabinet of anatomical preparations.\* He made himself acquainted with Dutch home and family life, and frequented the society of the merchants engaged in the Russian trade. He became especially intimate with the Thessing family, and granted to one of the brothers the right to print Russian books at Amsterdam, and to introduce them into Russia. Every market day he went to the Botermarkt, mingled with the people, studied their trades, and followed their life. He took lessons from a traveling dentist, and

experimented on his servants and suite; he mended his own clothes, and learned cobbling enough to make himself a pair of slippers. He visited the Protestant churches, and of an evening he did not forget the beer-houses, which we know so well through the pencils of Teniers, Brouwer and Van Ostade.

The frigate on which Peter worked so long was at last launched, and proved a good and useful ship for many years, in the East India Company's service. But Peter, in spite of the knowledge he had acquired, as is shown by the certificate of his master Baas Pool, was not satisfied with the empirical manner in which the Dutch built ships. He had labored in vain to acquire a theory in ship-building which, with a given length, or the length and the width, would show him the necessary best proportions. For this he had written to Witsen, from Archangel, in 1694, and had then been told that every ship-builder made the proportions according to his experience and discretion. Peter's dissatisfaction was evident in two ways—by his sending an order to Vorónezh, that all the Dutch ship-carpenters there should no longer be allowed to build as they pleased, but be put under the supervision of Danes or Englishmen, and by resolving to go to England for several months, to see what he could learn in English ship-yards. He had, indeed, been recently delighted by receiving a truly royal present from King William. This was the King's best yacht, the *Transport Royal*, which had just been constructed on a new plan, was light, of beautiful proportions, and armed with twenty brass cannon. In answer to the letter of Lord Caermarthen, which spoke of it as the best and quickest vessel in England, Peter sent to London Major Adam Weyde, who had just come back from a special mission to Vienna, and from taking part in the battle of the Zenta. Weyde was also instructed to obtain the King's consent to the visit of the Tsar, with a request that his incognito should be as far as possible preserved. Together with a favorable answer, came English vessels for himself and the great embassy, and on the 17th of January, 1698, Peter, leaving his embassy in Holland, set out for England.

### CHAPTER III.

#### VISIT OF THE TSAR TO ENGLAND.

THE weather was stormy, and the ships of Admiral Mitchell could carry but half

\* It now forms part of the museum of the Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburg.

their canvas, but the wind was in the right direction, and early in the morning of January 30th they were coasting along Suffolk, and the Tsar was saluted by the guns of the fort at Orford. Leaving its convoy at the mouth of the Thames, the yacht anchored at St. Katherine's, and Peter was rowed in a barge past the Tower and London Bridge, and landed at a house in Norfolk street, Strand, which had a few years before been the refuge of William Penn, when under accusation of treason and conspiracy.\* The Tsar was immediately waited upon by a chamberlain, with the congratulations of the King, who, at his request, appointed Admiral Mitchell to be in constant attendance upon him. Three days later, the King came in person to see him. Peter was without his coat, made no ceremony, and received him in his shirt sleeves. He slept in one small room, together with the Prince of Imeritia and three or four others. When the King entered, the air was so bad that, notwithstanding the very cold weather, it was necessary to open a window. This visit the Tsar returned a few days afterward, when he made the acquaintance of the Princess Anne, the heiress to the throne, and her husband, Prince George of Denmark. The Princess Anne apparently made a deep impression, for four years after, when she had come to the throne, Peter remarked, in a letter to Apráxin, that she was "a veritable daughter of our church."

The first days of Peter's stay were occupied in seeing the sights of London, and making acquaintances. He visited the Royal Society, the Tower, the Mint, the Observatory, was much in the society of the eccentric Lord Caermarthen, with whom he used to sup at a tavern near the Tower, now the "Czar of Muscovy," visited Caermarthen's father, the Duke of Leeds, and frequently went to the theater. One of the favorite actresses of the day, Miss Cross, pleased him so much that his relations with her became very intimate, and continued so during his stay in England. More than all, he was attracted by the docks and the naval establishments, although "the exceedingly sharp and cold season," which the Londoners jestingly said the Russians had

brought with them, at first impeded his movements. For greater convenience, and to get rid of the crowds who watched for his appearance, he removed to Deptford, where he occupied Sayes Court, the house of John Evelyn, which was "new furnished for him by the King." For forty-five years, the accomplished author of "Silva" had been making the plantations and laying out the gardens, and it grieved him to the heart to have such bad tenants as the Muscovites evidently were. While the Tsar was still there, Evelyn's servant wrote to him: "There is a house full of people, and right nasty. The Tsar lies next your library, and dines in the parlor next



CHRISTIANITY VICTORIOUS OVER ISLAM. (FROM AN ETCHING BY PETER THE GREAT.)

your study. He dines at ten o'clock and six at night, is very seldom at home a whole day, very often in the King's Yard, or by water, dressed in several dresses. The King is expected there this day; the best parlor is pretty clean for him to be entertained in. The King pays for all he has." The great holly hedge, the pride of the neighborhood, was ruined by the Tsar driving a wheelbarrow through it. The King had

\* Tradition says that at this time the door was never opened without the servant first reconnoitering through a loop-hole to see whether the visitor looked like a constable or a dun. The house is now No. 21 Norfolk street, and is converted into a lodging-house and private hotel, in which, by chance, the present writer spent his first days in London.

already remarked, after receiving Peter's first visit, that he was indifferent to fine buildings and beautiful gardens, and cared only for ships. After Peter had gone, Evelyn writes in his diary: "I went to Deptford to see how miserably the Tsar had left my house after three months making it his court. I got Sir Christopher Wren, the King's surveyor, and Mr. London, his gardener, to go and estimate the repairs, for which they allowed £150 in their report to the Lords of the Treasury."\*

With the exception of a week spent in going to Portsmouth, where he was gratified by a review of the English fleet off Spithead, and in visiting Windsor and Hampton Court, and a couple of days at Oxford, where he received the degree of Doctor of Laws, Peter remained very steadily at work at Deptford until the beginning of May. He had come to England expecting to stay but a short time, but he found so much to interest and attract him, both at the ship-building establishments at Deptford and at the Royal Arsenal at Woolwich, which he frequently visited, that, in spite of the rumors which reached him of troubles at Moscow, he constantly put off his departure, and only went when he had satisfied himself that he had acquired all the special knowledge which he could obtain in England. He evidently formed a high opinion of English ship-builders, for he subsequently said to Perry that had it not been for his journey to England, he always would have remained a bungler. One thing, however, he could not learn there, and that was the construction of galleys and galliots, such as were used in the Mediterranean, and would be serviceable in the Bosphorus, and on the coast of the Crimea. For this he desired to go to Venice.

Peter, who prided himself on being a good judge of men, spent much of his time in England in looking for suitable persons to employ in Russia, and in examining their qualifications. The night after his return from Portsmouth, together with Golovin, who had come over from Holland for the purpose, he signed contracts with about sixty men, many of whom had been recommended by Lord Caermarthen. The chief of these were Major Leonard van der Stamm, a specialist in ship-designing, Captain John Perry, an hydraulic engineer, whom he appointed to

construct a canal between the Volga and the Don (for Colonel Breckell, a German engineer who had already begun this work, had run away), and Professor Andrew Fergharson, from the University of Aberdeen, who was engaged to found a school of navigation at Moscow. For officers in the fleet, he seems to have preferred Dutchmen to Englishmen, and succeeded in persuading Captain Cornelius Cruys, a distinguished Dutch officer, a Norwegian by birth, to enter his service. Cruys brought with him three other captains, and officers, surgeons and sailors to the number of five hundred and seventy. The officers were chiefly Dutchmen, the sailors Swedes and Danes. Among the surgeons, who had been recommended by the anatomist Ruysch, were some Frenchmen. More than a hundred other officers, including Greeks, Venetians and Italians, who promised to find sailors acquainted with the navigation of the Black Sea, were also taken into the Russian service at this time. With mining engineers, however, Peter found it difficult to enter into any arrangements, as they demanded what he considered exorbitant salaries. He had at first endeavored to find such men through Witsen, but Witsen had always deferred giving advice from day to day, and nothing was done. Finally, the Tsar decided to find some, if possible, in Saxony. He was the more anxious for this, as during his absence Vinius had written to him that magnetic iron ore of the very best quality had been discovered in the Ural mountains, and was begging in every letter that mining engineers be sent as soon as possible.

The mere hand-money which had to be paid to the foreigners entering the Russian service was a great expense, and the treasury of the embassy became so reduced that it was necessary to draw on Moscow for very large sums. One method was found by Peter for obtaining a supply of ready money, and that was by a privilege which he gave to Lord Caermarthen for the monopoly of the tobacco trade in Russia. Smoking tobacco or using it in any form had been forbidden by the Tsar Michael in 1634, under pain of death, and religious and old-fashioned Russians had the greatest prejudices against this narcotic herb. Nevertheless, the use of tobacco spread so fast, in spite of pains and penalties, that before his departure for abroad, Peter made a decree authorizing its use, and even then entered into temporary arrangements for its sale, as

\* In 1701, Sayes Court was let to Peter's friend, Lord Caermarthen, who had a similar taste for things maritime.



SAYES COURT, DEPTFORD.

he expected by the duties to realize a large sum for the treasury. A Russian merchant, Örlenka, had offered 15,000 rubles for the monopoly, and even General Gordon had offered 3,000 rubles in 1695, but the Marquis of Caermarthen was willing to give more than three times as much as Örlenka, viz., £28,000, or 48,000 rubles, and to pay the whole in advance. For this, he was to be allowed to import into Russia a million and a half pounds of tobacco every year, and Peter agreed to permit the free use of tobacco to all his subjects, notwithstanding all previous laws and regulations. Lord Caermarthen acted here as the representative of a group of capitalists. The monopoly had previously been offered by the Tsar to the Russia Company, and had been declined.

The personal relations of the Tsar and King William had become very cordial. Peter had always admired William, and a close personal intercourse caused the King to speak in much higher terms of Peter toward the end of his visit than he had at first. As a souvenir of the visit of the Tsar, the King persuaded him to have his portrait painted, and the remarkable likeness of him by Sir Godfrey Kneller, then in the height of his celebrity, still hangs in the Palace of Hampton Court.

The Austrian ambassador, Count Auer-sperg, in a letter to the Emperor Leopold, says:

"As concerns the person of the Tsar, the Court here is well contented with him, for he now is not so afraid of people as he was at first. They accuse him only of a certain stinginess, for he has been in no way lavish. All the time here he went about in sailor's clothing. We shall see in what dress he

presents himself to Your Imperial Majesty. He saw the King very rarely, as he did not wish to change his manner of life, dining at eleven o'clock in the morning, supper at seven in the evening, going to bed early, and getting up at four o'clock, which very much astonished those Englishmen who kept company with him."

Peter and Golovin took their leave of the King at Kensington Palace, on the 28th of April. We are told that, as a slight token of his friendship and his gratitude, not only

for the kind reception he had had, but for the splendid yacht which had been presented to him, Peter took out of his pocket a small twisted bit of brown paper and handed it to the King, who opened it with some curiosity, and found a magnificent uncut diamond of large size. This may not be true, but it is thoroughly characteristic. The last days of Peter's stay he had again consecrated to sight-seeing. He was present at a meeting of Parliament, when the King gave his assent to a bill for raising money by a land tax, but he was so unwilling to have his presence known that he looked at it through a hole in the ceiling. This gave rise to a *bon mot* which circulated in London society. Some one remarked that he had "seen the rarest thing in the world, a king on the throne, and an emperor on the roof." Hoffmann wrote to the Austrian Court that Peter expressed himself unfavorably to the limitation of royal power by a parliament; but according to a Russian account he said: "It is pleasant to hear how the sons of the fatherland tell the truth plainly to the King; we must learn that from the English."

A spirit of proselytism, a desire to propagate one's own religious, social and political views, is implanted in the Anglo-Saxon breast at least, if indeed it be not common to the human race. A young monarch who was liberal or curious enough to visit Quaker meetings and Protestant cathedrals, became the natural prey of philanthropists and reformers, who saw a way opened by Providence for the introduction of their peculiar notions into remote Muscovy. Such an enthusiast was "the pious and learned Francis Lee, M. D.," who gave "proposals

to Peter the Great, etc., at his own request, for the right framing of his Government.”\*

That Peter should visit the churches of different denominations in Holland, made many simple-minded or fanatical Dutch believe that he was inclined to Protestantism, and that the object of his journey was to unite the Russian and Protestant churches. It was reported that he had already taken the communion with the Elector of Brandenburg, and that he was inviting doctors of all sciences to establish colleges and academies in his dominions. In like way, in Vienna, it was widely believed that Sheremétief had already become a Catholic, and that the Tsar was inclined to become one. When Peter was in Vienna, the nuncio reported to Rome that the Tsar had shown a special respect for the Emperor Leopold, as the head of Christianity, that he had dined with the Jesuits, and wished to be taken into the bosom of the true church. From Poland the Jesuit Votta wrote to Cardinal Spada, with great satisfaction, of the reverential demeanor of Peter during the Catholic service, and of the humility with which he accepted his blessing.

Churchmen in England were led into similar beliefs, and entertained hopes of a union of the two churches. It was probably not simple politeness that led the Archbishop of Canterbury and other English prelates to visit Peter. Among them was Gilbert Burnet, Bishop of Salisbury, who, in his “History of his Own Time,” gives the following opinion of the Tsar:

“I waited often on him, and was ordered, both by the King and the archbishop and bishops, to attend upon him, and to offer him such information of our religion and constitution as he was willing to receive; I had good interpreters, so I had much free discourse with him; he is a man of a very hot temper, soon inflamed, and very brutal in his passion; he raises his natural heat by drinking much brandy, which he rectifies himself with great application; he is subject to convulsive motions all over his body, and his head seems to be affected with these; he wants not capacity, and has a larger measure of knowledge than might be expected from his education, which was very indifferent; a want of judgment, with an instability of temper, appear in him too often and too evidently. He is mechanically turned, and

seems designed by nature rather to be a ship-car-penter than a great prince. This was his chief study and exercise while he stayed here; he wrought much with his own hands, and made all about him work at the models of ships; he told me he designed a great fleet at Azoph, and with it to attack the Turkish empire; but he did not seem capable of conducting so great a design, though his conduct in his wars since this has discovered a greater genius in him than appeared at that time. He was desirous to understand our doctrine, but he did not seem disposed to mend matters in Muscovy; he was, indeed, resolved to encourage learning and to polish his people by sending some of them to travel in other countries, and to draw strangers to come and live among them. He seemed apprehensive still of his sister's intrigues. There is a mixture both of passion and severity in his temper. He is resolute, but understands little of war, and seemed not at all inquisitive that way. After I had seen him often, and had conversed much with him, I could not but adore the depth of the providence of God, that had raised up such a furious man to so absolute an authority over so great a part of the world.”

The phrase “he did not seem disposed to mend matters in Muscovy,” evidently referred to the religious question, and Burnet, as well as others, was much surprised that this apparent free-thinker and liberal should hold so firmly to the orthodox faith. It has been the fashion, either from too little knowledge or from too great patriotism, sharply to criticise Burnet's opinion of Peter's character; but considering what Burnet knew of Peter, and even what we know of Peter, is it, after all, so far out of the way? Peter's tastes led him to navigation and to ship-building, and he sincerely believed that it was through having a fleet on the Black Sea that he would be able to conquer Turkey,—the idea at that time uppermost in his mind. But he did not show the same disposition to master the art of war as he did that of navigation. Many a wide-awake boy of fifteen will nowadays equal and surpass Peter in special accomplishments and general knowledge. Many a young man, with a far better education than Peter, has the same mechanical and scientific turn, carried even further. At this time only one idea possessed Peter's mind—navigation. His own studies, the fact that men of the best Russian families were sent abroad to become common sailors, and nothing else, are proof enough. Hoffmann writes to Vienna:

“They say that he intends to civilize his subjects in the manner of other nations. But from his acts here, one cannot find any other intention than to make them sailors: he has had intercourse almost exclusively with sailors, and has gone away as shy as he came.”

During his journey abroad he saw something of the effects of a greater civilization;

\* These proposals related to the institution of seven committees or colleges: 1. For the advancement of learning. 2. For the improvement of nature. 3. For the encouragement of arts. 4. For the increase of merchandise. 5. For reformation of manners. 6. For compilation of laws. 7. For the propagation of the Christian religion. They were printed in 1752 in a rare book entitled, “*Ἀπορροήματα*, or dissertations, etc., on the Book of Genesis.” It is hardly possible to take Lee's phrase, “at his own request,” in its most literal interpretation.



he saw comforts and conveniences which he thought it would be well to introduce among his people, but he paid little or no attention to anything concerning the art of government, or to real civil and administrative reforms.

The stay of Peter in Holland and in England gave rise to numberless anecdotes. The stories of Dutch carpenters who had assisted him in Russia, the tales told by the English captain of his familiarity at Archangel, of his bathing with them in public, and of his drinking bouts and familiar conversation, had, in a measure, prepared the public mind, and the spectacle of the ruler of a great country who went about in sailor's clothing, and devoted himself to learning ship-building, rendered it possible and easy to invent. Many of these anecdotes are, in all probability, untrue. They are of the same class of stories as are told now of any remarkable individual—the Shah, the Sultan, the Khedive—on his travels. Sometimes there may be a basis of truth, but it has been distorted in the telling.

After the interview with King William, Peter delayed still three days, which were chiefly taken up with visiting the Mint, for he had been struck with the excellence of the English coinage, and had already ideas of recoining the Russian money. On the 2d of May, he left Deptford in the yacht, the *Transport Royal*, given to him by King William, but even then could not resist running up to Chatham to see the docks there, and arrived at Amsterdam on the 19th.\*

Twice the embassy at Amsterdam had been in great distress about Peter, for after his departure for London the storms were so great and the colds so intense, that it was three weeks before any news was received from him. Again, from the 18th of February to the 21st of March, no letters arrived in Amsterdam. People in Moscow were still more troubled, and Vinius showed his consternation by writing to Lefort, instead of to

Peter, to ask what the matter was. Peter replied on the 23d of May, blaming his friend very severely for being so troubled by a miscarriage of the post, and adding fuel to the flame at Moscow when he ought to have been more courageous and not to have doubted. Lefort had written sometimes several letters by every post, taken up with longing for his return, with inquiries about his health, with talk of the necessity of going to Vienna, and of his personal desire to visit Geneva, and begging him to send something fit to drink.

On arriving at Amsterdam, Peter found several relatives of Lefort who had come from Geneva for the purpose of seeing him. They had already been sumptuously entertained by the embassy, and now had the pleasure of being presented to the Tsar, and being amicably received by him. The accounts which they give in their letters home of the position of their uncle, and the ceremony which everywhere attended him, show the rank which he held above the other ambassadors, as being the friend and favorite of Peter. With regard to the Tsar himself, Jacob Lefort writes:

"You know that he is a prince of very great stature, but there is one circumstance which is unpleasant,—he has convulsions, sometimes in his eyes, sometimes in his arms, and sometimes in his whole body. He at times turns his eyes so that one can see nothing but the whites. I do not know whence it arises, but we must believe that it is a lack of good-breeding. Then he has also movements in the legs, so that he can scarcely keep in one place. He is very well made, and goes about dressed as a sailor, in the highest degree simple, and wishing nothing else than to be on the water."

There was every reason now to hasten Peter's departure. Troubles at Moscow with some Streltsi who had run away from the army, troubles in Poland, where the Polish magnates were not as well disposed toward Russia as was the King himself, troubles at Vienna,—for it was reported to him that the Austrians were intending to make a peace with the Turks, without the slightest regard for the interests of either Poland or Russia,—all rendered him uneasy. In addition to this, he was both surprised and astonished to learn that King William had accepted a proposition made to him to act as mediator between Austria and Turkey, and that the States-General of Holland was to take part with him. The troubles at Moscow he believed to be over; at all events, they seemed no more serious than the troubles which arose in Moscow on the eve of his departure, but he felt it necessary

\* The *Transport Royal* was sent to Archangel under the command of Captain Ripley, and took a part of the collections of curiosities and military stores which Peter had collected in Holland. By the Tsar's order, Franz Timmermann met it there, to take it to Vológdá, and thence partly overland to Yarosláv. It was intended afterward to convey it to the Sea of Azof, as soon as the canal between the Volga and the Don should be finished, but as the yacht drew nearly eight feet of water, Timmermann could not get it further than Holmogóry, and it went back to Archangel, where it remained ever after.

to get soon to Vienna, in order that he might have a personal interview with the Emperor Leopold, and ascertain the views of the Austrian court, and, if possible, make them fall in with his own. Beside that, he wished to go on to Venice, to complete his studies in naval architecture.

## CHAPTER IV.

## THE JOURNEY HOME.

IN spite of his haste, it took Peter a month to reach Vienna, where he arrived on the 26th of June, and yet he traveled every day, with the exception of one day at Leipsic and two at Dresden. He also visited the linen factories at Bielefeld, surveyed the fortifications of Königstein, and walked through the beautiful park at Cleves, where he carved his name on a birch-tree. In Dresden he was delighted with the curiosities of the green vaults, where he went immediately after his arrival, and stayed all night. He also carefully examined the arsenal, and astonished his entertainers by displaying the knowledge he had acquired at Königsberg and Woolwich, and pointing out and explaining the defects in the artillery. He paid a visit to the mother of the Elector, for Au-



SPIRE OF ST. STEFANS CATHEDRAL.



WEST FRONT OF ST. STEFANS CATHEDRAL, VIENNA.

gustus himself was then in Poland, and twice supped with Prince von Fürstenburg. At the Tsar's special request, ladies were invited, and among others the famous Countess Aurora von Königsmark, the mother of Maurice de Saxe, then a child in arms. Peter had met her accidentally on his way to the arsenal, and had doubtless been informed of her intimacy with Augustus. At these suppers, he was "in such good humor that in the presence of the ladies he took up a drum, and played with a perfection that far surpassed the drummers." Peter had a strange shyness which seemed to grow upon him. He hated to be stared at as a curiosity, and the more he met people of refinement, versed in social arts, the more he felt his own deficiencies. Nothing but the excitement of a supper seemed to render general society possible to him. His visits of ceremony were brief and formal. It was very hard at Dresden to keep people out of his way, and allow him to go about unobserved. After the Tsar had gone, Fürstenburg wrote to the King: "I thank God that all has gone off so well, for I feared that I could not fully please this fastidious gentleman." And General Jordan reported that the Tsar was well content with his visit, but that he himself was "glad to be rid of such a costly guest."

Strangely enough, in spite of Peter's desire to find mining engineers, he did not stop at Freiburg, where quarters had been got ready for him.

In Vienna, all the difficulties of ceremonial and etiquette were renewed. The Holy Roman Empire, as the only empire in the world, and as the lineal descendant of the old Empire of Rome, claimed for its sovereign a superior rank to other monarchs, and insisted greatly on punctilio. The authorities at Vienna were unwilling to grant to the Russian embassy the same honors which had been given to it in other countries, or to do anything which might seem to place the Tsar on the same level with the Emperor. For that reason, it took four days before the details of the entry into Vienna could be arranged, and even then, through a general coming from exercise on

dorf,—for Peter had particularly requested that his quarters should be in the suburbs, and not in the middle of the town. The Russians were little pleased at the manner of their reception, and even the Papal



COLUMN OF THE VIRGIN, VIENNA.

nuncio spoke of the slight pomp displayed. After this more than a month elapsed before the ambassadors had their solemn reception by the Emperor, and it was only then on account of Peter's great desire to take Lefort and Golovin with him to Venice that he waived certain points of ceremonial which had up to that time been insisted upon. If the Congress of Vienna in 1815 did no other good, it at least accomplished much in putting all states on the same rank, abolishing national precedence, and simplifying court ceremonial as respects ambassadors and ministers.

In the meantime, however, Peter had been privately received by the Emperor, the Empress, and their eldest son, Joseph, the King of Rome, in the imperial villa of Favoriten, where, with truly Austrian ideas of maintaining his incognito, he was not allowed to go in at the principal entrance, but was taken through a small door in the garden, and was led up a small spiral staircase into the audience-hall. Leopold also paid a personal visit to Peter, and, toward the end of his stay, entertained him at a great masquerade, called a *Wirthschaft*, in which all the society of Vienna, and many foreign princes sojourning there, took part, dressed in the costumes of different countries. Peter appeared as a Frisian peasant, and his partner, who was assigned to him by lot, and was dressed in the same costume, was the



TRINITY COLUMN, VIENNA.

the Prater insisting on marching all his troops across the route selected, it was night before the ambassadors could take up their lodging in the villa of Count Königsacker, on the bank of the river Vienna at Humpen-

Fräulein Johanna von Thurn, of the family now called Thurn und Taxis. The festivities were kept up until morning, and the Tsar was most merry, and danced "*sensa fine e misura*." At the supper-table, where there was no precedence, the Emperor and Empress sitting at the foot of the table, Leopold arose, and, filling his glass, drank to Peter's health. This was immediately responded to, and the same ceremony was performed with the King of Rome. The cup used for this purpose—which was of rock crystal, the work of di Rocca, and valued at 2000 guildens—was sent the next day to the Tsar, as a souvenir. This was the first great festivity given at court since the beginning of the war with Turkey. Economy had been the order of the day. Peter Lefort wrote to Geneva:

"I must admit that I was greatly disappointed on my arrival here, for I had expected to see a brilliant court; it is quite the contrary. There are neither the splendid equipages nor the fine liveries we saw at the court of Brandenburg. There are many great lords here, but they are all very modest in their dress."

On St. Peter's Day the embassy gave a great ball, with music and fire-works, which lasted all night, and at which a thousand guests were present.\* It is worth notice that, at the state dinner which followed the solemn audience of the ambassadors, the healths of the Empress and of the Tsaritsa were omitted, although it had been agreed beforehand to drink them. There were reasons for thinking it might be disagreeable to the Tsar. During the dinner, there being much talk about Hungarian wine, Baron Königsacker sent Lefort a salver, with six kinds as specimens. After tasting them, Lefort begged permission to pass them to his friend, who stood behind his chair. This was the Tsar himself, who had come in this way to witness the feast.

It has been already said that the Papal court was greatly excited at the possibility of converting Russia to Catholicism, and the dispatches of the nuncio and of the Spanish ambassador show with what care every movement of the Tsar was watched. The deductions of these prelates seem to us now to be based on very narrow premises. They evidently believed what they wished to believe, and reported what they knew would

please. The Cardinal Kollonitz, Primate of Hungary, gives, among other things, an account of the person and character of Peter:

"The Tsar is a youth of from twenty-eight to thirty years of age, is tall, of an olive complexion, rather stout than thin, in aspect between proud and grave, and with a lively countenance. His left eye, as well as his left arm and leg, was injured by the poison given him during the life of his brother; but there remain now only a fixed and fascinated look in his eye and a constant movement of his arm and leg, to hide which he accompanies this forced motion with continual movements of his entire body, which, by many people, in the countries which he has visited, has been attributed to natural causes, but really it is artificial. His wit is lively and ready; his manners rather civil than barbarous, the journey he has made having improved him, and the difference from the beginning of his travels and the present time being visible, although his native roughness may still be seen in him; but it is chiefly visible in his followers, whom he holds in check with great severity. He has a knowledge of geography and history, and what is most to be noticed—he desires to know these subjects better; but his strongest inclination is for maritime affairs, at which he himself works mechanically, as he did in Holland; and this work, according to many people who have to do with him, is indispensable to divert the effects of the poison, which still very much troubles him. In person and in aspect, as well as in his manners, there is nothing which would distinguish him or declare him to be a prince."

Inquiries were made by the Tsar as to the intentions of the Emperor to conclude a peace with Turkey, to which the Emperor frankly replied that the Sultan had himself proposed a peace through the intervention of Lord Paget, the English ambassador at Constantinople, and had requested that the King of England should be a mediator, to which he had assented. At the same time, he showed the Tsar the original letters. Peter then had an interview with Count Kinsky, in which he tried to convince him that it would be better for the Austrians to continue the war, that it was scarcely fair to the allies to make peace without consulting their interests, and that if peace were made, a war would be begun with France about the Spanish succession, and the Turks would take this occasion again to attack them. Kinsky explained that peace was not yet made; that nothing more had been agreed upon than to hold a congress; that it was expected that Russian and Polish representatives would be present at this congress, and would explain their demands; that the only condition which the Emperor had made for the conclusion of peace was that it should be on the basis of keeping what each one had possession of at the date of the treaty. Peter was so far convinced that

\* Notwithstanding the statements in the dispatches of the nuncio as to the small amount of money given by the Austrian Government for the support of the embassy, we know, from Russian official documents, that the whole expense of the feast was paid by the Emperor's treasury.

he agreed to present his demands in writing, which were simply that, in addition to the places he already occupied, there should be ceded to him the fortress of Kertch, in order that he might have a port on the Black Sea, and thus keep the Tartars in order; that if this condition were not agreed to, the Emperor should not make peace, but continue the war until a more advantageous treaty, or until 1701, by which time he hoped to have gained great advantages over the Turks. The reply which Leopold sent to Peter was that, while he found the demand for the cession of Kertch to be a just one, he saw a great difficulty in the way, "for the Turks are not accustomed to give up their fortresses without a fight, and even what has been extorted from them by arms, they tried in every way to get back." He therefore urged Peter to use his efforts to get possession of Kertch before the treaty should be made, and to send a representative to the congress, and promised again that he would sign no peace without his consent. Peter was so satisfied with this that he was on the point of starting for Venice, and even had ideas of continuing his journey into Italy, and perhaps visiting France before his return.

Passports were obtained, and part of his small suite had already started for Venice, where great preparations were made for his reception, when suddenly a letter was received from Ramodanófsky, announcing that the Streltsi regiments on the frontier had revolted and had marched on Moscow, but that Shéin and Gordon had been sent to put them down. Nothing was said of the cause of the revolt, or of the intentions of the Streltsi. The letter had been on its way for a whole month, and the Tsar was still in ignorance as to whether the revolt had been put down, or whether the rioters were in possession of Moscow, and his sister Sophia ruling in his place. Nevertheless, he decided to start at once, and, to the astonishment of the Austrians, who knew nothing of this news, his post-horses took the road for Moscow, and not for Venice. Before he went, he wrote to Ramodanófsky:

"I have received your letter of the 27th of June, in which your grace writes that the seed of Iván Mikhaïlovitch (Míloslávsky) is sprouting. I beg you to be severe; in no other way is it possible to put out this flame. Although we are very sorry to give up our present profitable business, yet, for the sake of this, we will be with you sooner than you think."

Peter traveled day and night, and refused even to stop in Cracow, where a banquet

had been prepared for him. Immediately afterward, he received quieting intelligence that the insurrection had been put down, and the ringleaders punished. He was therefore able to travel more leisurely, looked carefully at the great salt-mines of Wieliczka and at Bochnia, and inspected the Polish army which was encamped there. At Rava, a small village of Galicia, he met King Augustus on the 9th of August, and was his guest for four days.

Peter had expected to pass by the way of Warsaw, and it was with great surprise that the King received a courier announcing the Tsar's visit for the same day. Arrangements were at once made, and "the King waited in vain for him all night, for he did not arrive until the next morning at dinner time. As he desired, he was conducted to his lodging without formality or ceremony, and shortly after was visited by the King. The tenderness and mutual embraces, the kisses, and the expressions of love and esteem which they gave each other, are scarcely credible. The Tsar, knowing well the esteem of the King, was carried away by sympathy, and immediately struck up with him a more than fraternal friendship, never ceasing to embrace and kiss him, and telling him that he had come almost alone, with very few followers, to put himself into his hands, and confide his life to him, being ready, however, to serve him in need with a hundred thousand men or more." Augustus and Peter dined and supped together, and the two following days were taken up with amusements, with reviews of troops, and sham fights, which greatly pleased the Tsar, and with political talk. The Jesuit Votta, who was introduced to the Tsar by the King himself, argued in favor of maintaining the Polish alliance, and continuing the war against Turkey. Peter, after saying that he thought the Russians, Poles and Saxons were sufficient, and that once Otchakóf were taken, Constantinople would be in the death struggle, applied the old fable that it was useless to divide the skin before the bear was killed. The impression produced on Peter by Augustus was strong and lasting: Peter had supported the candidacy of Augustus, and had sent an army to the frontier on political grounds, but the sympathy produced by personal contact had an important influence. It was greatly owing to this that Peter two years later was induced to enter the Northern League, and to declare war against Sweden. The day after the Tsar's arrival at Moscow,



in speaking of the foreign sovereigns he had visited, he made honorable mention of the King of Poland. "I prize him more than the whole of you together," he said, addressing his boyárs and magnates that were present, "and that not because of his royal pre-eminence over you, but merely because I like him." He still proudly wore the King's arms, which he had exchanged with that monarch for his own, in order to proclaim that their bond of friendship was more solid than the Gordian knot and never to be severed with the sword.

After leaving the King, Peter went on to Moscow through Zamosc, where he was entertained by the widow of the castellan. He met there the Papal nuncio, who begged permission for missionaries to pass through Russia on their way to China, and was much struck with the amiability of the Tsar, especially as Lefort had put him off with polite excuses. In thanking the Tsar for his promise, he asked him to give him a written document. Peter, replying that when he arrived at Moscow he would im-

mediately send him a diploma, said: "My word is better than ten thousand writings." At Brest-Litófsky there was an unfortunate adventure with the Metropolitan of the Uniates, who, in talking to the Tsar, had the bad taste, to say the least, to use the word schismatic, in regard to the members of the Russian church. The Tsar replied that he could not stand such impertinences of language, and people as indiscreet as he in Moscow would have been whipped or hanged. Not content with this, Peter asked the Governor to send away the Metropolitan, saying that he was not sure that he would be master of his own hands if he met him again.

Notwithstanding these delays, Peter arrived at Moscow much sooner than he was expected—on the 4th of September, at six o'clock in the evening. He did not stop at the Krémelin, nor see his wife, but accompanied Lefort and Golovin to their houses, then called to inquire for General Gordon, who was away on his estate, and went that night to Preobrazhensky.

## BORDENTOWN AND THE BONAPARTES.

"THERE they come! Don't you see them? Look, look!" These words are caught up and loudly re-echoed, and, glancing in the direction indicated by a dozen shouting boys, we see the first of a line of dust-enveloped stages emerging from a hollow in the road. For a moment, the four horses are outlined against the foliage that borders the highway on either side, then, with eyes flashing and nostrils stretched, they rush forward at full speed. The driver cracks his whip and tightens his grasp on the reins, and with loud clattering of hoofs and rumbling of wheels, the heavily laden vehicle turns the corner before us, burying the yellow brick house opposite beneath a dusty cloud. Another follows, then another; and the children, who have been clinging to their mothers' skirts while the great wooden things rattle by, run out into the street to see the last of the line disappear down the cut which leads to the river's edge. There the passengers, who left the New York boat at Amboy this morning, will re-embark and, let us hope, be safely landed at Philadelphia before the fall of night.

The scene is one of half a century ago. As yet the first railroad from New York to Philadelphia is unladen, and we are standing, not in the garish sunlight of some new-grown business town, but at the shaded corner of Main street and the Trenton road, in the romantic old village of Bordentown, New Jersey.\* Though the arrival of "the line" is an event of daily occurrence, the excitement attending it has never lost its charm for old or young; and, the weather fair, one-half the children of the village school may be seen daily at this corner during their noon recess. To-day, as it happens, the gathering is dignified by the presence of some older citizens, whose names, for one reason or another, are familiar far beyond the limits of their town. For instance, in the face of that elderly man in the center of the group you have already

\* A comprehensive history of the village was recently published as a serial in the Bordentown "Register," by Major E. M. Woodward, of Ellisdale, Monmouth county. A part of this work has since appeared in a slender volume bearing the title: "Bonaparte's Park and the Murats."

*Hail Columbia*

*Hail Columbia happy land,  
Hail ye Across - heaven born land,  
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,  
Who fought and bled in Freedom's Cause,  
And when the storm of war was done,  
Enjoy'd the peace, you - Valour won -*

FAC-SIMILE OF A STANZA FROM "HAIL COLUMBIA," BY JOSEPH HOPKINSON.

caught a resemblance to Napoleon I.; nor is the likeness to be wondered at, for (as you have guessed) this is none other than the emperor's elder brother, sometime King of Naples and of Spain. Near him stands another aged man, whose face is smooth-shaven, and whose hair falls between his shoulders in a ribbon-bound queue. This peculiar head-dress sufficiently identifies its wearer as Judge Joseph Hopkinson, author of "Hail Columbia," and a friend of many of America's first great men. Less distinguished in appearance than either of his companions, though far more famous for his heroic qualities, is Commodore Charles Stewart, the third and last figure in our little group. Soon, however, the trio is joined by a dashing youth, whose words and bearing recall the memory of his unhappy father, the gallant Marshal Joachim Murat. And now, at the invitation of Judge Hopkinson, the new-comer and his friends disappear through the door-way of the yellow house. Leaving them within, in the enjoyment of their host's good cheer, let us overleap the years that separate us from the present day, and glance about us at a place made interesting by association with historic names.

The village of Bordentown (pronounced *Burdentown* by the old inhabitants of the place) stands on the eastern bank of the Delaware, a few miles below Trenton, at a point where the river bends sharply to the south-west on its course to Philadelphia and Delaware Bay. At one other place only between the cities named are the shores broken by rising ground. Long rows of trees bordering well-cultivated fields; smooth-shaven lawns and dark green groves surrounding old-fashioned houses; the wharves and steeples of low-lying villages on either side—these, elsewhere,

relieve the monotony of the fertile plain. But here the bank rises abruptly to a height of sixty or seventy feet from a water front hardly as many yards in width. The approach by rail or water is not unpicturesque, and the scene from the village bluff is one of quiet beauty. Across the Delaware lies a wide expanse of Pennsylvania farm land, the water's edge shaded by shrubbery and overhanging trees. As far as the eye can reach, the landscape is dotted with birch and willow trees, rising singly or in groups from the green fields, and often throwing their protecting arms over some old, substantial farm-house. Midway in the stream, and threatening at some future day to destroy its present channel, lie two long, low islands of sand, sparsely covered with shrubs and river-grass. The Pennsylvania Railroad, encircling the base of the plateau on which the village stands, winds on its way from Trenton along the edge of a canal, which is skirted with willow trees. At this point, too, a beautiful creek flows under the railroad bridge, luring the eye along its grassy banks and dark, deep border of foliage. And all these charms are increased a thousand-fold by the gorgeous sunsets over the Pennsylvania shore.

Probably the first white man who surveyed this pleasant scene was Thomas Farnsworth, an English Quaker, once imprisoned in the mother country for his faith. Arriving, in the year 1677, at the mouth of the then recently discovered Delaware, he and his fellow-voyagers built their cabins where Burlington now stands. His wife, Susannah, a preacher in the Society of Friends, followed him to the new world in the winter of 1678. Three years later, taking with them their children and their servants, they pushed a few miles further up the stream, and made the clearing which has

grown into an historic town. A quarter of a century after the pioneer's death, his rough log cabin, and many acres of land surrounding it, fell into the hands of Joseph Borden, of Shrewsbury, N. J., and thereafter Farnsworth's Landing was known as the Bordentown Ferry. But the name Bordentown was first written in the township records in 1739, when, we are told, "ye said meeting gave Bordings town people lve to buld a pare of stocks, provide ye people of Bordings Town bulds them at there own charge." Some years earlier (in 1729), though the fact was not deemed worthy of official notice, the settlement afforded a night's lodging to a printer's apprentice, who, in search of employment, was making his way to Philadelphia from New York. The youthful journeyman was Benjamin Franklin, who afterward described his host in the following paragraph, which appears in his autobiography:

"The next day, however, I continued my journey, and arrived in the evening at an inn, eight or ten

route were the "crooked billet wharf," in the Quaker City, and the "Whitehall slip, near the Half-Moon tavern," in New York. By this line, Mr. Borden assured his patrons, they might "pass the quickest thirty or forty hours" between the two cities, which are now but an hour and a half apart.

The founder of the village died at a ripe old age, leaving an only son and namesake to enjoy his ample means. Colonel Joseph Borden took an active part in the Revolution. The infernal machines for the famous "Battle of the Kegs" were made in his cooper-shop, and towed down the Delaware over night by a plucky villager. Though the British shipping at Philadelphia, which they were designed to destroy, had just been removed from its exposed position in the river, the killing of four men by the explosion of one of the kegs is said to have struck terror into the hearts of the invaders. Francis Hopkinson's "harmonious ditty," describing the scene which ensued, made his name popular throughout

*Therefore prepare for bloody war,  
"These kegs must all be routed,  
"Or surely we deserv'd should be  
"And British courage doubted"*

FAC-SIMILE OF A STANZA FROM "THE BATTLE OF THE KEGS," BY FRANCIS HOPKINSON.

miles from Burlington, that was kept by one Dr. Brown. This man entered into conversation with me while I took some refreshment, and perceiving that I had read a little, he expressed toward me considerable interest and friendship. Our acquaintance continued during the remainder of his life. I believe him to have been what is called an itinerant doctor; for there was no town in England, or indeed in Europe, of which he could not give a particular account. He was deficient neither in understanding nor in literature; but was a sad infidel, and, some years after, wickedly undertook to travesty the Bible, in burlesque verse, as Cotton had travestied Virgil. He exhibited, by this means, many facts from a very ludicrous point of view, which would have given umbrage to weak minds had his work been published, which it never was. I spent the night at his house and reached Burlington the next morning."

Joseph Borden occupied the Farnsworth homestead till the year 1750, when the brick dwelling previously mentioned was erected where Main street crossed the Trenton road, and when its builder established a line of boats and stages between New York and Philadelphia. The termini of the new

the land. It was not his first success in versification. Years before, he had scribbled amorous verses to "Delia, pride of Borden's Hill"; and, when the war broke out, he was living with her and her gallant father at Bordentown. There were few more zealous patriots than he. His pen was never idle in the cause of freedom, and his satirical verses did much to aggravate the popular feeling against Great Britain. Francis's father, an Englishman (born in London and educated at Oxford), came to America while young; and at Christ church, Philadelphia, one hundred and forty-four years ago, married Miss Mary Johnson, a niece of the Bishop of Worcester. Franklin, in a note to one of his letters on electricity, makes an interesting confession. "The power of points to throw off electrical fire," he says, "was first communicated to me by my ingenious friend, Mr. Thomas Hopkinson, since deceased, whose virtue and integrity

in every station of his life, public and private, will ever make his memory dear to those who knew him, and knew how to value him." Francis was the first student entered at the College of Philadelphia, now the University of the State of Pennsylvania, from which he was graduated with honor before his admittance to the bar. Early in the year 1766 he visited England, spending much of his time at Hartlebury Castle, the seat of his grand-uncle, the bishop, and returning to America toward the close of 1767. In the arts of music and painting, to which he devoted his leisure moments, Francis attained to a creditable degree of proficiency. Writing from Philadelphia in 1776, John Adams expresses a hope that he shall see a portrait of "Miss Keys, a famous New Jersey beauty," which was "made by Mr. Hopkinson's own hand."

\* \* \* I have a curiosity," he adds, "to pry a little deeper into the bosom of this curious gentleman." Francis\* died suddenly in May, 1791, having survived his father-in-law, Colonel Borden, but a few weeks.

The year after the fiasco of the kegs, a British force was sent from Philadelphia to White Hill, just below Bordentown, to capture a number of vessels which, in violation of Washington's orders, had not been sunk. When the flat-boats arrived, with six or eight hundred red-coats aboard, it was found that the shipping had been fired. An attack was then made on Bordentown, several shots from the river warning the villagers that resistance would be unwise. None was attempted, and the troops debarked. Colonel Borden's property, diagonally opposite his father's house, is said to have been pointed out by Polly Riché,† a beautiful girl, whose tory proclivities had estranged her from the patriots of the place. Not only the colonel's residence and another dwelling nearer the bluff, but all the other buildings on the place, including stables and carriage-houses, were burned to the ground. While old

Mrs. Borden sat in the middle of the street, watching the destruction of her home, an English officer stepped up, and with apparent sympathy said: "Madam, I have a mother, and can feel for you." "I thank you, sir," she replied; "but this is the happiest day of my life: I know you have given up all hope of reconquering my country, or you would not thus wantonly devastate it."

The British officers paid Mr. Hopkinson



JOSEPH KIRKBRIDE.

the compliment of dining at his house. But that worthy citizen, with other notorious whigs, had fled at the enemy's approach, and returned not till the danger was past. Meanwhile, the patriots of the outlying country, roused by the fire on the bluff, had begun to assemble in force, and the arrival of Colonel Baylor with his light-horse troop was the signal for a hasty departure of the foe. That night the British troops slept on their boats; and, rising betimes the next morning, they prepared for an attack upon Trenton. General Dickinson met them half-way, however, and their plans were changed. Remembering the part Colonel Joseph Kirkbride had played in the Battle of the Kegs, the retreating soldiers landed at Bellevue, the family seat, situated in Penn's Manor, Pennsylvania, and destroyed six valuable out-houses and two dwellings. Crossing over to Bordentown, on the loss of his old home, the colonel built a huge brick house, which now forms a part of the Bordentown Female College. Here he was often visited by his friend, Tom Paine, who conceived a singular affection for the place, and said, "I had rather see my horse Button eating the grass of Bordentown or Morristania, than see all the pomp and show of Europe." It was here that Paine constructed the model of that iron bridge which had taken so strong a hold of his imagination;

\* He was at one time Collector of the Port of Philadelphia, his appointment coming from Lord North, his mother's cousin; and he was the chief delegate from New Jersey to the Provisional Congress which adopted the Declaration of Independence, though his name has long since faded from that "immortal instrument." In after years, he prepared the great seal of the State of New Jersey.

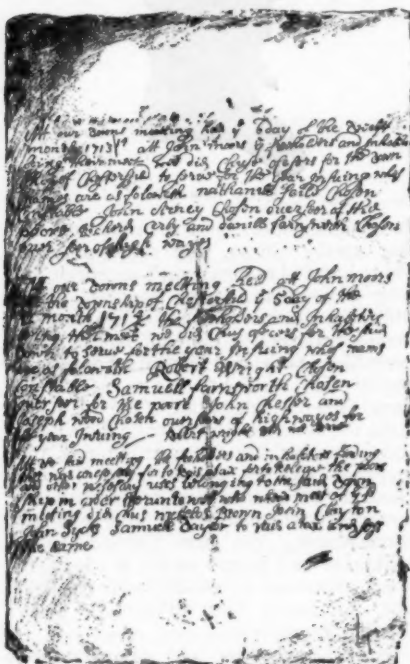
† Miss Polly is said to have been the belle of the British Meschianza, in Philadelphia, which Major André pronounced the most splendid entertainment ever given by an army to its general. She was particularly admired by that steadfast patriot, Benedict Arnold.

and here, too, he received the following kindly note:

"ROCKY HILL, Sept. 10, 1783.  
"I have learned, since I have been at this place, that you are at Bordentown. Whether for the sake of retirement or economy, I know not. Be it for either, for both, or whatever it may, if you will come to this place and partake with me, I shall be exceedingly happy to see you.

"Your presence may remind Congress of your past services to this country; and, if it is in my power to impress them, command my best exertions with freedom, as they will be rendered cheerfully by one who entertains a lively sense of the importance of your works, and who, with much pleasure, subscribes himself, your sincere friend, G. WASHINGTON."

Paine finally made the purchase of a snug little house in Main street, and occupied it, with few intermissions, during a period of



A PAGE FROM THE TOWNSHIP RECORDS.

several years. His favorite resort was, the bar-room of the Washington House; and visitors to that ancient hostelry are told that nothing but brandy and atheism ever passed his lips. On his return from Washington, in 1802, the disheartened patriot stopped for a few hours at Bordentown, and by his steadfast friend, who happened then to be the Republican candidate for Governor, he was driven thence to Trenton in time to

catch the New York stage. At the latter place, strange as it may seem, he was subjected to the grossest indignities; nor did he escape without personal injury from the violence of the mob. And this, not for any infidelity to the cause of freedom, but simply because he had carried into theological discussions that liberty of thought and intrepidity of speech which, in times past, had made him widely popular. Colonel Kirkbride—whose popularity had been much diminished by his adherence to the author of "Common-sense" and the "Age of Reason"—was buried during the year following this episode. Near the marble slab which covers his remains has stood, for sixty years, the tombstone of "Harriet Luttrell, daughter of Henry Lawes Luttrell, Earl of Carhampton," and not far beyond sleeps the grandson of the founder of the town. Captain Joseph Borden, the colonel's only son, had two sisters, "Nancy" and Maria, who, in their prime, were famous for their beauty. "Nancy," as we have seen, married Judge Francis Hopkinson. Maria, whose hand was no less eagerly sought, made an equally happy choice. Few civilians won more distinguished honors during the Revolutionary war than fell to the share of her husband, Judge McKean. He was not only one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and, at one time, President of Congress, but he held for twenty years the high office of Chief-Justice of Pennsylvania, and, for a short time, that of Governor of the State; while Delaware, in emulation, made him her President. The judge's daughter was given in marriage, some seventy years ago, to the Marquis of Casa-Irujo, a Spanish grandee, who represented his nation at Washington.

Joseph Hopkinson inherited the Bordentown homestead when he came of age. This was in 1791. It was some years thereafter that his wife sang, for the first time, to the accompaniment of the harpsichord, the patriotic lines of "Hail Columbia," and still later that the poet Moore addressed to her his "Lines written on leaving Philadelphia." Ten years before he became a man, he might have stood at his father's door and watched a military procession moving briskly down the Trenton road to Main street. There a crowd had gathered, and cheers filled the air as Washington and Rochambeau, attended by their respective suites, swept by. The commander-in-chief was hurrying to Yorktown, where, as he well knew, the decisive movement of the war

was  
prov  
nigh  
ever  
ingto  
the  
disti  
here  
piest  
Na  
he w  
woul  
wher  
V





AN ARRIVAL IN THE OLDEN TIME.

was to be made. So, as there is nothing to prove that Washington slept even a single night in Bordentown, the villagers have ever affected a profound contempt for Washingtonian head-quarters and minor relics of the great chieftain, and base their claim to distinction almost solely on the fact that here an exiled king spent many of his happiest years.

Napoleon was once heard to say that, if he were ever forced to abandon France, he would make his home in America, somewhere between New York and Philadelphia,

where news from either port would reach him quickly. Two weeks after the battle of Waterloo, he and his elder brother met, for the last time, on the Isle of Aix, and Joseph, in vain, proposed to take the emperor's place. Confident of meeting again in this country, the brothers parted. Napoleon, finding the coast infested with British cruisers, surrendered to the captain of the *Bellerophon*; but Joseph, under the assumed name of M. Bouchard, boarded the brig *Commerce* at Royau, 25th July, 1815, and, though the vessel was thrice searched by



THE WASH-HOUSE.

English officers, came safely, on the 28th of August, to New York, where he was waited upon by the mayor, who believed him to be General Carnot. Having traveled throughout the country, and lived for a while at Lansdowne, in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, King Joseph, who had taken the title of Comte de Surveilliers, began the purchase of Point Breeze,\* at Bordentown. Nowhere in the State could a more charming site have been found. For nearly a mile, the Crosswicks Creek winds along the northern boundary of the park, fifty feet below the level of the promontory from which, more than a century ago, the grounds received their name. On this promontory Joseph built his house, commanding a fine view of the Delaware, and, in its leafy setting, conspicuous to all who journeyed up and down the stream. Months were spent in clearing the woods of underbrush, rolling the lawn, bridging ravines, building summer-houses and rustic seats, and laying out walks and drives. A strip of marshy ground sepa-

rated the point from the wood-crowned height at the western extremity of the park. Through this the creek ebbed and flowed as far as the Trenton road, where it was fed by a shallow, winding brook. Joseph threw a bridge across the bed of the brook, filled up the hollow in the highway, and transformed the marsh

into a pretty lake. By the water-side, where the grassy bank was lowest, stood a large white house, with grass-green shutters,—the residence of Prince Charles and his wife Zénaïde. Else-

where, save only on the willow-shaded causeway between the lake and creek, the ground rose abruptly to the level of the park. There were scattered about other dwellings and out-houses, and beyond was an inclosure well stocked with graceful deer. All around rose thousands of forest trees, arching over the drives and bridle-paths, filling the ravines with dark, dense foliage, and sheltering the hill-side down to the border of the creek. There nature was left untouched, for art could add nothing to her charms.

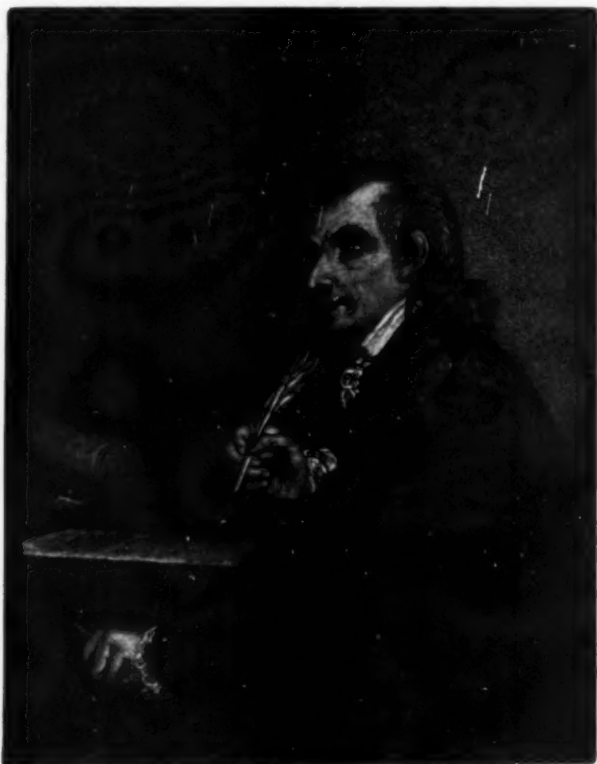
Much as he loved this country home, the exile passed a part of each year at his house in Philadelphia. But, from the first hard frost in winter till the first warm day in spring, the lake which he had made was the center of village sport and activity. Trim little pleasure-boats no longer darted from shore to shore, nor lay at rest near the broad stone steps that led to the water's edge, and the swans and wild aquatic fowl had sought more comfortable quarters; but,



ENTRANCE TO TUNNEL.

\* This had long been the home of Stephen Sayre, an American, who went to England long before the Revolution and married a lady of rank. He became a banker, was Under Sheriff of London with William Lee, and enjoyed the friendship of the Earl of Chatham. Yet in October, 1775, he was thrown into the Tower, having been accused of high treason by a fellow-countryman, who was an officer of the Guards. On his release, utterly impoverished, he left the country. Franklin employed him on several missions, and he did yeoman service for the American cause abroad. Some years after peace was declared, he settled at Point Breeze, and was popularly known thereabouts as "the handsome Englishman."

in the  
thous  
and s  
ing c  
in the  
gray-l  
warm  
appro  
What  
in the  
by his  
the lo  
presid  
not m  
One  
after  
visitor  
the ke  
Philad  
the he  
rose a  
popula  
main



FRANCIS HOPKINSON.

in their stead, the frozen surface reflected a thousand graceful forms and ruddy faces, and swayed and groaned beneath the whirling crowd of revelers. On a little island, in the center of the lake, stands an old, gray-haired and kindly man, his back warmed by a blazing fire, and his face turned approvingly on the merry scene around. What a lark it would be to join the skaters in their mad scramble for the fruit rolled out by his direction! But as this may not be, the lord of the manor finds his account in presiding over the sports in which he may not mingle.

One winter morning, some three years after the house on the bluff was built, a visitor locked the door of his bedroom, put the key in his pocket, and started off to Philadelphia, leaving a wood fire blazing on the hearth. Soon a dense cloud of smoke rose above the surrounding trees; half the population of the village poured through the main entrance to the park; farmers and

farmers' lads flocked in from miles around, and Joseph, who heard the news at Trenton on his return from a visit to New York, came dashing up the avenue to find his home in flames. Without engines of even the poorest sort, nothing could be done to save the burning walls; and village maids and matrons who, in the excitement of the moment, had formed in line and passed the leathern buckets from hand to hand, were forced, at last, to retire from the scene. Nothing of value was rescued from the upper floors but a few choice paintings, and the house itself was leveled with the ground. From the cellar to the face of the bluff ran a subterranean passage, through which the butler rolled his casks of wine. Some burst in falling, and reddened the waters of the creek. A spacious belvedere, untouched by the flames, stood on the hill-top for many years.

A new dwelling was immediately built much nearer the Trenton road, the Count's

stables being remodeled so as to form the body of the house. An underground passage to the eastern border of the lake came out at a point where the bluff rose but a few feet above the water-level. There the end wall, overhung by a broad stone arch, was pierced with three entrances, one leading to the first floor of the house, another to

ance from the weather. It was also intended as a shelter for boating parties caught out in summer showers. That the subterranean passage itself was designed for the same practical purpose needed no better proof than the classic line inscribed above its entrance: "*Non ignara mali, miseris succurrere disco.*"\*

Yet the gossips of the village whispered,



*Joseph Bonaparte*

PORTRAIT AND AUTOGRAPH OF JOSEPH BONAPARTE, COMTE DE SURVILLIERS.

the cellar, a third to an adjoining ice-house. From the mouth of the tunnel a covered walk, faced with lattice-work, ran along the side of the bluff, and thence to the door of the lake-house. Through this Prince Charles and Zénaïde Bonaparte made their daily trips to the dining-hall without annoy-

ance and their words found ready credence, that the exiled king lived in constant fear of abduction by British or Spanish spies, and had contrived a system of labyrinthine passages

\* Not ignorant of misfortune, I learn to succor the unfortunate.

for  
Man  
in hi  
not t  
regai  
save  
with  
mitte  
but o  
her w

"Se  
sword  
broken  
many  
us the  
also th  
was cr  
dazzle  
he tou  
view a  
many  
and let  
and fas

The



MRS. FRANCIS HOPKINSON.

for concealment in the hour of danger. Many of the crown jewels of Spain were still in his possession, and, they reasoned, it was not unlikely some effort would be made to regain them. The jewels, which had been saved with so much pains, were guarded with jealous care. Few visitors were admitted to the room where they lay concealed, but one who had that mark of favor shown her wrote as follows:

"Several clusters looked like jeweled handles of swords; others, like portions of crowns, rudely broken off; others still, like lids of small boxes; many were ornaments entire. He [Joseph] showed us the crown and ring he wore when King of Spain; also the crown, robe and jewels in which Napoleon was crowned. When our eyes had been sufficiently dazzled with the display of diamonds and emeralds, he touched another concealed spring, which gave to view another set of drawers, and displayed to us many of Napoleon's valuable papers. His treaties and letters were carefully bound round with ribbons, and fastened with jeweled clasps."

Then the Count admitted them, through

a secret door, into his summer sleeping apartment.

"The curtains, canopy and furniture were of light blue satin, trimmed with silver. Every room contained a mirror, reaching from the ceiling to the floor.

"\* \* \* The walls were covered with oil paintings, principally of young females. \* \* \* The Count next conducted us to his winter suite of apartments. They were much in the style of his summer ones, except that the furniture was in crimson and gold."

Summer and winter, the gates of the park were left unlatched, and no respectable person was refused admittance even to the house. The interior of that long, low, rough-cast building realized, to the country people roundabout, all that they had heard of kingly palaces. Richly carved folding-doors, opened by liveried servants, gave entrance to the main hall, with ample stairway leading to the floor above. On one side was the drawing-room; on the other, the dining-hall, each adorned with ornaments and bits of furniture from the Luxembourg. The library and



gallery contained the finest collection of paintings in America. Some were by Rubens; some by the famous Snyders. Raphael Meng's "Nativity," stolen from the altar of a Spanish cathedral, and afterward exhibited in Philadelphia and New York, hung there for years; and so did many landscapes and marine paintings by Joseph Vernet, now owned by the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. Rembrandt, Teniers the elder, Simon Denis, and one of the Caracci brothers were also represented. All these works of art were sold (for their full value) when Joseph left the country; but others, choicer still, went back

most eminent Americans of the day; and many foreigners of note, while passing through the States, were hospitably entertained at the park. Lafayette, and Moreau, and General Bernard—one of Napoleon's aides at Waterloo, and afterward head of the corps of American military engineers—were there; and so were Webster, Adams and Clay, Commodore Stewart, General Scott and Commodore Richard Stockton. The other members of the Count's household were his daughter Zénaïde, and Prince Charles (the ornithologist), her husband, who lived in the house by the lake; his younger daughter Charlotte,\* who returned to



A SKATING PARTY.

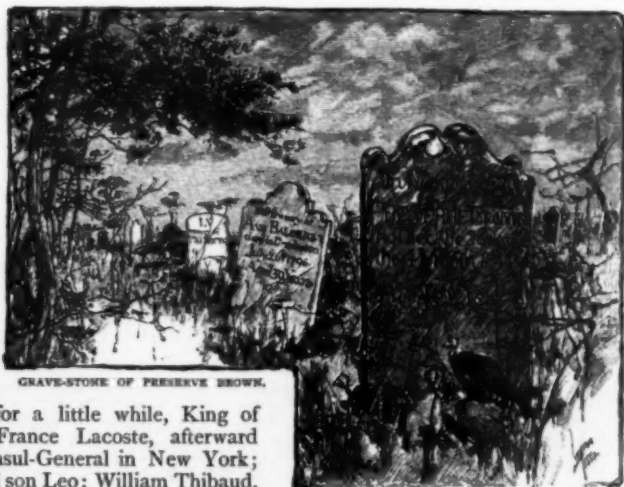
with him to Europe. In the collection of statuary were busts, by Canova and Bartolini, of Napoleon and other members of the family. Many of these stood at intervals along a low marble wall inclosing a paved square before the house. Then there were statues, including Canova's "Venus Victrix," and bronzes, no less beautiful; besides two marble mantels, of exquisite workmanship, carved in Italy and presented to the Count by his uncle, Cardinal Fesch.

Nor were these treasures lost to the world when Joseph settled at Bordentown, for, during his long exile, he was visited by the

Europe in a few years and married her cousin, Napoleon Louis, brother of Napoleon

\* From Mme. Patterson-Bonaparte's letters, recently published in SCRIBNER, it seems that, instead of King Louis, the Princess Charlotte came near to having plain Mr. Bonaparte, of Baltimore, for a husband. The Princess Borghese, her aunt and her grandmother, "Mme. Mère," both favored the match, having taken a great fancy to "Bo"; and it is also said to have been desired by Joseph, "who wrote it to the princess." As for the young man himself, said his match-making mother: "He feels the propriety of doing what I please on the subject of the marriage, and has no foolish ideas of disposing of himself in the way young people do in America."

III  
Ho  
Fre  
his  
subs  
lery  
ried  
liar  
prev



GRAVE-STONE OF PRESERVE BROWN.

III., and, for a little while, King of Holland; France Lacoste, afterward French Consul-General in New York; his wife, and son Leo; William Thibaud, subsequently curator of the French gallery in Rome, and his daughter, now married and living in Paris; and Louis Mailiard, and his son Adolphe. Ill health prevented Queen Marie from joining her

husband. But there was no such obstacle in the way of his nephew, Prince Lucien Murat, who lived for some time at the neighboring village of Columbus, and then

settled on a farm near the park. Seldom has a wilder blade been thrown upon the hands of a rich, good-natured relative. Again and again did Joseph furnish his sister's son with money and advice; and again and again did that giddy youth squander the one and throw the other to the winds. Then came reproaches and retorts till time and the promise of reform softened the heart and loosened the purse-strings of the uncle. One day, a close carriage dashed past the park on its way to Trenton. Its occupants were Napoleon François Lucien Charles Murat and Caroline Georgina Fraser, daughter of a Scotch officer in the British army, who, having served in America during the Revolution, settled here and married a young Virginian. Before long, the carriage drove quietly back, the number of its occupants reduced (by an exchange of vows and the blessing of the church) to one. But the blessing of the Count did not follow. He had not only opposed the match, but declared that whoever married



PRINCE LUCIEN MURAT.



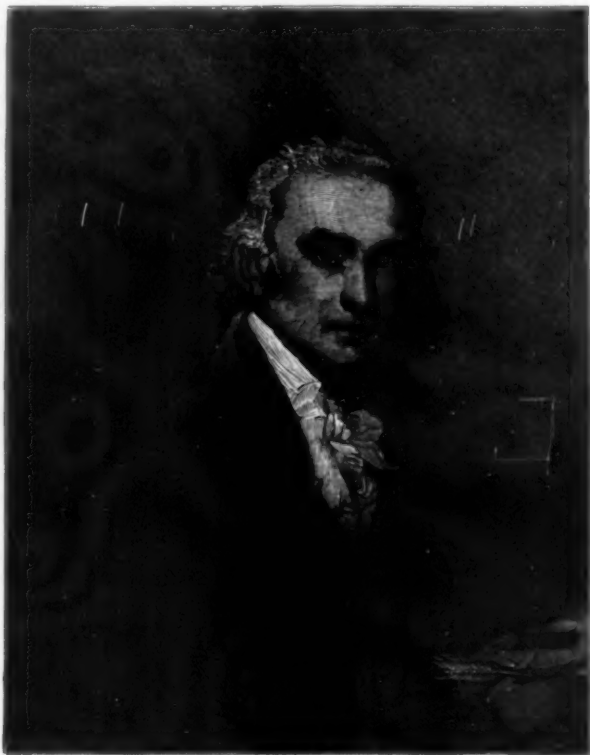
THE TOWN-MEETING.

his nephew would have to support him. And so it proved. The young man soon disposed of his wife's scanty fortune, and of her sisters'; and their quiet home in Park street was metamorphosed into a boarding-school. From all parts of the country, men and women sent their daughters to learn music and manners of the beautiful Mme. Murat. The sisters, Jane and Eliza, assisted in the class-room; and Lucien presided at the dinner-table, treating the more bashful girls with easy courtesy. His bearing then, as, indeed, whenever he chose that it should so appear, was that of a polished gentleman. Generally, however, he preferred the society and rougher manners of the bar-room and the course. Much of his time was spent in boating and shooting, and at the White Horse tavern, out on the Trenton road. There, it is said, he would play ten-pins for drinks with any one who chanced along, and sometimes, if he had the misfortune to lose, would persuade the landlord to make a memorandum of the account. He was always ready for a game of cards, no matter with whom; and, according to village report, would borrow a shilling from a negro, or toss a half-eagle to the boy who held his horse, with equal indifference.

On one occasion, he got the better of a balky horse by lighting a bundle of straw between its legs. One night, he and a party of young men were playing billiards in the American House, when a violent storm arose. They continued the game till long after midnight, and then wondered how they should get home without a drenching. At last Murat took off his clothes, tied them in a bundle, and started on a dead run down the street. All followed his example, and, the night being dark, they reached home without detection. But soon the story was heard in every house.

In 1839, and again in '44, Louis Philippe allowed Murat to visit France; and, four years after the latter date, he hastened thither with his family, never to return. Friends in the village had to pay their traveling expenses, and his two little boys were dressed in garments made from a coachman's livery, with the buttons still attached. After the *coup d'état*, Murat was appointed a senator and made a prince of the empire by his cousin, Napoleon III. Nor did he neglect, in the hour of prosperity, to send money to Bordentown to reimburse his heaviest creditor, though, oddly enough, the others were all forgotten. When the republ-

lic  
wh  
fiv  
les  
bor  
Bar  
Mo  
Da  
of  
Na  
the  
an  
Vir  
ma  
Tal  
I  
a s  
tim  
rou  
to t  
test  
spo  
was



JUDGE JOSEPH HOPKINSON, AUTHOR OF "HAIL COLUMBIA."

lic was restored, he crossed to England, where, in April, 1878, at the age of seventy-five, he died. Mme. Murat survived him less than a year. Their first four children, born in or near Bordentown, are Caroline, Baroness de Chassiron; Anna, Duchess de Mouchy; Achille, husband of the Princess Dadiani de Mingreli, and Joseph, a colonel of the Guards. A younger son, Louis Napoleon, has recently been graduated from the French Naval Academy. Achille Murat, an elder brother of the prince, married a Virginian lady, and lived in the south for many years. He and his wife are buried at Tallahassee.

In spite of Joseph's usual good temper, a spark of truly Napoleonic egotism sometimes betrayed itself when his anger was roused. The gamekeeper, once, when taken to task for having permitted poaching, protested in vain that he had warned the sportsman to stop firing, but that the culprit was one of the Count's folks, and claimed

to have permission. "I have no folks!" exclaimed Joseph, "*I am everybody*. Hereafter, let no one but Mr. Mailliard shoot on these premises." An exception was again made in favor of his nephew, Louis Napoleon, the late emperor, who, during a sojourn in America, in the early summer of 1837, made, according to the testimony of the townspeople, a brief visit to the park. It is said by some that his depleted purse was replenished with a check for \$20,000; others declare that he was coldly received. However that may be, long confinement in France, followed by a tedious voyage from Europe to South America, and from thence to the United States, had prepared him for the full enjoyment of country life and liberty. He and Adolphe Mailliard were both keen sportsmen, and, followed by a well-trained dog, they tramped the woods and meadows round in search of game. Once, when other sport was scarce, he is said to have bagged a luckless villager who rose between him



THE MURAT HOUSE.

and the only bird he had seen that day. On leaving Bordentown, he presented Mailiard with various mementos of their new-formed friendship, including, among other trifles, a number of water-color sketches.

When Lafayette made his triumphal progress through the States in 1824, he was received by the Count with open arms, notwithstanding the fact that he had been denounced as a traitor in Napoleon's will. The Marquis had been paying a visit to General Moreau at Trenton, and was escorted to Bordentown by a troop of Pennsylvania cavalry. His son, the Governor of Pennsylvania, and another gentleman sat with him in an open barouche, drawn by four white horses. While the military escort made merry at the park, Joseph and his guest drove through the village streets, followed by a cheering crowd.

In person, the Count more closely resembled his imperial brother than did any other member of the Bonaparte family, except, perhaps, his nephew Jerome, of Baltimore. But in character he was Napoleon's opposite. When waited upon at Bordentown by a deputation of Mexicans, who wished him to become their emperor, he remarked that he had worn two crowns, and would not lift his finger to secure a third. During his exile, he seldom or never alluded to his own career, but spoke often, and not without emotion, of Napoleon's fate.

Despite his long residence in America, he continued to speak English with an imperfect accent. Nearly all his friends (and all his servants, with the exception of a Hungarian valet) were French, and spoke their own language at the park.



Philip Bellemère—now an old man of more than seventy—served as a barber in the Count's household between fifty and sixty years ago. Sitting in front of his toy and candy shop in Main street, of a summer afternoon, he will tell you he has shaved more distinguished men than any other barber in the land. Beards and mustaches were less fashionable in the days of our forefathers than now, and the post of barber to a man who kept open house was anything but a sinecure. So Bellemère put away his razors, and found other and more profitable employment. He declares, however, that his old master was a man to be esteemed—generous, just, good-humored, devoted to his family, affable with strangers, dignified with his inferiors, and but little given to joking. He rose early the year round, taking toast and coffee in his room. Breakfast was served at half-past nine o'clock; luncheon at two; dinner—for which meal the family always dressed—between seven and eight; and supper from ten to eleven. The cooking was excellent and the wine-cellar unsurpassed, though the Count ate sparingly and drank neither wine nor liquor. In dress, he was plain though not careless. Sometimes, of an afternoon, he drove out with the Princess Charlotte in a handsome barouche; but when alone, or

with  
Hi  
the  
wa  
in  
sup  
in t  
fish  
kep  
J  
affe  
fam  
tha  
per  
erei  
the  
with  
been  
Laf  
the  
II.;  
fath  
fame





MRS. JOSEPH HOPKINSON.

with Mailliard, he preferred a light wagon. His own hand planted many of the trees in the park,—including a vast number of Norway pines,—and he found much amusement in rambling among them, lopping away superfluous boughs, and destroying traps set in the shrubbery by village boys. He never fished and seldom shot, although Mailliard kept a kennel of thoroughbreds.

Joseph took a lively interest in everything affecting France and the fortunes of his family. It was Napoleon's particular wish that he should publish in America the emperor's correspondence with the allied sovereigns. But this he failed to do. During the period of his exile he corresponded with General Bernard, by whom he had been informed of Napoleon's death; with Lafayette, whom he acquitted of treason to the emperor; with his nephew, Napoleon II.; his sister-in-law, Maria Louisa; her father, the Emperor of Austria; and the famous diplomat, Prince Metternich. But

his arguments and exhortations had but little effect. On the 18th of September, 1830, a long letter was forwarded from New York to the Chamber of Deputies. It declared Napoleon II. Emperor of France, and pledged his exiled uncle to any effort to compel his restoration by Austria "to the wishes of the French."

But before this appeal was written, Louis Philippe had ascended the throne. Partial amnesty was soon afterward extended to the exiles of the Napoleon dynasty; and on the 22d of July, 1832,—the day of the Duc de Reichstadt's death,—Joseph sailed for England. Every one followed him to the outskirts of the village and there waved what many thought a last farewell. His presence was felt to have been a public blessing. It had increased the prosperity of the town, and carried its name wherever that of St. Helena had been heard. Without its royal benefactor, the village seemed deserted. Great, therefore, were the rejoic-



MADAME LUCIEN MURAT.

ings when, five years later,—an old man, in his seventieth year,—Joseph suddenly re-appeared. But his stay was brief, and having traveled for some time and settled his affairs, he again sailed for Europe, never to return. This was in 1839. Before the year closed, a paralytic stroke, in London, well-nigh disabled him. His family were then in Italy, where, at Genoa, in 1841, he joined them. The closing years of a long and not uneventful life were passed at Florence. Nearly forty years before Joseph's death, which occurred July 27, 1844, his character had received a high tribute from Bernardin de St. Pierre, in the preface to "Paul and Virginia." He is there spoken of as one who "united in himself everything which distinguishes a son, a brother, a husband, a father and a friend to humanity; \* \* \* a philosopher, worthy of a throne, were any throne worthy of him." Victor Hugo, addressing him in 1833, said: "The day in which I shall be permitted to press your hand in mine will be one of the most glorious of my life." Napoleon said of his elder brother, possibly with a touch of irony: "Joseph is an excellent man—he is much better educated than I am."

Mr. Mailliard had been with him for thirty-six long years, and toward the close he vied with Madame Bonaparte in devotion to the invalid.

The esteem in which he was held is

shown by the Count's will, of which he and Judge Hopkinson (who, as it happened, died before the testator) were appointed joint executors. "No man," says Joseph, "has more right to my confidence, to my esteem." He would fain show his attachment by a greater legacy, but leaves him only the Groveville farm, near Bordentown, and a bagatelle of \$6,000, besides a life annuity of \$400—knowing that his "modesty equals his fidelity," and that such a bequest will more than gratify his wishes. To Mailliard's son, Adolphe, he also left \$6,000; and a similar sum to Mr. Thibaud and Josephine. A check for 10,000 francs bore witness that the door-keeper at the park was not forgotten. Besides these various legacies, the Count left some tokens of a more personal character among his intimate friends.

Louis Mailliard was left in charge of the park till Joseph's grandchild, Zénaïde's son, should be twenty-five years of age. Prince Joseph, who inherited all the Count's real estate in this country, with the exception of the Groveville farm, stayed for a short time at Point Breeze. He was more reserved than his grandfather, and lived in comparative seclusion. After the revolution of '48, he visited France, and, two years later, barely escaped assassination in Rome, where he died in 1865, at the age of forty-one.

From Prince Joseph's hands the park passed into the possession of Thomas Richards, a Philadelphian. Mr. Richards bought the place at auction in 1847, and sold it three years later to Henry Beckett, Esq., son of Sir John Beckett, of Lincolnshire, England, and sometime British Consul at Philadelphia. Mr. Beckett, finding the Count's house in poor repair, had it destroyed and built a larger one, nearer the bluff. The marble mantels, which had been among the chief ornaments of the old building, were placed in the new, the walls of which were adorned with rare books and paintings inherited by Mr. Beckett's first wife, a descendant of old Governor Hamilton, of Pennsylvania. Their son, Hamilton Beckett (who married the daughter of Brougham's rival, Lord Chancellor Lyndhurst), now lives in England. The place at Bordentown was left by will to Mr. Beckett's grandchildren, and has been offered for sale at a nominal price. The gardener's house and the cook's remain, while the lake-house (the lake itself no longer exists) has been converted into a summer boarding-

house. Many of the trees have been cut down, the lawn is unkept, and there are few traces of the former beauty of the place. A few weeks since, it was used as a camping-ground by the New Jersey Division of the Grand Army of the Republic, and the many thousands who were attracted thither by the encampment itself, or the bombardment that marked its close, found the old place most woefully disfigured. It is not improbable that the "G. A. R.," aided by the railroad company, will purchase all that remains of the once extensive park, and make it the scene of similar reunions in the future.

No sketch of Bordentown would be complete without some account of "Old Ironsides," the officer to whom, with Commodore Bainbridge, America owes it that our navy went to sea in the war of 1812, and that the *Constitution* won her famous victory over the *Cyane* and *Levant*. It was this aged patriot who, when Fort Sumter was fired upon, pleaded in vain to be assigned to active service, exclaiming: "I am as young as ever to fight for my country!" The storm-worn veteran, whose declining years were spent in partial retirement on the Delaware, sailed thence, in November, 1869, to the unknown port, having reached the ripe old age of ninety-one. Though commissioned as rear-admiral in 1862, Stewart always clung to the title of commodore. In stature he was small; his features were regular and strong; his eyes large, bright and blue, and his expression singularly animated. With much good-humor and affability, he was never undignified. Many good anecdotes of his adventures are in vogue, and no one enjoyed them more or told them better than himself.

The commodore's home, Montpellier, stands on the high bluff just below Bordentown,—a fine old country mansion, overlooking the river and Pennsylvania shore, and hemmed in by lofty silver pines. Before Stewart purchased it, in 1816, the place belonged to François Frederici, "General of Surinam," who settled there some eighty years ago. Old Ironsides is remembered by the villagers as a little old man, with smooth-shaven face and snow-white hair, fond of flowers, birds and children, and enthusiastic in the cultivation of his farm. During the greater part of his stay at Montpellier, he occupied a weather-beaten little house not far from the main building, and gradually converted it into something more like a granary than a human habitation. The commodore's death was marked by a touching incident. He had suffered acutely for

many weeks, and, as the end drew nigh, was unable even to give utterance to his wants. It had stormed throughout the day, but toward night the clouds were driven from the sky. The setting sun threw a flood of golden light on house and lawn and river, and as the windows were thrown open to admit the warm, fresh air, a little bird flew in, hopped to the bedstead of the dying man, and, perching near his head, filled the room with its melodious song.

Bordentown did reverence to the departed hero, watching, with tearful eyes, the vessel which bore his body to its resting-place by the Schuylkill River. The homestead on the Delaware is now owned by the commodore's daughter, whose son, Charles Stewart Parnell, is the leader of the Irish Home Rule party in the British Parliament. His sisters and their widowed mother divide their time between Bordentown and New York.

Among the other notabilities of the past whose names are in any way connected with that of Bordentown is the Mexican emperor, Iturbide, who was shot in 1824, while attempting to regain the throne which he had abdicated. The empress, having landed in Mexico with the imperial robes and scepter, was seized, but afterward released and pensioned by the Government, on condition of spending the rest of her life in South America or the United States. A son and two daughters of the emperor passed one or two summers in the village, over thirty years ago.



COMMODORE STEWART.

During the time of Prince Murat's residence in Park street, the house afterward occupied by Adolphe Mailliard was for two years the home of Don Pedro Alcantara Argaiz, Spanish Minister to the United States. Having invited a distinguished foreigner to dine with him one day, Murat besought Señor and Señora Argaiz to bring their dinner and servants across the way. They did so, and the prince presided in happy forgetfulness of his own empty larder.

It yet remains to say a few words of Dr. John Isaac Hawkins,—civil engineer, inventor, poet, preacher, phrenologist and "mentor-general to mankind,"—who visited the village toward the close of the last century, married and lived there for many years; then disappeared, and, after a long absence, returned a gray old man, with a wife barely out of her teens. "This isn't the wife you took away, doctor," some one ventured to remark. "No," the blushing girl replied, "and he's buried one between us." The poor fellow had hard work to gain a livelihood. For a time, the ladies paid him to lecture to them in their parlors. But when he brought a bag of skulls, and the heart and windpipe of his son, preserved in spirits, they would have nothing more to do with

him. As a last resort, he started the "Journal of Human Nature and Human Progress," his wife "setting up" for the press her husband's contributions in prose and rhyme. But the "Journal" died after a brief and inglorious career. Hawkins claimed to have made the first survey for a tunnel under the Thames, and he invented the "ever-pointed pencil," the "iridium-pointed gold pen," and a method of condensing coffee. He also constructed a little stove, with a handle, which he carried into the kitchen to cook his meals, or into the reception-room when visitors called, and at night into his bedroom. He invented, also, a new religion, whose altar was erected in his own small parlor, where Dr. John Isaac Hawkins, priest, held forth to Mrs. John Isaac Hawkins, people. But a shadow stretched along the poor man's path from the loss of his only son,—a companion in all of his philosophical researches,—who died and was dissected at the early age of seven. Thereafter the old man wandered, as "lonely as a cloud," sometimes in England, sometimes in America, but attended patiently and faithfully by his first wife, then by a second, and finally by a third, who clung to him with the devotion of Little Nell to her doting grandfather.

### "O SILVER RIVER FLOWING TO THE SEA."

O SILVER river flowing to the sea,  
Strong, calm and solemn as thy mountains be!  
Poets have sung thy ever-living power,  
Thy wintry day, and summer sunset hour;  
Have told how rich thou art, how broad, how deep;  
What commerce thine, how many myriads reap  
The harvest of thy waters. They have sung  
Thy moony nights, when every shadow flung  
From cliff or pine is peopled with dim ghosts  
Of settlers, old-world fairies, or the hosts  
Of Indian warriors that once plowed thy waves—  
Now hurrying to the dance from hidden graves.  
Thou pathway of the empire of the North,  
Thy praises through the earth have traveled forth!  
I hear thee praised as one who hears the shout  
That follows when a hero from the rout  
Of battle issues, "Lo, how brave is he,—  
How noble, proud and beautiful!" But she  
Who knows him best—"How tender!" So thou art  
The river of love to me!

Heart of my heart,  
Dear love and bride—is it not so indeed!  
Among your treasures keep this new-plucked reed.

## WALT WHITMAN.

"Are not all real works of art themselves paradoxical? And is not the world itself so? \* \* \* As I understand him, the truest honor you can pay him is to try his own rules."—*Whitman, on Emerson.*

IN things counted dear to a minstrel's heart, and which can make him patiently endure the common ills of life, Mr. Whitman is fortunate among modern poets. No one more conspicuously shines by difference. Others are more widely read, but who else has been so widely talked of, and who has held even a few readers with so absolute a sway? Whatever we may think of his chantings, the time has gone by when it was possible to ignore him; whatever his ground may be, he has set his feet squarely and audaciously upon it, and is no light weight. Endeavor, then, to judge him on his merits, for he will and must be judged. He stands in the roadway, with his *Salut au Monde*:

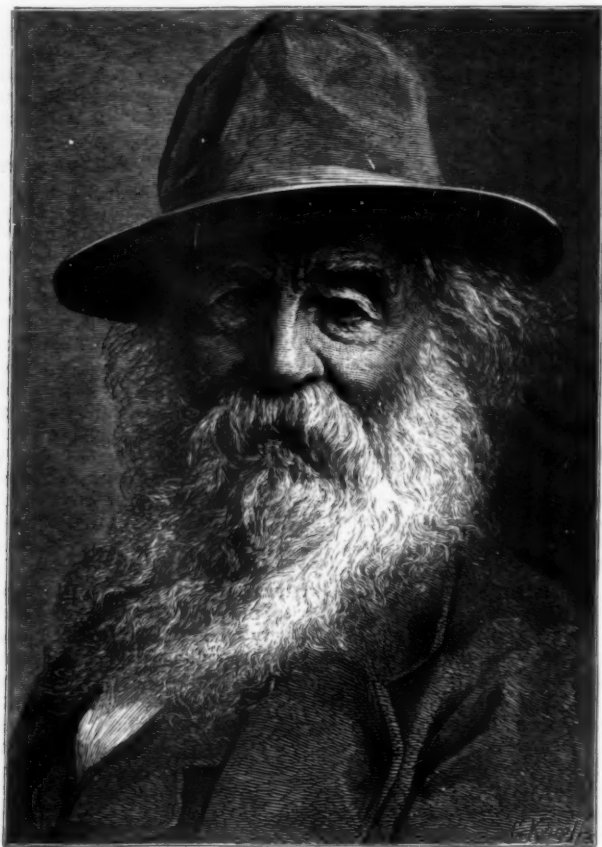
"Toward all  
I raise high the perpendicular hand,—I make the  
signal,  
To remain after me in sight forever,  
For all the haunts and homes of men."

There are not wanting those who return his salutation. He is in very good society, and has been so this long while. At the outset he was favored with the hand of Emerson, and, once acknowledged at court, allies quickly flocked around him. Let us be candid: no writer holds, in some respects, a more enviable place than burly Walt Whitman. As for public opinion of the professional kind, no American poet, save Longfellow, has attracted so much notice as he in England, France, Germany, and I know not what other lands. Here and abroad there has been more printed concerning him than concerning any other, living or dead, Poe only excepted. Personal items of his doings, sayings and appearance constantly have found their way to the public. In a collection of sketches, articles, debates, which have appeared during the last ten years, relating to American poets, the Whitman and Poe packages are each much larger than all the rest combined. Curiously enough, three-fourths of the articles upon Mr. Whitman assert that he is totally neglected by the press. Not only in that publicity which is akin to fame, and stimulating to the poet, has he been thus fortunate; but also in the faculty of exciting and sustaining a discussion in which he has

been forced to take little part himself; in an aptitude for making disciples of men able to gain the general ear, and vying with one another to stay up his hands; in his unencumbered, easy way of life; finally, in a bodily and mental equipment, and a tact or artistic instinct to make the most of it, that have established a vigorous ideal of himself as a bard and seer. These incidental successes, which of course do not confirm nor conflict with an estimate of his genius, are brought to mind as the features of a singular career.

Such a poet must find a place in any review of the course of American song. Otherwise, however observant of his work from the beginning, I well might hesitate to write of him; not only distrusting my own judgment of thoughts and modes which, like questions in philology or medicine, seem to provoke contention in which men act very much like children, but also dreading to become a party to such contention, little to the advantage of all concerned. Doubtless I shall make errors, and write things subject to alteration. For these errors, not of the will but of the judgment, I might ask pardon in advance, were I not aware of the uselessness of such a prayer to either of two classes to which it should be addressed, and between which it is hardly possible that a criticism could be written upon Mr. Whitman, and the writer not be accused of both favoritism and injustice, or of trimming. The disputants who arise when an innovator comes along never were divided more sharply,—not even in that classico-romantic conflict which would have made the fortune of a lesser poet than the author of "Hernani." Perhaps it would be found, upon examination, that the class which declines to regard Whitman as a hero and poet has been content with saying very little about him. If his disciples are in a minority, it is they who chiefly have written the contents of the package mentioned, who never lose a point, who have filled the air with his name. Our acceptance of their estimate almost has seemed the condition,—not, I trust, of their good-will, since among them are several of my long-time friends,—but of their intellectual respect. At times we are





WALT WHITMAN.

constrained to infer that this poet is to be eulogized, not criticised,—that he, they and others may say to Emerson, Lowell, Tennyson, "Thou ailest here, and here"; but woe unto them that lay hands on the Ark of the Covenant. More than one offender has been punished in an effective, if not in a just and generous way. I mention this only with a feeling that honest criticism should not be restricted by those who deprecate restriction. Two points belong to my own mode of inquiry: How far does the effort of a workman relate to what is fine and enduring? and, how far does he succeed in his effort? Nor can I pay Mr. Whitman any worthier tribute than to examine fairly his credentials, and to test his work by the canons, so far as we discover them, that underlie the best results of every progressive art. If his poetry is

founded in the simplicity and universality which are claimed for it, and which distinguish great works, the average man, who reads Shakspeare and the English Bible, ought to catch glimpses of its scope and meaning, and therefore I am guilty of no strange temerity, in my forming some opinion of these matters.

On the other hand, if there be any so impatient of his assumptions, or so tired of the manifestoes of his friends, as to refuse him the consideration they would extend to any man alive, against such also I would protest, and deem them neither just nor wise. Their course would give weight to the charge that in America Whitman has been subjected to a kind of outlawry. And those most doubtful of his methods, beliefs, inspiration, should understand that here is an uncommon and

somewhat heroic figure, which they will do well to observe; one whose words have taken hold in various quarters, and whose works should be studied as a whole before they are condemned. Not only a poet, but a personage, of a bearing conformed to his ideal. Whether this bearing comes by nature only, or through skillful intent, its possessor certainly carries it bravely, and, as the phrase is, fills the bill,—a task in which some who have tried to emulate him have disastrously failed. Not only a poet and personage, but one whose views and declarations are also worth attention. True, our main business is not so much to test the soundness of his theories as to ask how poetically he has announced them. We are examining the poets, not the sages and heroes, except in so far as wisdom and heroism must belong to poetry, and as the philosopher and poet fulfill Wordsworth's prediction and have become one. But Whitman is the most subjective poet on record, and it would be folly to review him wholly in the mood of those whose watchword is Art for Art's sake. The many who look upon art solely as a means of expression justly will not be content unless the man is included in the problem. I, who believe that he who uses song as his means of expression is on one side an artist, wish to consider him both as an artist and a man.

What I desire to say, also, must be taken as a whole. Questions involving the nature of verse, of expression, of the poetic life, could not be adequately discussed in a single chapter; but a paragraph, at least, may be devoted to each point, and should be given its full weight of meaning. It is the fashion for many who reject Mr. Whitman's canticles to say: "His poetry is good for nothing; but we like him as a man," etc. To me, it seems that his song is more noteworthy than his life, in spite of his services in the hospitals during our civil war. His life, so noble at its best periods, was an emblem of the nobleness of a multitude of his countrymen and country-women; at other times, doubtless, and as his poem of "Brooklyn Ferry" fearlessly permits us to surmise, it has been no more self-forgetting than the lives of countless obscure toilers who do their best from day to day. If, then, I do not think his heroism so important as his art, nor admire him chiefly as an annunciator, but as an imaginative poet, it is because I know more than one village where each workman is a philosopher in his way, and something of a priest, and because poets

are rarer among us than preachers and heroes,—and I wish to take him at his rarest. If this essay should pay just honor to his prophetic gift of song, those who minister to him should feel that I have given him, without reserve, such poor laurels as a mere reviewer can bestow. That there may be no doubt, from page to page (amid the seeming inconsistencies that must characterize a study of Whitman), as to my conclusion on this point, I may as well say now that both instinct and judgment, with our Greek choruses in mind, and Pindar, and the Hebrew bards, long since led me to count him, as a lyric and idyllic poet, and when at his best, among the first of his time. If any fail to perceive what I mean by this, let him take a single poem, composed in his finer mood,—“Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking,”—and read it with some care. Had he not sung like this, the exorbitant world would hear little of his philosophy and consecration, and care for them still less.

## II.

THE first edition of "Leaves of Grass," now so valued by collectors, is a long, thin volume, curious to behold, with wide pages that give the author's peculiar lines their full effect. Here was a man with measureless bounce and ambition, but with a co-equal range of demands for his country, and professedly for all mankind. At that time (1855) the sale of most books of poetry or abstract thought was small enough; critical authorities were few, and of little weight. "Putnam's Magazine" certainly had influence, and was the periodical to which our favorite writers contributed some of their choicest work. Its reviewer gave the strange book the best reception possible, by filling three columns with extracts from its pages. He could not have selected any passages more original than those beginning with the lines, "I play not a march for victors only," and "A child said, What is the grass?"—than the death-scene of the mashed fireman, for whose sake is the pervading hush among the kneeling crowd,—the ringing story of the old-fashioned frigate and the little captain who won by the light of the moon and stars,—the proud humility, the righteous irony and wrath of "A Slave at Auction" and "A Woman at Auction,"—the Hebraic picture of the Quakeress with face clearer and more beautiful than the sky, "the justified mother of men." These,

and a few masterly bits of description and apostrophe, were given in a manner just to the poet, while rude and coarser parts, that might displease even a progressive reader, were kindly overlooked. The study of Emerson and Carlyle had bred a tolerance of whatever was true to nature and opposed to sham. "Leaves of Grass" was a legitimate offspring of the new movement. Howsoever differing from the latter, or going beyond it, the book would not have found life had not the Concord school already made for it an atmosphere. Whitman—a man of the people—applied the down-east philosophy to the daily walks of life, and sang the blare and brawn that he found in the streets about him. In his opening lines:

"I celebrate myself,  
And what I assume you shall assume,  
For every atom belonging to me as good belongs  
to you.

"I loafe and invite my soul,  
I lean and loafe at my ease \* \* \* observing a  
spear of summer grass,"

he simply took Alcott and Emerson at their word. His radical demonstration, extended in later years even to rebuke of their own failure to go farther, has brought them, perchance, like Frankenstein, to regard with little complacency the strides of their prodigy. The difference between Emerson and Whitman illustrated that between certain modes of advanced thought in Massachusetts and New York. If the philosophy of the former professed to include the people, in its genesis and application it often was somewhat provincial and aristocratic; the other also was theoretically broad, professing to include the scholarly and refined, but in spirit was no less provincial,—suspicious of all save the masses. A true universalism yet may come from them both. It was in no unfriendly humor, but with perfect justice, that the "Putnam" critic declared the new poems to be a "mixture of Yankee transcendentalism and New York rowdiness," which here were "seen to combine in harmony." For their author prophesied in New York with a selfhood that observed but kept aloof from the West side; insensibly the East-sider was set above the man of training or affairs whose teams he drove, whose fires he subdued, whose boats he piloted, and whose manhood perchance was as sturdy and virile as his own. Hence, there was a just reason in the pleasantry of the reviewer, who, after acknowledging that the poet was "one of the roughs," said:

"That he is a kosmos is a piece of news we were hardly prepared for. Precisely what a kosmos is, we trust Mr. Whitman will take an early occasion to inform the impatient world." Nothing worse than this sally befell our poet in the leading magazine, and it was added that there were to be found "an original perception of nature, a manly brawn, and an epic directness in the new poet, which belong to no other adept of the transcendental school." Here, at all events, the book was not treated after any Philistine mode.

Doubtless many young readers of those quotations felt as if they came with a fresh breeze from old Paumanok and the outer bay. I remember my own impression that here, whether his forms were old or new, was a real poet, one who stirred my pulses; and of whom—in spite of his conceit, familiarity, assumption that few could understand him and that all needed his ministrations—I wished to know more. I would not surrender that first impression of his genius for any later critical feeling. Nor since that time, having closely read him, have I found reason to disavow it. And I could fully sympathize with him, now that his old age really is nigh at hand, in the serene approval of his own work, read twenty years afterward, under some auspicious conjunction of Saturn and Mars:

"After an interval, reading, here in the midnight,  
With the great stars looking on—all the stars of  
Orion looking,  
And the silent Pleiades—and the duo looking of  
Saturn and ruddy Mars;  
Pondering, reading my own songs, after a long  
interval (sorrow and death familiar now),  
Ere closing the book, what pride! what joy! to find  
them  
Standing so well the test of death and night,  
And the duo of Saturn and Mars!"

The picture of Whitman in trowsers and open shirt, with slouched hat, hand in pocket, and a defiant cast of manner, resolute as it was, had an air not wholly of one who protests against authority, but rather of him who opposes the gonfalon of a "rough" conventionalism to the conventionalism of culture. Not that of the man "too proud to care from whence" he came, but of one very proud of whence he came and what he wore. Seeing him now, with his gracious and silvery beard, it is hardly possible that the sensual and unpromising mouth of the early portrait was at any time his own. But the picture has become historical, and properly is included with others in his recent collective edition.

The "Leaves of Grass" contained the gist of his opinions, and some of its episodes equal in beauty anything he has ever written. He was in his thirty-sixth year,—close upon the age at which more than one famous poet has ended his mission. His book was eminently one with a purpose, or purposes, to which he has been consistent. First, and chiefly, to assert the "Religion of Humanity,"—the mystery and development of man, of woman; the sufficiency of the general plan; the inherent and equal nobility of our organs, instincts, desires; the absolute equality of men, irrespective of birth and training. Secondly, to predict a superb illustration of this development in "These States," the great republic of the present, the pure democracy of the future. Thirdly, to portray an archetypal microcosm, a man embracing in his passionate and ideal sympathy all the joys, sorrows, appetites, virtues, sins, of all men, women and children,—himself being, doing and suffering with them,—and that man Walt Whitman. Finally, and to lay the groundwork for a new era in literature (in his view the most essential stimulant of progress), the "Leaves" were written in contempt of established measures, formal rhymes, stock imagery and diction,—and in a most irregular kind of dithyramb, which left the hack reviewer sorely in doubt whether it was verse broken off at hap-hazard, or prose run mad. Whatever motives led to these results, we must admire the courage of a poet who thus burned his ships behind him, and plunged into a wilderness thenceforth all his own. Various passages of the book were resolutely coarse in their "naturalism," and were thought by some, who perhaps knew little of the author, to reveal his tendencies. It seemed as if certain passions appeared to him more natural, certain sins more venial, than others, and that these were those which he felt to be most obstreperous in his own system,—that his creed was adjusted to his personal aptitudes. But many also found in him strength, color, love and knowledge of nature, and a capacity for lyrical outbursts,—the utterance of a genuine poet. Such was the "Leaves of Grass," although the book is hard to formulate in few and scientific terms; such, at least, it was, so far as I understand its higher meaning. This analysis is made with due humility, as by one in doubt lest he also may be subject to the scornful objurgation:

"What to such as you, anyhow, such a poet as I?  
—therefore leave my works,

And go lull yourself with what you can understand  
—and with piano-tunes;  
For I lull nobody,—and you will never understand  
me."

If the successive editions of "Leaves of Grass" had the quiet sale accorded to books of verse, it did not lack admirers among radicals on the lookout for something new. Emerson, with one of his cheery impulses, wrote a glowing welcome, which soon was given to the public, and directed all eyes to the rising bard. No poet, as a person, ever came more speedily within range of view. His age, origin and habits were made known; he himself, in fastidiously wholesome and picturesque costume, was to be observed strolling up Broadway, crossing the ferries, mounting the omnibuses, wherever he could see and be seen, make studies and be studied. It was learned that he had been by turns printer, school-master, builder, editor; had written articles and poems of a harmless, customary nature, until, finding that he could not express himself to any purpose in that wise, he underwent conviction, experienced a change of thought and style, and professed a new departure in verse, dress, and way of life. Henceforward he occupied himself with loafing, thinking, writing, and making disciples and camerados. Among the young wits and writers who enjoyed his fellowship, his slow, large mold and rather-grizzled hair procured for him the hearty title of "Old Walt." In the second year of the war his blood grew warm, and he went to Washington, whither all roads then led. His heart yearned toward the soldiery, and in the hospitals and camps he became the tenderest of nurses and the almoner of funds supplied to him by generous hands. After three years of this service, and after a sickness brought on by its exertions, he was given a place in the Interior Department. Then came that senseless act of a benighted official, who dismissed him for the immorality of the "Leaves of Grass." To Whitman it was a piece of good luck. It brought to a climax the discussion of his merits and demerits. It called out from the fervent and learned pen of O'Connor a surging, characteristic vindication, "The Good Gray Poet," in which the offending Secretary was consigned to ignominy, and by which the poet's talents, services and appearance were so fastened upon public attention that he took his place as a hoar and reverend minstrel. He then, with Lowell, Parsons, Holland, Brownell, and Mrs. Howe, had reached the

patriarchal age of forty-six. Another Cabinet officer, a man of taste and feeling, gave him a new position—which he held for nine years, and until somewhat disabled by a paralytic affliction. Meanwhile, influential writers, on both sides of the ocean, skillful in polemic criticism, had avowed allegiance to himself and his works. In England, W. M. Rossetti edited a selection of his poems, and Swinburne, Dowden, Clifford, Symonds, Buchanan, Clive, have joined in recognizing them. In America,—besides O'Connor,—Linton, Conway, Sanborn, the Swintons, Benton, Marvin, the sure-eyed and poetic Burroughs, and others, in turn have guarded his rights or ministered to him, some of them with a loyalty unprecedented in our literary annals. Like Fourier, he may be said to have his propagandists in many lands.\* Making allowance for the tendency to invest with our own attributes some object of hero-worship, a man must be of unusual stuff to breed this enthusiasm in such men; and under any privations the life is a success which has created and sustained such an ideal.

The appearance of Whitman's "Centennial edition," and his needs at the time, gave occasion for an outcry concerning American neglect and persecution of the poet, and for a debate in which both London and New York took part. After some diligence, I find little evidence of unfriendliness to him among the magazine-editors, to whom our writers offer their wares. Several of them aver that they would rather accept than decline his contributions, and have declined them only when unsuited to their necessities. What magazine-writer has a smoother experience? In a democracy the right most freely allotted is that of every man to secure his own income. Nor am I aware that, with two exceptions, any American has been able to derive a substantial revenue from poetry alone. A man ahead of his time, or different from his time, usually gathers little of this world's goods. Whitman's fellow-countrymen regard him kindly and with pride. An English poet has declared that it is not America, but the literary class in America, that "persecutes" him. Who constitute such a class I know

not: the present writer is not one of them, nor has he ever been. For the moment, I am what he himself would call his "diagnoser,"—nor with the intellect only, but with the heart as well as the head. What opposition the poet really has incurred has done him no harm. The outcry led to plain-speaking, and the press gave the fullest hearing to Whitman's friends. I hope it was of benefit, in showing that our writers were misunderstood, in stimulating his friends to new offices in his behalf, and especially in promoting the sale of the unique centennial or "author's" edition of his collected poems. Never was a collection more aptly named. The two volumes bear the material as well as the spiritual impress of their author. Of the many portraits for which he has sat, they give, besides the earliest, a bold photograph of his present self, and the striking wood-cut by his friend Linton—that master of the engraver's craft. Here and there are interpolated recent poems, printed on slips, and pasted in by the poet's own hand. The edition has an indescribable air; one who owns it feels that he has a portion of the author's self. It is Whitman, His Book, and should he print nothing more, his work is well rounded.\*

The collection embraces the revised series of "Leaves of Grass," preceded by "Inscriptions," and divided by a group of poems, "Children of Adam," on the sexual conditions of life; by another group, "Calamus," on the love of comrades, and by certain pieces, of which "Crossing Brooklyn Ferry" is a good specimen, in which the aspect and occupations of the people at large, the glory of the American race, and of the dwellers in Mannahatta, are specifically chanted by this bard of New York. Then follow the "Drum-Taps," so full of lyrical fervor that Whitman may be called the chief singer of that great conflict to which the burning songs of other poets had been an overture. There also are "Marches Now the War is Over," with a few pieces that celebrate the Republican uprisings in Europe, and the first volume closes with "Songs of Parting." The second, after a general preface, opens with "Two Rivulets," parallel streams of prose

\* Dr. R. M. Bucke, superintendent of the lunatic asylum in London, Ontario, whom Whitman visited last summer, is preparing a book upon the poet's life and works. In his printed circular, requesting information, he says: "I am myself fully satisfied that Walt Whitman is one of the greatest men, if not the very greatest man, that the world has so far produced."

\* Mr. Whitman's address is Camden, New Jersey. The two volumes are sold by him for ten dollars. If book-collectors understood the quality of this limited edition, and how valuable it must become, the poet's heart would be cheered with so many orders that not a copy would be left on his shelves.



and verse, followed by a prose essay of a Carlylese type, possibly suggested by Carlyle's strictures on America. Much of all this portion, prose and verse, is the least satisfactory of Whitman's writings, although greatly in earnest and of most import to the author. "The Centennial Songs" (1876) and the poems of 1872 (including that fine burst, "The Mystic Trumpeter") come next. Reverting to his prose "Rivulet" and the "Democratic Vistas," I do not find in these contradictory views of the present, notices of weak joints in our armor, and dreams of the future, much that doubtless has not been considered by many who have helped to guide our republic thus far, much that has not occurred to the poet's fellow-thinkers, or is not, at least, within their power to understand and amend. Neither are they expressed in that terse and sufficient language common to rare minds,—nor in a way at all comparable to the writer's surer way of expressing himself in his chosen verse. Well-written articles like his recantation of Emerson lead one to suspect that his every-day prose is distorted intentionally, otherwise I should say that, if he is a poet of high rank, he is an exception to the conceit that the truest poets write also the most genuine and noble prose; for certainly his usual style is no nearer that of healthy, self-sustained English, than his verse is to ordinary rhythm. A poet's genius may reconcile us to that which Cosmo Monkhouse terms poetry in solution, but prose in dissolution is undesirable. A continuous passage of good prose, not broken up with dashes and parentheses, and other elements of weakness, nor marred by incoherent and spasmodic expressions, is hard to find in his "Rivulets" and "Vistas." Both his prose and verse have one fault in common, that he virtually underrates the intelligence of readers. This is visible in constant repetition of his thoughts, often in forms that grow weaker, and in his intimation that we are even unwilling to comprehend ideas which are familiar to all radical thinkers in modern times.

More impressive in their vivid realism, and as evidence not to be gainsaid of Mr. Whitman's personal qualities, are the "Memoranda during the War," homely and fragmentary records of his labors among the soldiers. Three years and more were covered by these acts of self-offering, and it is well they should be commemorated. Their records constitute a picture of his life at its highest moment; they are heroic interludes

between his poems of life and those upon death. The latter, under the title, "Passage to India," express the maturest yearning of his soul. Chastened by illness and wise through experience, the singer whose pulses have beaten with life's full tide now muses upon Death,—the universal blessing. With lofty faith and imagining he confronts the unknown. To one so watchful of his own individuality, any creed that involves a merger of it is monstrous and impossible. He bids his soul voyage through death's portals, sure to find

"The untold want, by life and land ne'er granted."

He is at the farthest remove from our modish Buddhism, nor can any *nirvana* satisfy his demands. In this section his song is on a high key, and less reduced than elsewhere by untimely commonplace. Here are the pieces inspired by the tragic death of Lincoln. The burial hymn, "When Lilacs last," etc., is entitled to the repute in which it is affectionately held. The theme is handled in an indirect, melodious, pathetic manner, and I think this poem and Lowell's "Commemoration Ode," each in its own way, the most notable elegies resulting from the war and its episodes. Whitman's is exquisitely idyllic, Lowell's the more heroic and intellectual. Even the "Genius of These States" might stoop for an instant to hear the Cambridge scholar, and I can yield the "Burial Hymn" no truer homage than to associate it with his Ode.

A "Poem of Joys" makes an artistic contrast with these death-carols, and a group of "Sea-shore Memories," with their types and music of the infinite, add to the climactic effect of this division. Unable here to cite passages from Whitman, I can at least direct the reader how to get at his real capabilities. For his original mood, and something of his color, imagination, hold upon nature, lyric power, turn then to the broad harmonies of the "Sea-shore Memories"; to "Lincoln's Burial Hymn," and the shorter poems beyond it; to "The Mystic Trumpeter," and "The Wound-Dresser"; and then, after reading the sixth section of the poem, "Walt Whitman,"

"A child said, 'What is the grass?'"

find the two hundred and sixth paragraph,

"I understand the large hearts of heroes,"

and read to the end of the frigate-fight. These passages are a fair introduction to the

poet, and you will go with him farther, until checked by some repulsive exhibition, or wearied by pages cheap in wisdom and invective or—intolerably dull. Often where he utters truths, it is with an effort to give offense, or with expressions of contempt for their recipient that well might make even the truth offensive. A man does not care to be driven with blows and hard names, even to a feast, nor to have the host brag too much of the entertainment.

### III.

HERE we may as well consider a trait of Mr. Whitman's early work that most of all has brought it under censure. I refer to the blunt and open manner in which the consummate processes of nature, the acts of procreation and reproduction, with all that appertain to them, are made the theme or illustration of various poems, notably of those with the title "Children of Adam." Landor says of a poet that, "on the remark of a learned man that irregularity is no indication of genius, he began to lose ground rapidly, when on a sudden he cried out in the Haymarket, 'There is no God.' It was then rumored more generally and more gravely that he had something in him. \* \* \* 'Say what you will,' once whispered a friend of mine, 'there are things in him strong as poison, and original as sin.'" But those who looked upon Whitman's sexuality as a shrewd advertisement, justly might be advised to let him reap the full benefit of it, since, if he had no more sincere basis, it would receive the earlier judgment—and ere long be "outlawed of art." This has not been its fate, and therefore it must have had something of conviction to sustain it. Nevertheless, it made the public distrustful of this poet, and did much to confine his volumes to the libraries of the select few. Prurient modesty often is a sign that people are conscious of personal defects; but Whitman's physical excursions are of a kind which even Thoreau, refreshed as he was by the new poet, found it hard to keep pace with. The fault was not that he discussed matters which others timidly evade, but that he did not do it in a clean way,—that he was too anatomical and malodorous withal; furthermore, that in this department he showed excessive interest, and applied its imagery to other departments, as if with a special purpose to lug it in. His pictures sometimes were so realistic, his speech so free, as to excite the hue and cry of indecent

exposure; the display of things natural, indeed, but which we think it unnatural to exhibit on the highway, or in the sitting-room, or anywhere except their wonted places of consignment.

On the poet's side it is urged that the ground of this exposure was, that thus only could his reform be consistent; that it was necessary to celebrate the body with special unction, since, with respect to the physical basis of life, our social weakness and hypocrisy are most extreme. Not only should the generative functions be proclaimed, but, also, —to show that "there is in nature nothing mean or base,"—the side of our life which is hidden, because it is of the earth, earthy, should be plainly recognized in these poems; and thus, out of rankness and coarseness, a new virility be bred, an impotent and squeamish race at last be made whole.

Entering upon this field of dispute, what I have to say—in declaring that Whitman mistakes the aim of the radical artist or poet—is perhaps different from the criticism to which he has been subjected. Let us test him solely by his own rules. Doing this, we presuppose his honesty of purpose, otherwise his objectionable phrases and imagery would be outlawed, not only of art but of criticism. Assume, then, first, that they were composed as a fearless avowal of the instincts and conditions which pertain to him in common with the race which he typifies; secondly, that he deems such a presentation essential to his revolt against the artifice of current life and sentiment, and makes it in loyal reliance upon the excellence, the truth of nature. To judge him in conformity with these ideas lessens our estimate of his genius. Genius is greatly consistent when most audacious. Its instinct will not violate nature's logic, even by chance, and it is something like obtuseness that does so upon a theory.

In Mr. Whitman's sight, that alone is to be condemned which is against nature, yet, in his mode of allegiance, he violates her canons. For, if there is nothing in her which is mean or base, there is much that is ugly and disagreeable. If not so in itself (and on the question of absolute beauty I accept his own ruling, "that whatever tastes sweet to the most perfect person, that is finally right"), if not ugly in itself, it seems so to the conscious spirit of our intelligence. Even Mother Earth takes note of this, and resolves, or disguises and beautifies, what is repulsive upon her surface. It is well said that an artist shows inferiority by placing

the true, the beautiful, or the good above its associates. Nature is strong and rank, but not externally so. She, too, has her sweet and sacred sophistries, and the delight of Art is to heighten her beguilement, and, far from making her ranker than she is, to portray what she might be in ideal combinations. Nature, I say, covers her slime, her muck, her ruins, with garments that to us are beautiful. She conceals the skeleton, the frame-work, the intestinal thick of life, and makes fair the outside of things. Her servitors swiftly hide or transform the fermenting, the excrementitious, and the higher animals possess her instinct. Whitman fails to perceive that she respects certain decencies, that what we call decency is grounded in her law. An artist should not elect to paint the part of her to which Churchill rashly avowed that Hogarth's pencil was devoted. There is a book—"L'Affaire Clémenceau"—in which a Frenchman's regard for the lamp of beauty, and his indifference to that of goodness, are curiously illustrated. But Dumas points out, in the rebuke given by a sculptor to a pupil who mistakenly elevates the arm of his first model, a beautiful girl, that the Underside of things should be avoided in art,—since Nature, not meaning it to be shown, often deprives it of beauty. Finally, Mr. Whitman sins against his mistress in questioning the instinct we derive from her, one which of all is most elevating to poetry, and which is the basis of sensations that lead childhood on, that fill youth with rapture, impress with longing all human kind, and make up, impalpable as they are, half the preciousness of life. He draws away the final veil. It is not squeamishness that leaves something to the imagination, that hints at guerdons still unknown. The law of suggestion, of half-concealment, determines the choicest effects, and is the surest road to truth. Grecian as Mr. Whitman may be, the Greeks better understood this matter, as scores of illustrations, like that of the attitude of the Hermaphroditus in the Louvre, show. A poet violates nature's charm of feeling in robbing love, and even intrigue, of their esoteric quality. No human appetites need be priently ignored, but coarsely analyzed they fall below humanity. He even takes away the sweetness and pleasantness of stolen waters and secret bread. *Furto cuncta magis bella*. Recalling the term "over-soul," the reader insensibly accuses our poet of an over-bodiness. The mock-modesty and effeminacy of our falser tendencies in art

should be chastised, but he misses the true corrective. Delicacy is not impotence, nor rankness the sure mark of virility. The model workman is both fine and strong. Where Mr. Whitman sees nothing but the law of procreation, poetry dwells upon the union of souls, devotion unto death, joys greater for their privacy, things of more worth because whispered between the twilight. It is absolutely true that the design of sexuality is the propagation of species. But the delight of lovers who now inherit the earth is no less a natural right, and those children often are the finest that were begot without thought of offspring. There are other lights in which a dear one may be regarded than as the future mother of men, and these—with their present hour of joy—are unjustly subordinated in the "Leaves of Grass." Marked as the failure of this pseudo-naturalism has been hitherto, even thus will it continue,—so long as savages have instincts of modesty,—so long as we draw and dream of the forms and faces, not the internal substance and mechanism, of those we hold most dear,—so long as the ivy trails over the ruin, the southern jessamine covers the blasted pine, the moss hides the festering swamp,—so long as our spirits seek the spirit of all things; and thus long shall art and poesy, while calling every truth of science to their aid, rely on something else than the processes of science for the attainment of their exquisite results.

From the tenor of Mr. Whitman's later works, I sometimes have thought him half-inclined to see in what respect his effort toward a perfect naturalism was misdirected. In any case, there would be no inconsistency in a further modification of his early pieces,—in the rejection of certain passages and words, which, by the law of strangeness, are more conspicuous than ten times their amount of common phraseology, and grow upon the reader until they seem to pervade the whole volume. The examples of Lucretius, Rabelais, and other masters, who wrote in other ages and conditions, and for their own purposes, have little analogy. It well may be that our poet has more claim to a wide reading in England than here, since his English editor, without asking consent, omitted entirely every poem "which could with tolerable fairness be deemed offensive." Without going so far, and with no falseness to himself, Mr. Whitman might re-edit his home-editions in such wise that they would not be counted wholly among those books which are meat for strong men, but would

have a chance among those greater books that are the treasures of the simple and the learned, the young and the old.

## IV.

THE entire body of his work has a sign-metrical by which it is recognized—a peculiar and uncompromising style, conveyed in a still more peculiar unrhymed verse, irregular, yet capable of impressive rhythmical and lyrical effects.

The faults of his method, glaring enough in ruder passages, are quite his own; its merits often are original, but in his chosen form there is little original and new. It is an old fashion, always selected for dithyrambic oracular outpourings,—that of the Hebrew lyrists and prophets, and their inspired English translators,—of the Gaelic minstrels,—of various Oriental and Shemitic peoples,—of many barbarous dark-skinned tribes,—and in recent times put to use by Blake, in the "Prophetic Visions," and by other and weaker men. There are symptoms in Whitman's earlier poems, and definite proof in the later, that his studies have included Blake,—between whose traits and his own there is a superficial, not a genuine, likeness. Not as an invention, then, but as a striking and persistent renaissance, the form that has become his trademark, and his extreme claims for it, should have fair consideration. An honest effort to enlarge the poet's equipment, too long unaided, by something rich and strange, deserves praise, even though a failure; for there are failures worthier than triumphs. Our chanter can bear with dignity the provincial laughter of those to whom all is distasteful that is uncommon, and regard it as no unfavorable omen. From us the very strangeness of his chant shall gain for it a welcome, and the chance to benefit us as it may. Thereby we may escape the error pointed out by Mr. Benjamin, who says that people in approaching a work, instead of learning from it, try to estimate it from their preconceived notions. Hence, original artists at first endure neglect, because they express their own discoveries in nature of what others have not yet seen,—a truth well to bear in mind whenever a singer arrives with a new method.

Probably the method under review has had a candid hearing in more quarters than the author himself is aware of. If some men of independent thought and feeling

have failed to accept his claims and his estimate of the claims of others, it possibly has not been through exclusiveness or malice, but upon their own impression of what has value in song.

Mr. Whitman never has swerved from his primal indictment of the wonted forms, rhymed and unrhymed, dependent upon accentual, balanced and stanzaic effects of sound and shape,—and until recently has expressed his disdain not only of our poets who care for them, but of form itself. So far as this cry was raised against the technique of poetry, I not merely think it absurd, but that when he first made it he had not clearly thought out his own problem. Technique, of some kind, is an essential, though it is equally true that it cannot atone for poverty of thought and imagination. I hope to show that he never was more mistaken than when he supposed he was throwing off form and technique. But first it may be said that no "form" ever has sprung to life, and been handed from poet to poet, that was not engendered by instinct and natural law, and each will be accepted in a sound generalization. Whitman avers that the time has come to break down the barriers between prose and verse, and that only thus can the American bard utter anything commensurate with the liberty and splendor of his themes. Now, the mark of a poet is that he is at ease everywhere,—that nothing can hamper his gifts, his exultant freedom. He is a master of expression. There are certain points—note this—where expression takes on rhythm, and certain other points where it ceases to be rhythmical,—places where prose becomes poetical, and where verse grows prosaic; and throughout Whitman's productions these points are more frequent and unmistakable than in the work of any other writer of our time. However bald or formal a poet's own method, it is useless for him to decry forms that recognize the pulses of time and accent, and the linked sweetness of harmonic sound. Some may be tinkling, others majestic, but each is suited to its purpose, and has a spell to charm alike the philosopher and the child that knows not why. The human sense acknowledges them; they are the earliest utterance of divers peoples, and in their later excellence still hold their sway. Goethe discussed all this with Eckermann, and rightly said there were "great and mysterious agencies" in the various poetic forms. He even added that if a sort of poetic prose should be introduced, it would only show

that the distinction between prose and poetry had been lost sight of completely. Rhyme, the most conventional feature of ballad verse, has its due place, and will keep it; it is an artifice, but a natural artifice, and pleases accordingly. Milton gave reasons for discarding it when he perfected an unrhymed measure for the stateliest English poem; but what an instrument rhyme was in his hands that made the sonnets and minor poems! How it has sustained the whole carnival of our heroic and lyric song, from the sweet pipings of Lodge and Chapman and Shakspeare, to the undertones of Swinburne and Poe. There are endless combinations yet in the gamut. The report is that Mr. Whitman's prejudice is specially strong against our noblest unrhymed form, "blank-verse." Its variety and freedom, within a range of accents, breaks, caesural effects,—its rolling organ-harmonies,—he appreciates not at all. Rhythmical as his own verse often can be, our future poets scarcely will discard blank-verse in its behalf—not if they shall recall "The Tempest," "Hail, Holy Light," "Tintern Abbey," "Hyperion," the "Hellenics," "Ulysses," and "Thanatopsis." Mr. Parke Godwin, in a recent private letter, terms it "the grandest and most flexible of English measures," and adds, with quick enthusiasm: "Oh, what a glory there is in it, when we think of what Shakspeare, Milton, Wordsworth and Landor made of it, to say nothing of Tennyson and Bryant!" I doubt not that new handlings of this measure will produce new results, unsurpassed in any tongue. It is quite as fit as Mr. Whitman's own, if he knows the use of it, for "the expression of American democracy and manhood." Seeing how dull and prolix he often becomes, it may be that even for him his measure has been too facile, and that the curb of a more regular unrhymed form would have spared us many tedious curvettings and grewsome downfalls.

Strenuous as he may be in his belief that the old methods will be useless to poets of the future, I am sure that he has learned the value of technique through his long practice. He well knows that whatever claims to be the poetry of the future speedily will be forgotten in the past, unless consonant with the laws of expression in the language to which it belongs; that verse composed upon a theory, if too artificial in its contempt of art, may be taken up for a while, but, as a false fashion, anon will pass

away. Not that his verse is of this class; but it justly has been declared that, in writing with a purpose to introduce a new mode or revolutionize thought, and not because an irresistible impulse seizes him, a poet is so much the less a poet. Our question, then, involves the spontaneity of his work, and the results attained by him.

His present theory, like most theories which have reason, seems to be derived from experience: he has learned to discern the good and bad in his work, and has arrived at a rationale of it. He sees that he has been feeling after the irregular, various harmonies of nature, the anthem of the winds, the roll of the surges, the countless laughter of the ocean waves. He tries to catch this "under-melody and rhythm." Here is an artistic motive, distinguishing his chainless dithyrambs from ordinary verse, somewhat as the new German music is distinguished from folk-melody, and from the products of an early, especially the Italian, school. Here is not only reason, but a theoretical advance to a grade of art demanding extreme resources, because it affords the widest range of combination and effect.

But this comprehension of his own aim is an after-thought, the result of long groping. The genesis of the early "Leaves" was in motives less artistic and penetrating. Finding that he could not think and work to advantage in the current mode, he concluded that the mode itself was at fault; especially, that the poet of a young, gigantic nation, the prophet of a new era, should have a new vehicle of song. Without looking farther, he spewed out the old forms, and avowed his contempt for American poets who use them. His off-hand course does not bring us to the conclusion of the whole matter. So far as the crudeness of the *juventus mundi* is assumed by him, it must be temporal and passing, like the work of some painters, who, for the sake of startling effects, use ephemeral pigments. A poet does not, perforce, restore the lost foundations of his art by copying the manner natural to an aboriginal time and people. He is merely exchanging masters, and certainly is not founding a new school. Only as he discovers the inherent tendencies of song does he belong to the future. Still, it is plain that Whitman found a style suited to his purposes, and was fortunate both as a poet and a diplomatist. He was sure to attract notice, and to seem original, by so pronounced a method. Quoth the monk to Gargantua, "A mass, a matin, or vespers,



well rung, is half said." It was suited to him as a poet, because he has that somewhat wandering sense of form, and of melody, which often makes one's conceptions seem the more glorious to himself, as if invested with a halo or blended with concurrent sound, and prevents him from lessening or enlarging them by the decisive master-hand, or at once perfecting them by sure control.

A man who finds that his gloves cripple him does right in drawing them off. At first, Whitman certainly meant to escape all technique. But genius, in spite of itself, makes works that stand the test of scientific laws. And thus he now sees that he was groping toward a broader technique. Unrhymed verse, the easiest to write, is the hardest to excel in, and no measure for a bardling. And Mr. Whitman never more nearly displayed the feeling of a true artist than when he expressed a doubt as to his present handling of his own verse, but hoped that, in breaking loose from ultramarine forms, he had sounded, at least, the key for a new pæan. I have referred to his gradual advances in the finish of his song. Whether he has revived a form which others will carry to a still higher excellence, is doubtful. Blank-verse, limitless in its capacities, forces a poet to stand without disguise, and reveals all his defects. Whitman's verse, it is true, does not subject him to so severe a test. He can so twist and turn himself, and run and jump, that we are puzzled to inspect him at all, or make out his contour. Yet the few who have ventured to follow him have produced little that has not seemed like parody, or unpleasantly grotesque. It may be that his mode is suited to himself alone, and not to the future poets of These States,—that the next original genius will have to sing "as Martin Luther sang," and the glorious army of poetic worthies. I suspect that the old forms, in endless combinations, will return as long as new poets arise with the old abiding sense of time and sound.

The greatest poet is many-sided, and will hold himself slavishly to no one thing for the sake of difference. He is a poet, too, in spite of measure and material, while, as to manner, the style is the man. Genius does not need a special language; it newly uses whatever tongue it finds. Thought, fire, passion, will overtop everything,—will show, like the limbs of Teverino, through the clothes of a prince or a beggar. A cheap and common instrument, odious in foolish hands, becomes the slave of music under the touch

of a master. I attach less importance, therefore, to Mr. Whitman's experiment in verse than he and his critics have, and inquire of his mannerism simply how far it represents the man. To show how little there is in itself, we only have to think of Tupper; to see how rich it may be, when the utterance of genius, listen to Whitman's teacher, William Blake. It does not prove much, but still is interesting, to note that the pieces whose quality never fails with any class of hearers—of which "My Captain" is an example—are those in which our poet has approached most nearly, and in a lyrical, melodious manner, to the ordinary forms.

He is far more original in his style proper than in his metrical inventions. His diction, on its good behavior, is copious and strong, full of surprises, utilizing the brave, homely words of the people, and assigning new duties to common verbs and nouns. He has a use of his own for Spanish and French catch-words, picked up, it may be, on his trip to Louisiana or in Mexican war times. Among all this is much slang that now has lived its life, and is not understood by a new generation with a slang of its own. This does not offend so much as the mousing verbiage, the "ostent evanescent" phrases, wherein he seems profoundest to himself, and really is at his worst. The titles of his books and poems are varied and sonorous. Those of the latter often are taken from the opening lines, and are key-notes. What can be fresher than "Leaves of Grass" and "Calamus"? What richer than "The Mystic Trumpeter," "O Star of France!" "Proud Music of the Storm," or simpler than "Drum-Taps," "The Wound-Dresser," "The Ox-Tamer"? or more characteristic than "Give me the Splendid Silent Sun," "Mannahatta," "As a Strong Bird on Pinions Free," "Joy, Shipmate, Joy"? Some are obscure and grandiose—"Eidolons," "Chanting the Square Deific," but usually his titles arrest the eye and haunt the ear; it is an artist that invents them, and the best pieces have the finest names. He has the art of "saying things"; his epithets, also, are racier than those of other poets; there is something of the Greek in Whitman, and his lovers call him Homeric, but to me he shall be our old American Hesiod, teaching us works and days.

#### V.

His surest hold, then, is as an American poet, gifted with language, feeling, imagina-

tion, and inspired by a determined purpose. Some estimate, as I have said, may be made of his excellence and short-comings, without waiting for that national absorption which he himself declares to be the test.

As an assimilating poet of nature he has positive genius, and seems to me to present his strongest claims. Who else, in fact, has so true a hand or eye for the details, the sweep and color, of American landscape? Like others, he confronts those superb physical aspects of the New World which have controlled our poetry and painting, and deferred the growth of a figure-school, but in this conflict with nature he is not overcome; if not the master, he is the joyous brother-in-arms. He has heard the message of the pushing, wind-swept sea, along Pausanias's shore; he knows the yellow, waning moon and the rising stars,—the sunset, with its cloud-bar of gold above the horizon,—the birds that sing by night or day, bush and brier, and every shining or swooning flower, the peaks, the prairie, the mighty, conscious river, the dear common grass that children fetch with full hands. Little escapes him, not even "the mossy scabs of the worm fence, and heap'd stones, mullen and poke-weed"; but his details are massed, blended,—the wind saturates and the light of the American skies transfigures them. Not that to me, recalling the penetrative glance of Emerson, the wood and way-side craft that Lowell carried lightly as a sprig of fir, and recalling other things of others, does Whitman seem our "only" poet of nature; but that here he is on his own ground, and with no man his leader.

Furthermore, his intimacy with nature is always subjective,—she furnishes the background for his self-portraiture and his images of men. None so apt as he to observe the panorama of life, to see the human figure,—the hay-maker, wagoner, boatman, soldier, woman and babe and maiden, and brown, lusty boy,—to hear not only "the bravuras of birds, bustle of growing wheat, gossip of flames, clack of sticks cooking my meals," but also "the sound I love, the sound of the human voice." His town and country scenes, in peace or in war, are idyllic. Above the *genre*, for utter want of sympathy, he can only name and designate—he does not depict. A single sketch, done in some original way, often makes a poem; such is that reminiscence (in rhyme) of the old Southern negress, "Ethiopia Saluting the Colors," and such the touching conceit of Old Ireland—no fair

and green-robed Hibernia of the harp, but an ancient, sorrowful mother, white-haired, lean and tattered, seated on the ground, mourning for her children. He tells her that they are not dead, but risen again, with rosy and new blood, in another country. This is admirable, I say, and the true way to escape tradition; this is imaginative,—and there is imagination, too, in his apostrophe to "The Man-of-War-Bird" (carried beyond discretion by this highest mood, he finds it hard to avoid blank-verse):

"Thou who hast slept all night upon the storm,  
Waking renewed on thy prodigious pinions!

Thou, born to match the gale (thou art all wings)!  
To cope with heaven and earth and sea and hurri-

cane;  
Thou ship of air that never furl'st thy sails,  
Days, even weeks, untried and onward, through  
spaces—realms gyrating.

At dark that look'st on Senegal, at morn, America;  
That sport'st amid the lightning-flash and thunder-

cloud!  
In these—in thy experiences—hadst thou my soul,  
What joys! What joys were thine!"

Imagination is the essential thing; without it poetry is as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. Whitman shows it in his sudden and novel imagery, and in the subjective rapture of verse like this, but quite as often his vision is crowded and inconsistent. The editor of a New York magazine writes to me: "In so far as imagination is thinking through types (*eidullia*), Whitman has no equal," adding that he does not use the term as if applied to Coleridge, but as limited to the use of types, and that "in this sense it is really more applicable to a master of science than to a poet. In the poet the type is lodged in his own heart, and when the occasion comes \* \* \* he is mastered by it, and he must sing. In Whitman the type is not so much in his heart as in his thought. \* \* \* While he is moved by thought, often grand and elementary, he does not give the intellectual satisfaction warranted by the thought, but a moving panorama of objects. He not only puts aside his 'singing robes,' but his 'thinking-cap,' and resorts to the stereopticon." How acute, how true! There is, however, a peculiar quality in these long catalogues of types,—such as those in the "Song of the Broad-Axe" and "Salut au Monde," or, more poetically treated, in "Longings for Home." The poet appeals to our synthetic vision. Look through a window; you see not only the framed landscape, but each tree and stone and living thing. His

page must be seized with the eye, as a journalist reads a column at a glance, until successive "types" and pages blend in the mind like the diverse colors of a swift-turning wheel. Whitman's most inartistic fault is that he overdoes this method, as if usually unable to compose in any other way.

The tenderness of a strong and robust nature is a winning feature of his song. There is no love-making, no yearning for some idol of the heart. In the lack of so refining a contrast to his realism, we have gentle thoughts of children, images of grand old men, and of women clothed with sanctity and years. This tenderness, a kind of natural piety, marks also his poems relating to the oppressed, the suffering, the wounded and dying soldiers. It is the soul of the pathetic, melodious threne for Lincoln, and of the epilogue—"My Captain!" These pieces remind us that he has gained some command of his own music, and in the matter of tone has displayed strength from the first. In revising his early poems he has improved their effect as a whole. It must be owned that his wheat often is more welcome for the chaff in which it is scattered; there is none of the persistent luxury which compels much of Swinburne's unstinted wealth to go unreckoned. Finally, let us note that Whitman, long ago, was not unread in the few great books of the world, nor inapt to digest their wisdom. He was among the first to perceive the grandeur of the scientific truths which are to give impulse to a new and loftier poetic imagination. Those are significant passages in the poem "Walt Whitman," written by one who had read the xxxviii chapter of Job, and beginning, "Long I was hugg'd close—long and long."

The "Leaves of Grass," in thought and method, avowedly are a protest against a hackney breed of singers, singing the same old song. More poets than one are born in each generation, yet Whitman has derided his compeers, scouted the sincerity of their passion, and has borne on his mouth Heine's sneer at the eunuchs singing of love. In two things he fairly did take the initiative, and might, like a wise advocate, rest his case upon them. He essayed, without reserve or sophistry, the full presentment of the natural man. He devoted his song to the future of his own country, accepting and outvying the loudest peak-and-prairie brag, and pledging These States to work out a perfect democracy and the salvation of the world. Striking words and venture-

some deeds, for which he must have full credit. But in our studies of the ideal and its votaries, the failings of the latter cannot be lightly passed over. There is an inconsistency, despite the gloss, between his fearful arraignment, going beyond Carlyle's, of the outgrowth of our democracy, thus far, and his promise for the future. In his prose, he sees neither physical nor moral health among us: all is disease, impotency, fraud, decline. In his verse, the average American is lauded as no type ever was before. These matters renew questions which, to say the least, are still open. Are the lines of caste less sharply divided every year, or are the high growing higher, and the low lower, under our democracy? Is not the social law of more import than the form of government, and has not the quality of race much to do with both? Does Americanism in speech and literature depend upon the form and letter, or upon the spirit? Can the spirit of literature do much more than express the national spirit as far as it has gone, and has it not, in fact, varied with the atmosphere? Is a nation changed by literature, or the latter by the former, in times when journalism so swiftly represents the thought and fashion of each day? As to distinctions in form and spirit between the Old-World literature and our own, I have always looked for this to enlarge with time. But with the recent increase of travel and communication, each side of the Atlantic now more than ever seems to affect the other. Our "native flavor" still is distinct in proportion to the youth of a section, and inversely to the development. It is an intellectual narrowness that fails to meditate upon these things.

Thus we come to a defect in Mr. Whitman's theories, reasoning and general attitude. He professes universality, absolute sympathy, breadth in morals, thought, workmanship,—exemption from prejudice and formalism. Under all the high poetic excellences which I carefully have pointed out, I half suspect that his faults lie in the region where, to use his own word, he is most complacent: in brief, that a certain narrowness holds him within well-defined bounds. In many ways he does not conform to his creed. Others have faith in the future of America, with her arts and letters, yet hesitate to lay down rules for her adoption. These must come of themselves, or not at all. Again, in this poet's specification of the objects of his sympathy, the members of every class, the lofty and the lowly, are duly named; yet there always is an implica-

tion that the employer is inferior to the employed,—that the man of training, the civilizee, is less manly than the rough, the pioneer. He suspects those who, by chance or ability, rise above the crowd. What attention he does pay them is felt to be in the nature of patronage, and insufferable. Other things being equal, a scholar is as good as an ignoramus, a rich man as a poor man, a civilizee as a boor. Great champions of democracy—poets like Byron, Shelley, Landor, Swinburne, Hugo—often have come from the ranks of long descent. It would be easy to cite verses from Whitman that apparently refute this statement of his feeling, but the spirit of his whole work confirms it. Meanwhile, though various editions of his poems have found a sale, he is little read by our common people, who know him so well, and of whose democracy he is the self-avowed herald. In numberless homes of working-men—and all Americans are workers—the books of other poets are treasured. Some mental grip and culture are required, of course, to get hold of the poetry of the future. But Whittier, in this land, is a truer type of the people's poet,—the word "people" here meaning a vast body of freemen, having a common-school education, homes, an honest living, and a general comprehension far above that of the masses in Europe. These folk have an instinct that Whittier, for example, has seized his day with as much alertness and self-devotion as this other bard of Quaker lineage, and has sung songs "fit for the New World" as he found it. Whitman is more truly the voice and product of the culture of which he bids us beware. At least, he utters the cry of culture for escape from over-culture, from the weariness, the finical precision, of its own satiety. His warmest admirers are of several classes: those who have carried the art of verse to super-refined limits, and seeing nothing farther in that direction, break up the mold for a change; those radical enthusiasts who, like myself, are interested in whatever hopes to bring us more speedily to the golden year; lastly, those who, radically inclined, do not think closely, and make no distinction between his strength and weakness. Thus he is, in a sense, the poet of the over-refined and the doctrinaires. Such men, too, as Thoreau and Burroughs have a welcome that scarcely would have been given them in an earlier time. From the discord and artifice of our social life we go with them to the woods, learn to name the birds, note the beauty

of form and flower, and love these healthy comrades who know each spring that bubbles beneath the lichened crag and trailing hemlock. Theocritus learns his notes upon the mountain, but sings in courts of Alexandria and Syracuse. Whitman, through propagandists who care for his teachings from metaphysical and personal causes, and compose their own ideals of the man, may yet reach the people, in spite of the fact that lasting works usually have pleased all classes in their own time.

Reflecting upon his metrical theory, we also find narrowness instead of breadth. I have shown that the bent of a liberal artist may lead him to adopt a special form, but not to reject all others; he will see the uses of each, demanding only that it shall be good in its kind. Swinburne, with his cordial liking for Whitman, is too acute to overlook his formalism. Some of his eulogists, those whom I greatly respect, fail in their special analysis. One of them rightly says that Shakspeare's sonnets are artificial, and that three lines which he selects from "Measure for Measure" are of a higher grade of verse. But these are the reverse of "unmeasured" lines,—they are in Shakspeare's free and artistic, yet most measured, vein. Here comes in the distinction between art and artifice; the blank-verse is conceived in the broad spirit of the former, the finish and pedantry of the sonnet make it an artificial form. A master enjoys the task of making its artifice artistic, but does not employ it exclusively. Whitman's irregular, manneristic chant is *at the other extreme of artificiality*, and equally monotonous. A poet can use it with feeling and majesty; but to use it invariably, to laud it as the one mode of future expression, to decry all others, is formalism of a pronounced kind. I have intimated that Whitman has carefully studied and improved it. Even Mr. Burroughs does him injustice in admitting that he is not a poet and artist in the current acceptation of those terms, and another writer simply is just in declaring that when he undertakes to give us poetry he can do it. True, the long prose sentences thrown within his ruder pieces resemble nothing so much as the comic recitativos in the buffo-songs of the concert-cells. This is not art, nor wisdom, but sensationalism. There is narrowness in his failure to recast and modify these and other depressing portions of various poems, and it is sheer Philistinism for one to coddle all the weaknesses of his experimental period, because they have been a product of himself.



One effect of the constant reading of his poetry is that, like the use of certain refectations, it mars our taste for the proper enjoyment of other kinds. Not, of course, because it is wholly superior, since the subtlest landscape by Corot or Rousseau might be utterly put to nought by a melodramatic neighbor, full of positive color and extravagance. Nor is it always, either, to our bard's advantage that he should be read with other poets. Consider Wordsworth's exquisite lyric upon the education which Nature gives the child whom to herself she takes, and of whom she declares:

"The stars of midnight shall be dear  
To her; and she shall lean her ear  
In many a secret place,  
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,  
And beauty born of murmuring sound  
Shall pass into her face."

It happens that Whitman has a poem on the same theme, describing the process of growth by sympathy and absorption, which thus begins and ends:

"There was a child went forth every day;  
And the first object he look'd upon, that object he  
became;  
And that object became part of him for the day,  
or a certain part of the day, or for many years,  
or stretching cycles of years."

The horizon's edge, the flying sea-crow, the  
fragrance of salt-marsh and shore-mud;  
These became part of that child who went forth  
every day, and who now goes, and will always go  
forth every day."

Plainly there are some comparative advantages in Wordsworth's treatment of this idea. It would be just as easy to reverse this showing by quoting other passages from each poet: the purpose of my digression is to declare that by means of comparative criticism any poet may be judged unfairly, and without regard to his general claims.

So far as Mr. Whitman's formalism is natural to him, no matter how eccentric, we must bear with it; whenever it partakes of affectation, it is not to be desired. The charge of attitudinizing, so often brought against his writings and personal career, may be the result of a popular impression that the border-line is indistinct between his self-assertion as a type of Man, and the ordinary self-esteem and self-advancement displayed by men of common mold. Pretensions have this advantage, that they challenge analysis, and make a vast noise even as we are forced to examine them. In the early preface to the "Leaves" there is a passage modeled, in my opinion, upon the style

of Emerson, concerning simplicity,—with which I heartily agree, having constantly insisted upon the test of simplicity in my discussion of the English poets. Yet this quality is the last to be discerned in many portions of the "Leaves of Grass." In its stead we often find boldness, and the "pride that apes humility,"—until the reader is tempted to quote from the "Poet of Feudalism" those words of Cornwall upon the roughness which brought good Kent to the stocks. Our bard's self-assertion, when the expression of his real manhood, is bracing, is an element of poetic strength. When it even seems to be "posing," it is a weakness, or a shrewdness, and 'tis a weakness in a poet to be unduly shrewd. Of course a distinction must be carefully made between the fine extravagance of genius, the joy in its own conceptions, and self-conscious vanity or affectation,—between, also, occasional weaknesses of the great, of men like Browning, and like the greatest of living masters, Hugo, and the afflatus of small men, who only thus far succeed in copying them. And it would be unjust to reckon Whitman among the latter class.

Doubtless his intolerant strictures upon the poets of his own land and time have made them hesitate to venture upon the first advances in brotherhood, or to intrude on him with their recognition of his birth-right. As late as his latest edition, his opinion of their uselessness has been expressed in withering terms. It may be that this is merely consistent, an absolute corollary of his new propositions. There is no consistency, however, in a complaint of the silence in which they have submitted to his judgments. They listen to epithets which Heine spared Platen and his clique, and surely Heine would have disdained to permit a cry to go up in his behalf concerning a want of recognition and encouragement from the luckless victims of his irony. There is ground enough for his scorn of the time-serving, unsubstantial quality of much of our literature. But I should not be writing this series of papers, did I not well know that there are other poets than himself who hear the roll of the ages, who look before and after, above and below. The culture which he deprecates may have done them an ill turn in lessening their worldly tact. I am aware that Mr. Whitman's poems are the drama of his own life and passions. His subjectivity is so great that he not only absorbs all others into himself, but insists upon being absorbed by whomsoever he ad-



dresses. In his conception of the world's equality, the singer himself appears as the one Messianic personage, the answerer and sustainer, the universal solvent,—in all these respects holding even "Him that was crucified" to be not one whit his superior. It is his kiss, his consolation, that all must receive,—whoever you are, these are given especially to you. But men are egotists, and not all tolerant of one man's selfhood; they do not always deem the affinities elective. Whitman's personality is too strong and individual to be universal, and even to him it is not given to be all things to all men.

## VI.

BUT there is that in venerableness which compels veneration, and it is an instinct of human nature to seek the blessing and revere the wisdom of the poet or peasant transfigured by hoary hairs:

"Old age superbly rising! O welcome, ineffable grace of dying days!"

A year or more ago I was one of a small but sympathetic audience gathered in New York to hear Mr. Whitman, at the cordial request of many authors, journalists and artists, deliver a lecture upon Abraham Lincoln. As he entered, haltingly, and took the seat placed for him, his appearance satisfied the eye. His manly figure, clothed in a drab suit that loosely and well became him, his head crowned with flowing silvery hair, his bearded, ruddy and wholesome face, upon which sat a look of friendliness, the wise benignity that comes with ripened years, all these gave him the aspect of a poet and sage. His reminiscences of the martyr President were slight, but he had read the hero's heart, had sung his dirge, and no theme could have been dearer to him or more fitly chosen. The lecture was written in panoramic, somewhat disjointed, prose, but its brokenness was the counterpart of his vocal manner, with its frequent pauses, interphrases, illustrations. His delivery was persuasive, natural, by turns tender and strong, and he held us with him from the outset. Something of Lincoln himself seemed to pass into this man who had loved and studied him. A patriot of the honest school spoke to us, yet with a new voice—a man who took the future into his patriotism, and the world no less than his own land.

I wished that the youths of America

could hear him, and that he might go through the land reading, as he did that night, from town to town. I saw that he was, by nature, a rhapsodist, like them of old, and should be, more than other poets, a reciter of the verse that so aptly reflects himself. He had the round forehead and head which often mark the orator, rather than the logician. He surely feels with Ben Jonson, as to a language, that "the writing of it is but an accident," and this is a good thing to feel and know. His view of the dramatic value of Lincoln's death to the future artist and poet was significant. It was the culminating act of the civil war, he said: "Ring down the curtain, with its muses of History and Tragedy on either side." Elsewhere his claim to be an American of the Americans was strengthened by a peculiarly national mistake, that of confounding quantity with quality, of setting mere size and vastness above dramatic essence. When the brief discourse was ended, he was induced to read the shorter dirge, "O Captain! My Captain!"\* It is, of his poems, among those nearest to a wonted lyrical form, as if the genuine sorrow of his theme had given him new pinions. He read it simply and well, and as I listened to its strange, pathetic melodies, my eyes filled with tears, and I felt that here, indeed, was a minstrel of whom it would be said, if he could reach the ears of the multitude and stand in their presence, that not only the cultured, but "the common people heard him gladly."

Although no order of talent or temperament, in this age, can wholly defy classification, there nevertheless is a limbo of poets, artists, thinkers, men of genius, some of

\* We reprint, from the "Centennial Edition," the text of this favorite poem.—ED. SCRIBNER.

## O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

O CAPTAIN! my Captain! our fearful trip is done;  
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we  
sought is won;  
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all  
exulting,

While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim  
and daring:

But O heart! heart! heart!

O the bleeding drops of red,

Where on the deck my Captain lies,  
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;  
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle  
trills;

For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you  
the shores a-crowding;

whose creations are so expressive, and others so feeble and ill-conceived, that any discussion of their quality must consist alternately of praise and adverse criticism. Reviewing what has been written, I see that the career and output of the poet under notice are provocative of each in some extreme, and unite to render him a striking figure in that disputed estate.

Walt Whitman, then, has seemed to me a man who should think well of Nature, since he has received much at her hands; and well of Fortune, since his birth, training, localities, have individualized the character of his natural gifts; and well of Humanity, for his good works to men have come back to him in the devotion of the most loyal and efficient band of adherents that ever buoyed the purpose and advanced the interests of a reformer or poet. He has lived his life, and warmed both hands before its fire, and in middle-age honored it with widely praised and not ignoble deeds. Experience and years have brought his virile, too lusty nature to a wiser harmony and repose. He has combined a sincere enthusiasm with the tact of a man of the world, and, with undoubted love for his kind, never has lost sight of his own aim and reputation. No follower, no critic, could measure him with a higher estimate than that which from the first he has set upon himself. As a poet, a word-builder, he is equipped with touch, voice, vision, zest,—all trained and freshened, in boyhood and manhood, by genuine intercourse with Nature in her broadest and minutest forms. From her, indeed, he is true-born,—no bastard child nor impostor. He is at home with certain classes of men;

For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager  
faces turning;  
Here Captain! dear father!  
This arm beneath your head;  
It is some dream that on the deck  
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still;  
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse  
nor will:

The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage  
closed and done;

From fearful trip the victor ship, comes in with  
object won:

Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells!  
But I, with mournful tread,  
Walk the deck my Captain lies,  
Fallen cold and dead.

but here his limitations begin, for he is not great enough, unconscious enough, to do more than assume to include *all* classes in his sympathy and brotherhood. The merits of his works are lyrical passion and frequent originality,—a copious, native, surprising range of diction,—strong feeling, softened by consummate tenderness and pity,—a method lowered by hoarseness, coarseness, and much that is very pointless and dull, yet at its best charged with melody and meaning, or so near perfection that we are irked to have him miss the one touch needful,—a skill that often is art but very seldom mastery. As a man of convictions, he has reflected upon the idea of a true democracy, and sought to represent it by a true Americanism; yet, in searching for it and for the archetypal manhood, chiefly in his own personality, it is not strange that he has frequently gratified his self-consciousness, while failing to present to others a satisfactory and well-proportioned type of either. His disposition and manner of growth always have led him to overrate the significance of his views, and inclined him to narrow theories of art, life and song. He utters a sensible protest against the imitativeness and complacency that are the bane of literature, yet is more formal than others in his non-conformity, and haughtier in his plainness than many in their pride. Finally, and in no invidious sense, it is true that he is the poet of a refined period, impossible in any other, and appeals most to those who long for a reaction, a new beginning; not a poet of the people, but eminently one who might be, could he in these days avail himself of their hearing as of their sight. Is he, therefore, not to be read in the future? Of our living poets, I should think him most sure of an intermittent remembrance hereafter, if not of a general reading. Of all, he is the one most sure—waiving the question of his popular fame—to be now and then examined; for, in any event, his verse will be revived from time to time by dilettants on the hunt for curious treasures in the literature of the past, by men who will reprint and elucidate him, to join their names with his, or to do for this distinctive singer what their prototypes in our day have done for François Villon, for the author of "Joseph and his Brethren," and for William Blake.

## THE SECRET OF SECOND-SIGHT.

BY AN EX-CONJURER.

SOME years ago, when New York was more of an old-fashioned city than now, there stood on Broadway, between Walker and Canal streets, a hall known as the Minerva Rooms. It was a cozy old place, used principally for those mild forms of amusement known as "family entertainments," and occasionally as a ball-room. It was here that the "Original Swiss Bell Ringers" made their first appearance in New York, and here, about the year 1845, I saw for the first time in my life a conjurer, or "magician." He was a dapper little man, whose name, Herr Alexandre, was suggestive of a German-French origin, but whose unmistakably cockney accent proclaimed him an Englishman. His tricks were well done, his audience was pleased. As for myself, I sat from first to last in a delightful dream. Dream, do I say? Nothing of the sort; I was wide awake, but living in fairy-land, and such an impression did that performance make on me, that I believe I could, even now, repeat the entire programme. That night's performance shaped my life, for I mentally resolved that at some future day I too would become a magician, astonish the gaping crowd, and reap wealth. And I did; that is, I entered the "profession," and have done my share at mystifying the public, but the wealth —!

Among the many wonders of that night, one impressed me more than any, in fact than all the others. It was modestly set down on the bills as "an illustration of Mlle. Bertha's clairvoyant power while under mesmeric influence," and consisted of a minute description of such articles as the audience chose to offer, by a young girl who sat blindfolded and at a distance on the stage.

The trick made a hit, and Alexandre was on the road to success, when Bertha, who was his daughter, died quite suddenly. This closed the entertainments, and the heart-broken conjurer returned to England.

After him came Macallister, the Scotch conjurer, with his wife, and then Anderson, the *soi-disant* "Wizard of the North." They both advertised heavily for those days, but as a performer neither equaled Alexandre, nor did they do the "clairvoyant" trick. That was the problem I was trying to work out, and when, in the fall of 1852, John

Hall Wilton, a well-known theatrical agent, brought Robert Heller to this country, I was naturally anxious to see what he had to show. Poor Heller! clever conjurer and prince of good fellows! How well I remember his first poster:

"Shakspeare wrote well,  
Dickens wrote Weller;  
Anderson was ———,  
But the greatest is Heller."

His first bow to a New York audience was made just before Christmas, 1852, in the basement of the Chinese Assembly Rooms. It was an invitation affair, and the company was made up, almost exclusively, of journalists and actors. Heller had been led to suppose that a Frenchman would draw better than an Englishman; accordingly, he appeared in a black wig, with his mustache colored to match, and began his performance with a short address in French. Then he continued in broken English, did a few simple tricks, and finally reached the crowning feat of the evening,—one which eventually made his fortune,—"Second-sight." His assistant was a young man whose answers were precision itself, and the trick was received with an enthusiasm for which Heller was altogether unprepared.

The audience was of the character of a family gathering; all were acquainted, and many were the loud and outspoken suggestions as to how "second-sight" was done.

Finally, a well-known newspaper man started from his seat, and called the "Professor" to him.

"Let your man tell what that is," he said, handing Heller a card.

"That is a ticket—a ball ticket," came the answer.

"Right so far, my boy; but tell me the name of the ball," insisted the journalist.

The assistant hesitated for a moment, and said—"The Thistle Ball."

"Ventriloquism, by —!" shouted the excited journalist, and this explanation was very generally accepted by the audience, who soon dispersed, pleased with the performance, and still more with the consciousness of having solved a clever trick.

Since that day, more than one explanation of the trick has been offered, the favorite one

being that it is a system of arbitrary questions and answers. This theory is easily disposed of, if we will only stop to consider how impossible it would be to have a set question for any and every article which might be offered. Such a system would be very limited, while by the proper method, as will be seen, *anything* can be described, even curious names, long numbers, etc.

Another so-called explanation is that, before mentioned, of ventriloquism, and to this theory a weekly journal once devoted nearly three columns. As a *theory* it is good—I may say, first-rate; but let any one attempt to *practice* it, and its absurdity will be apparent.

My readers may be astonished when I state that there is no such thing as ventriloquism, at least in the generally accepted idea of it. That which passes for it is merely mimicry, aided by certain modulations of the voice, and rendered successful by the imagination of the audience. This talk of *throwing the voice* is nonsense. No ventriloquist ever lived who, standing on a stage, could throw his voice *toward* or *beyond* his audience. It is invariably in the opposite direction.

It follows, then, that "Second-sight" cannot be done by ventriloquism.

By far the most reasonable explanation is that of electric-telegraphy, put forward by a popular scientist. Speaking of the trick, he says:

"Proceeding from the stage might be two wires which pass underneath the carpets in the aisles to all parts of the house. These wires are connected with the tacks which hold down the carpets, and in this case these tacks do actually have large, bright heads. Wire No. 1 being connected with one pole, and wire No. 2 with the other, each alternate tack is connected with a different wire. If, therefore, any two adjoining tacks be connected, the circuit will be complete.

"To make use of this arrangement, the operator might have shoes or slippers with soles of wire gauze, or very thickly sewed with wire, or pegged with fine metal nails, and to these soles might be connected a wire which would pass up one leg of his trousers and down the other. Therefore, whenever the operator stood so that his feet rested on the heads of two consecutive tacks, the circuit would be complete. A small circuit-breaker could, of course, be easily placed in one shoe, so as to be operated by the toes, and in this way telegraphic communication could be established with the stage, or the circuit-breaker might be carried on some other part of the person. The receiving instrument on the stage might be merely a vibrating armature, the movement of which would be felt by the foot of the person on the stage, and several of these might be placed on different parts of the stage, so as to allow a considerable range of movement to the person who acts as seer."

None are right, however, and it has been reserved for SCRIBNER to give the first and

only correct explanation of this wonderful trick.

It is now more than twenty years since I learned "second-sight" from the man who taught it to Heller. He was an illiterate fellow, a Polish Jew, and I always doubted his statement that he invented it.

"Max," I once said to him, "tell me the truth, if you can. Where did you get 'second-sight'? I know you didn't invent it, for it's too deep for you."

"Vell, me tear poy," he answered, "as I hobe to lif, I *treamd id*."

Whether he "treamd id" or not, I think all who read the following details will admit that it is a highly ingenious trick.

"Second-sight" is a combination of five different methods, which accounts for the fact that it has baffled the most astute investigators.

The first step toward acquiring the trick is to learn the position or number of each letter in the alphabet so perfectly that the moment a letter presents itself to the mind, its number is at once associated with it. For instance, if I is thought of, 9 will instantly be suggested; if M, 13; T, 20; and so throughout.

Having thoroughly mastered this, which can be done in half an hour, the next step is to memorize certain arbitrary words or cues, which represent the letters of the alphabet and their corresponding numbers. A long experience proves that the following are the best words for the purpose:

Come.....	represents	A	and	1
Look.....	"	B	"	2
Hurry up or Tell me.....	"	C	"	3
Make haste or Tell us.....	"	D	"	4
Well.....	"	E	"	5
Please.....	"	F	"	6
Say.....	"	G	"	7
Answer, Call or Called.....	"	H	"	8
Now.....	"	I	"	9
Let me know.....	"	J	"	10
Can you see.....	"	K	"	11
Try.....	"	L	"	12
Right away.....	"	M	"	13
Do you know.....	"	N	"	14
Go on.....	"	O	"	15
Let us hear.....	"	P	"	16
At once.....	"	Q	"	17
See.....	"	R	"	18
Look sharp.....	"	S	"	19
Let us know.....	"	T	"	20
Quick.....	"	U	"	21
Will you look.....	"	V	"	22
Do you see.....	"	W	"	23
Be smart.....	"	X	"	24
I'd like to know.....	"	Y	"	25
What is it.....	"	Z	"	26
There.....	"			0
I want to know.....	"			100

With this short vocabulary properly committed to memory, any two aspiring amateurs could easily astonish their friends, for there is nothing which they could not describe. For instance, let us suppose that a *watch* is handed to the performer. He would ask a question something like this:

"Do you see (W) what this is? Come (A), let us know (T)." Then a short pause, followed by an impatient: "Hurry up (C), answer (H)."

The assistant catches the cues,—the other words, added merely for effect, he pays no attention to,—and answers, "A watch."

"Now (g) tell us (4) the time. Well (5)?"

"It is a quarter of ten."

"Tell me (C) what this is. Go on (O), now (I). Do you know (N)?"

"That is a piece of money."

"Come (1), what is it worth?"

"One dollar."

Had the question been "What is its value?" the answer would be "One cent," the words *value* and *worth* representing respectively *cents* and *dollars*.

In this way, as will be seen, anything can be *spelled out*, and for amateur entertainments, where no great time can be devoted to study, this will be found to answer every purpose.

For professional conjurers, however, something more is necessary. With us it is business, which means hard work and continual study. We use the *spelling system* occasionally; but for general use it is too long, and so we employ a second method. This consists of a list of such articles as are commonly offered by an audience. This list is alphabetically arranged, and divided into triplets, each triplet having a distinguishing number. Now, were I to ask one of my readers to make out such a list, the result, in all probability, would be one containing about a third of what is necessary. It is wonderful how many things are brought out; but, that my readers may judge for themselves, let them read the following, compiled from actual experience:

1. Accordion, Album, Almanac.
2. Anchor, Apple, Apron.
3. Awl, Badge, Bag.
4. Ball, Banana, Beads.
5. Bean, Bell, Belt.
6. Bill of Exchange, Bodkin, Bonnet.
7. Book, Memorandum-book, Boot.
8. Bouquet, Bouquet-holder, Bottle.
9. Smelling-bottle, Box, Cap-box.
10. Dredging-box, Match-box, Music-box.
11. Sauff-box, Tobacco-box, Bracelet.
12. Bread, Brooch, Brush.
13. Nail-brush, Tooth-brush, Buckle.

14. Bullet, Bullet-mold, Burner.
15. Button, Button-hook, Sleeve-button.
16. Cable-charm, Cake, Calipers.
17. Candle, Candy, Cane.
18. Cap, Card, Card-case.
19. Piece of Carpet, Cartridge, Caustic.
20. Certificate, Chain, Chalk.
21. Charm, Check, Baggage-check.
22. Saloon-check, Checker, Chessmen.
23. Chisel, Chocolate, Cigarette.
24. Cigarette-holder, Circular, Clam.
25. Clarinet, Cloth, Coal.
26. Colander, Collar, Comb.
27. Compass, Contract, Cork.
28. Corkscrew, Counter, Coupon.
29. Cracker, Crayon, Crayon Drawing.
30. Cross, Cuff, Dagger.
31. Diary, Die, Domino.
32. Draft, Ear-pick, Ear-ring.
33. Emblem, Envelope, Epaulet.
34. Fan, Feather, File.
35. Fish-hook, Flag, Flint.
36. Flower, Flute, Fork.
37. Tuning-fork, Fruit of some kind, Gauge.
38. Gimlet, Eye-glass, Looking-glass.
39. Magnifying-glass, Opera-glass, Opera-glass case.
40. Glove, Gouge, Grain.
41. Grapes, Graver, Guide.
42. Railway Guide, Steam-boat Guide, Gum.
43. Gum-drop, Gun, Gunpowder.
44. Hair, Hair-dye, Hair-net.
45. Hammer, Handbill, Handkerchief.
46. Hat, Head, Animal's Head.
47. Dog's Head, Human Head, Heart.
48. Hinge, Hook, Ice.
49. Ice-cream, India-ink, India-rubber.
50. Inkstand, Jelly, Jew's-harp.
51. Key, Bunch of Keys, Door-key.
52. Night-key, Safe-key, Watch-key.
53. Knife, Knife with 1 blade, Knife with 2 blades.
54. Knife with 3 blades, Knife with 4 blades, Bowie-knife.
55. Knob, Lace, Lancet.
56. Lease, Legal document, Lemon.
57. Letter, Likeness, Licorice.
58. Locket, Lozenge, Magnet.
59. Mallet, Map, Marble.
60. Match, Medal, Meerschaum.
61. Piece of Metal, Microscope, Mineral.
62. Mitten, Mouth-harmonicon, Muff.
63. Sheet-music, Monogram, Nut-pick.
64. Nail, Nail-trimmer, Necklace.
65. Necktie, Needle, Needle-case.
66. Knitting-needle, Note, Nut.
67. Nut-cracker, Oil-silk, Ointment.
68. Orange, Oyster, Ornament.
69. Paint, Paper, Blotting-paper.
70. Newspaper, Sand-paper, Passport.
71. Parasol, Peach, Pear.
72. Pen, Pen-holder, Pencil.
73. Pencil-case, Pencil-cover, Pencil-sharpener.
74. Slate-pencil, Perfume, Photograph.
75. Pickle, Pill, Pin.
76. Pin-cushion, Hair-pin, Safety-pin.
77. Scarf-pin, Shawl-pin, Pipe.
78. Pistol, Plaster, Pliers.
79. Pocket-book, Pop-corn, Portfolio.
80. Postal-card, Powder, Powder-horn.
81. Prescription, Programme, Punch.
82. Purse, Picture, Quill.
83. Rattan, Receipt, Reticule.
84. Reward of Merit, Ribbon, Ring.
85. Snake-ring, Seal-ring, Rivet.



86. Rubber Band, Rule, Printer's Rule.
87. Sand, Sash, Sausage.
88. Saw-set, Scarf, Scissors.
89. Screw, Screw-driver, Seal.
90. Sealing-wax, Cigar, Cigar-case.
91. Cigar-holder, Cigar-lighter, Sewing-silk.
92. Shawl, Shell, Shoe.
93. Shoe-peg, Shoe-string, Shot.
94. Slate, Slung-shot, Snuff.
95. Soap, Spectacles, Spectacle-case.
96. Sponge, Spool of Cotton, Spoon.
97. Spring, Stamp, Postage-stamp.
98. Revenue-stamp, Stick, Stone.
99. Strap, String, Stud.
100. Sugar, Surgical Instrument, Swivel.
101. Sword, Syringe, Tablet.
102. Tack, Tag, Tape.
103. Tape-measure, Tassel, Thermometer.
104. Thimble, Thread, Ticket.
105. Ball-ticket, Bath-ticket, Excursion-ticket.
106. Ferry-ticket, Lottery-ticket, Pawn-ticket.
107. Pool-ticket, Railway-ticket, Tinder.
108. Tin-foil, Tobacco, Tobacco-pouch.
109. Tippet, Tool of some kind, Toothpick.
110. Toy, Trimming, Trowsers.
111. Tumbler, Tweezers, Type.
112. Umbrella, Umbrella-cover, Veil.
113. Vest, Violin, Violin-bow.
114. Violin-string, Vegetable, Wafer.
115. Watch-guard, Water-color Sketch, Wax.
116. Whalebone, Whip, Whistle.
117. Window-catch, Wire, Wrench.

If the *first article* in any triplet is offered by the audience, the performer merely gives the cue corresponding to the distinguishing number of the triplet, affixing some such sentence as "What is this?" to make the question natural. If it be the *second article* of the triplet, he adds the word *here*; and if the *third article*, he substitutes or uses *that*.

To give an example: Suppose a *glove* is offered. This is the *first article* of the *fortieth triplet*. The question would be: "Tell us (4) what this is, *there* (o)."

Should the *second article* in the *fifteenth triplet* be offered, the question would be either, "*Here*, what's this? Go on (15)," or "*Come* (1), what's this *here*? Well (5)?" and the answer in either case "*A button-hook*."

It sometimes happens that two articles of the same kind are offered either in immediate succession or in the same performance, for the purpose of detecting whether the question is identical in each instance. But we are prepared for this, and avoid the snare. If, for example, two fans should be offered, one immediately after the other, for the first we would give the *number cue*, and for the second use merely "This?" which is known as a *repeating question*. If the second fan should not be offered until later on, it may be politely declined on the ground that "we had that same article but a little while ago"; or, if the owner be persistent, the word can be spelled out.

It may be urged by those who have never exercised their memory to any extent, that it would be almost impossible to memorize such a list as the one given. But that practice makes the memory wonderfully acute, we have plenty of proof. Many actors have such a "quick study" that they can learn the longest part in two days, and the late J. W. Wallack, Jr., on one occasion appeared in a character, the "lines" of which he had neither heard nor read until the afternoon of the day on which the play was produced. In our own day we see many cases of excellent memories, notably that of Mr. Burbank, the elocutionist, who recites the entire play of Rip Van Winkle without once referring to a book. For my own part, my memory has so improved by constant practice in "Second-sight," that, after three readings, I can repeat any hundred words, selected at random by an audience, not only from first to last and *vice versa*, but also give the numbers of the order in which particular words are placed, as the tenth, twentieth, etc. Most wonderful of all is the work of the "assorters" at the New York Post-office, each of whom remembers about 20,000 names, can tell at a glance what letters belong to box-holders, or can give the number of any business firm's box.

In exhibiting "Second-sight," a very wonderful effect is reached by combining the two systems of the triplets and of spelling. Suppose a *necklace*, bearing the name "Jane," is offered; this is the way in which the question would be asked: (Remember that *necklace* is the *third in order* of the *sixty-fourth triplet*.)

"What is that, please (6)? Make haste (4)."

"That is a locket."

"Yes, that's good!"

"It is a gold locket, and has a name on it."

The *yes* and *good*, which sound merely ejaculatory, being respectively the cues for *gold* and *name*.

"Let me know (J) the name. Come (A), do you know (N) it? Well (E)?"

These questions may look strange on paper, but when asked in an abrupt, disjointed way, sound perfectly natural.

So much for spelling and the triplets. Of course, there are many other cues which are not here given; as those for a torn or broken article, colors, dates, countries and initials; these are simply matters of pre-arrangement.

In order to still further mystify the audience, the performer picks up a call-bell, with the remark: "As many imagine that my

questions convey the name of what is offered to me, I shall dispose of that theory."

Picking up some article, he taps the bell, and the answer comes as readily as if a question had been asked. This is continued six or seven times, and then even the bell is put aside. The assistant on the stage turns his back to the audience, and the performer merely points at or picks up the articles. And yet they are described.

For the first of these methods, it is merely necessary to memorize six or seven ordinary articles, such as are found in every audience, as a hat, fan, handkerchief, etc. These are taken up in a pre-arranged order, and constitute the *bell-questions*. In a mixed audience so many things are offered that a choice is very easy. For the *dumb business*, a third person is brought in. This person is in some position where he can see whatever is offered to the performer,—generally at a "peep-hole" under the stage,—and, by means of a speaking-tube leading to the assistant on the stage, communicates the names of the articles.

The fifth and last method—the one with which the trick is generally concluded—is what is technically known as the *hat-fake*, "fake" being showman's slang for "trick." Although introduced at the end, this part of the trick is begun when the performer first comes on the stage, and before the assistant appears. A soft felt hat is borrowed, and the performer requests the loan of a few articles. Considerable fuss is made in collecting these, and they are gathered from various parts of the house. As a rule, not more than three or four things are taken; but with them are placed four or five odd articles belonging to the performer, such as a curious coin, a pin-

cushion with a certain number of pins in it. Finally, the hat is placed where all can see it, and the performer goes off for the assistant. As he passes behind the wings, he whispers to his assistant the names of the three borrowed articles. The trick is now introduced; it proceeds through its various phases of spelling, triplets, bell-questions and dumb business, until at length the hat is reached.

"As a final and conclusive test," says the performer, "let us go back to the hat, which has never once left your sight. Will some lady or gentleman ask the questions?"

The articles are handed out singly; of the borrowed ones, merely the name is given; but of those belonging to the performer, of course, the minutest details are furnished.

The trick is done. The assistant retires, and the performer comes down to the footlights for his concluding speech.

"Now, how is this done?" he asks. "Well, I don't mind telling you, with the express understanding that it goes no further. It is neither mesmerism, spiritism, ventriloquism, rheumatism, or any other ism. It is brought about by the action of arcane-dynamics, subjectively submitted to the action of the passive agent, and the result, as you have seen, is a stentorophonic reproduction of the original idea! I'm afraid it's not yet quite clear to some of you. Well, then, in other words, it's a system of mental telephony. When an article is offered to me, I seize it; and then my assistant, he sees it. Ah! you smile—you understand it; but, remember, not a word outside as to how it's done."

The performer bows, the curtain falls, and the audience retire as much in the dark as ever, except those who have read this explanation of the secret.

---

## TWO SINGERS.

SOMETIMES, dear Love, you murmur, "O, could I  
But snare with words the thoughts that flutter through  
The thickets of my heart! Could I, like you,  
Bind with sweet speech the moods of earth and sky;  
Or turn to song a smile, a tear, a sigh!  
Alas! My springs of thought but serve to do  
The mill-stream's common work. I may but view  
Afair, the heights of song to which you fly."  
For me, I shape from all my heart's best gold  
These skill-less cups of verse. They have, I know,  
No grace save this,—unto your lips they hold  
Love's dearest draught. I hear your praise, but lo!  
One smile of yours, one kiss all-eloquent,  
Shames my poor songs to silence. *Be content!*

## TIGER-LILY.

## IN THREE PARTS: PART I.

THE shrill treble of a girl's voice, raised to its highest pitch in anger and remonstrance, broke in upon the scholarly meditations of the teacher of the Ridgemont grammar school. He raised his head from his book to listen. It came again, mingled with boyish cries and jeers, and the sound of blows and scuffling. The teacher, a small, fagged-looking man of middle age, rose hastily, and went out of the school-house.

Both grammar and high school had just been dismissed, and the bare-trodden playground was filled with the departing scholars. In the center a group of boys had collected, and from this group the discordant sounds still proceeded.

"What is the meaning of this disturbance?" the master asked, coming near.

At the sound of his voice the group fell apart, disclosing, as a central point, the figure of a girl of thirteen or fourteen years. She was thin and straight, and her face, now ablaze with anger and excitement, was a singular one, full of contradictions, yet not inharmonious as a whole. It was fair, but not as blondes are fair, and its creamy surface was flecked upon the cheeks with dark, velvety freckles. Her features were symmetrical, yet a trifle heavy, particularly the lips, and certain dusky tints were noticeable about the large gray eyes and delicate temples, as well as a peculiar crisp ripple in the mass of vivid red hair which fell from under her torn straw hat.

Clinging to her scant skirts was a small hunchbacked boy, crying dismally, and making the most of his tears by rubbing them into his sickly face with a pair of grimy fists.

The teacher looked about him with disapproval in his glance. The group contained, no doubt, its fair proportion of future legislators and presidents, but the raw material was neither encouraging nor pleasant to look upon. The culprits returned his wavering gaze, some looking a little conscience-smitten, others boldly impertinent, others still (and those the worst in the lot) with a charming air of innocence and candor.

"What is it?" the master repeated. "What is the matter?"

"They were plaguing Bobby, here," the girl broke in, breathlessly,—“taking his marbles away and making him cry—the mean, cruel things!”

"Hush!" said the teacher, with a feeble gesture of authority. "Is that so, boys?"

The boys grinned at each other furtively, but made no answer.

"Boys," he remarked, solemnly, "I—I'm ashamed of you!"

The delinquents not appearing crushed by this announcement, he turned again to the girl.

"Girls should not quarrel and fight, my dear. It isn't proper, you know."

A mocking smile sprang to the girl's lips, and a sharp glance shot from under her black, up-curling lashes, but she did not speak.

"She's allers a-fightin'," ventured one of the urchins, emboldened by the teacher's reproof; at which the girl turned upon him so fiercely that he shrank hastily out of sight behind his nearest companion.

"You are not one of *my* scholars?" the master asked, keeping his mild eyes upon the scornful face and defiant little figure.

"No!" the girl answered, shortly. "I go to the high school!"

"You are small to be in the high school," he said, smiling upon her kindly.

"It don't go by sizes!" said the child, promptly.

"No; certainly not, certainly not," said the teacher, a little staggered. "What is your name, child?"

"Lilly, sir; Lilly O'Connell," she answered, indifferently.

"Lilly!" the teacher repeated, abstractedly, looking into the dusky face, with its flashing eyes and fallen ruddy tresses,—“Lilly!”

"It *ought* to have been *Tiger-Lily*!" said a pert voice. "It would suit her, I'm sure, more ways than one!" and the speaker, a pretty, handsomely dressed blonde girl of about her own age, laughed, and looked about for appreciation of her cleverness.

"So it would!" cried a boyish voice. "Her red hair and freckles and temper! *Tiger-Lily*! That's a good one!"

A shout of laughter, and loud cries of

"Tiger-Lily!" immediately arose, mingled with another epithet more galling still, in the midst of which the master's deprecating words were utterly lost.

A dark red surged into the girl's face. She turned one eloquent look of wrath upon her tormentors, another, intensified, upon the pretty child who had spoken, and walked away from the place, leading the cripple by the hand.

"Oh, come now, Flossie," said a handsome boy, who stood near the blonde girl, "I wouldn't tease her. *She* can't help it, you know."

"Pity she couldn't know who is taking up for her!" she retorted, tossing the yellow braid which hung below her waist, and sauntering away homeward.

"Oh, pshaw!" the boy said, coloring to the roots of his hair; "that's the way with you girls. You know what I mean. She can't help it that her mother was a—*a mulatto*, or something, and her hair red. It's mean to tease her."

"She can help quarreling and fighting with the boys, though," said Miss Flossie, looking unutterable scorn.

"She wouldn't do it, I guess, if they'd let her alone," the young fellow answered, stoutly. "It's enough to make anybody feel savage to be badgered and called names and laughed at all the time. It makes me mad to see it. Besides, it isn't always for herself she quarrels. It's often enough for some little fellow like Bobby, that the big fellows are abusing. She is good-hearted, anyhow."

They had reached by this time the gate opening upon the lawn which surrounded the residence of Flossie's mother, the widow Fairfield. It was a small but ornate dwelling, expressive at every point of gentility and modern improvements. The lawn itself was well kept, and adorned with flower-beds and a tiny fountain. Mrs. Fairfield, a youthful matron in rich mourning of the second stage, sat in a wicker chair upon the veranda, reading and fanning herself with an air of elegant leisure.

Miss Flossie paused. She did not want to quarrel with her boyish admirer, and, with the true instinct of coquetry, instantly appeared to have forgotten her previous irritation.

"Wont you come in, Roger?" she said, sweetly. "Our strawberries are ripe."

The boy smiled at the tempting suggestion, but shook his head.

"Can't," he answered, briefly. "I've got a lot of Latin to do. Good-bye."

He nodded pleasantly and went his way. It lay through the village and along the fields and gardens beyond. Just as he came in sight of his home,—a square, elm-shaded mansion of red brick, standing on a gentle rise a little farther on, he paused at a place where a shallow brook came creeping through the lush grass of the meadow which bounded his father's possessions. He listened a moment to its low gurgling, so full of suggestions of wood rambles and speckled trout, then tossed his strap of books into the meadow, leaped after it, and followed the brook's course for a little distance, stooping and peering with his keen brown eyes into each dusky pool.

All at once, as he looked and listened, another sound than the brook's plashing came to his ears, and he started up and turned his head. A stump fence, black and bristling, divided the meadow from the adjoining field, its uncouth projections draped in tender, clinging vines, and he stepped softly toward it and looked across. It was a rocky field, where a thin crop of grass was trying to hold its own against a vast growth of weeds, and was getting the worst of it,—a barren, shiftless field, fitly matching the big shiftless barn and small shiftless house to which it appertained.

Lying prone among the daisies was Lilly O'Connell, her face buried in her apron, the red rippling mane falling about her, her slender form shaking with deep and unrestrained sobs.

Roger looked on a moment and then leaped the fence. The girl rose instantly to a sitting position, and glared defiance at him from a pair of tear-stained eyes.

"What are you crying about?" he asked, with awkward kindness.

Her face softened, and a fresh sob shook her.

"Oh, come!" said Roger; "don't mind what a lot of sneaks say."

The girl looked up quickly into the honest dark eyes.

"It was Florence Fairfield that said it," she returned, speaking very rapidly.

Roger laughed uneasily.

"Oh! you mean that about the 'Tiger-Lily'?"

"Yes," she answered, "and it's true. It's true as can be. See!" And for the first time the boy noticed that her gingham apron was filled with the fiery blossoms of the tiger-lily.

"See!" she said again, with an unchildish laugh, holding the flowers against her face.

Roger was not an imaginative boy, but he could not help feeling the subtle likeness between the fervid blossoms, strange, tropical outgrowth of arid New England soil, and this passionate child of mingled races, with her wealth of vivid hair, and glowing eyes and lips. For a moment he did not know what to say, but at last, in his simple, boyish way, he said:

"Well, what of it? I think they're splendid."

The girl looked up incredulously.

"I wouldn't mind the—the hair!" he stammered. "I've got a cousin up to Boston, and she's a great belle—a beauty, you know. All the artists are crazy to paint her picture, and her hair is just the color of yours."

Lilly laid the flowers down. Her eyes fell.

"You don't understand," she said, slowly. "Other girls have red hair. It isn't that."

Roger's eyes faltered in their friendly gaze.

"I—I wouldn't mind—the other thing, either, if I were you," he stammered, rather faintly.

"You don't know *what* you'd do if you were *me*!" the girl cried, passionately. "What would you do if you were hated, and despised, and laughed at, every day of your life? How would you like the feeling that it could never be any different, no matter where you went, or how hard you tried to be good, or how much you learned? Never, *never* any different! Ah, it makes me hate myself, and everybody! I could tear them to pieces, like this, and this!"

She had risen, and was tearing the scarlet petals of the lilies into pieces, her white teeth set, her eyes flashing.

"Look at them!" she cried, wildly. "How like me they are, all red blood like yours, except those few black drops which never can be washed out! Never! Never!"

And again the child threw herself upon the ground, face downward, and broke into wild, convulsive sobbing.

Young Roger was in an agony of pity. He found his position as consoler a trying one. An older person might well have quailed before this outburst of unchild-like passion. He knew that what she said was true—terribly, bitterly true, and this kept him dumb. He only stood and looked down upon the quivering little figure in embarrassed silence.

Suddenly the girl raised her head, with a flash of her eyes.

"What does God mean," she cried, fiercely, "by making such a difference in people?"

Roger's face became graver still.

"I can't tell you that, Lilly," he answered, soberly. "You'll have to ask the minister. But I've often thought of it myself. I suppose there *is* a reason, if we only knew. I guess all we can do is to begin where God has put us, and do what we can."

Lilly slowly gathered her disordered hair into one hand and pushed it behind her shoulders, her tear-stained eyes fixed sadly on the boy's confused, troubled face.

The tea-bell, sounding from the distance, brought a welcome interruption, and Roger turned to go. He looked back when half across the meadow, and saw the little figure standing in relief upon a rocky hillock, the sun kindling her red locks into gold.

A few years previously, O'Connell had made his appearance in Ridgemont with wife and child, and had procured a lease of the run-down farm and buildings which had been their home ever since. It was understood that they had come from one of the Middle States, but beyond this nothing of their history was known.

The wife, a beautiful quadroon, sank beneath the severity of the climate, and lived but a short time. After her death, O'Connell, always a surly, hot-headed fellow, grew surlier still, and fell into evil ways. The child, with a curious sort of dignity and independence, took upon her small shoulders the burden her mother had laid aside, and carried on the forlorn household in her own way, without assistance or interference.

That she was not like other children, that she was set apart from them by some strange circumstance, she had early learned to feel. In time she began to comprehend in what the difference lay, and the knowledge roused within her a burning sense of wrong, a fierce spirit of resistance.

With the creamy skin, the full, soft features, the mellow voice and impassioned nature of her quadroon mother, Lilly had inherited the fiery Celtic hair, gray-green eyes and quick intelligence of her father.

She contrived to go to school, where her cleverness placed her ahead of other girls of her age, but did not raise her above the unreasoning aversion of her school-mates; and the consciousness of this rankled in the child's soul, giving to her face a pathetic,



hunted look, and to her tongue a sharpness which few cared to encounter.

Those who knew her best, her teachers, and a few who would not let their inborn and unconquerable prejudice of race stand in the way of their judgment, knew that, with all her faults of temper, the girl was brave and truthful and warm-hearted. They pitied the child, born under a shadow which could never be lifted, and gave her freely the kind words for which her heart secretly longed.

There was little else they could do, for every attempt at other kindness was repelled with a proud indifference which forbade further overtures. So she had gone her way, walking in the shadow which darkened and deepened as she grew older, until at last she stood upon the threshold of womanhood.

It was at this period of her life that the incidents we have related occurred. Small as they were, they proved a crisis in the girl's life. Too much a child to be capable of forming a definite resolve, or rather, perhaps, of putting it into form and deliberately setting about its fulfillment, still the sensitive nature had received an impression which became a most puissant influence in shaping her life.

A change came over her, so great as to have escaped no interested eyes; but interested eyes were few.

Her teachers, more than any others, marked the change. There was more care of her person and dress, and the raillery of her school-mates was met by an indifference which, however hard its assumption may have been, at once disarmed and puzzled them.

Now and then the low and unprovoked taunts of her boyish tormentors roused her to an outburst of the old spirit, but for the most part they were met only with a flash of the steel-gray eyes, and a curl of the full red lips.

One Sunday, too, to the amazement of pupils and the embarrassment of teachers, Lilly O'Connell, neatly attired and quite self-possessed, walked into the Sunday-school, from which she had angrily departed, stung by some childish slight, two years before. The minister went to her, welcomed her pleasantly, and gave her a seat in a class of girls of her own age, who, awed by the mingled dignity and determination of his manner, swallowed their indignation and moved along—a trifle more than was necessary—to give her room.

The little tremor of excitement soon sub-

sided, and Lilly's quickness and attentiveness won for her an outward show, at least, of consideration and kindness, which extended outside of school limits, and gradually, under the influence of good example, and the effect of her own personality, all demonstrations of an unpleasant nature ceased.

When she was about sixteen her father died. This event, which left her a homeless orphan, was turned by the practical kindness of Parson Townsend—the good old minister who had stood between her and a thousand annoyances and wrongs—into the most fortunate event of her life. He, not without some previous domestic controversy, took the girl into his own family, and there, under kind and Christian influences, she lived for a number of years.

At eighteen, her school-life terminated, and, by the advice of Parson Townsend, she applied for a position as teacher of the primary school.

The spirit with which her application was met was a revelation and a shock. The outward kindness and tolerance which of late years had been manifested toward her had led her into a fictitious state of content and confidence.

"I was foolish enough," she said to herself, with bitterness, "to think that, because the boys do not hoot after me in the street, people had forgotten, or did not care."

She withdrew more and more into herself, turned her hands to such work as she could find to do, and went her way again, stifling as best she might the anguished cry which sometimes would rise to her lips:

"What does God mean by it?"

Few saw the beauty of those deep, clear eyes and pathetic lips, or the splendor of her burnished hair, or the fine curves of her tall, upright figure. She was only odd, and "queer looking"—only Lilly O'Connell; very pleasant of speech, and quick at her needle, and useful at picnics and church fairs, and in case of sickness or emergencies of any kind,—but Lilly O'Connell still,—or "Tiger-Lily," for the old name had never been altogether laid aside.

Ten years passed by. The good people of Ridgmont were fond of alluding to the remarkable progress and development made by their picturesque little town during the past decade, but in reality the change was not so great. A few new dwellings, built in the modern efflorescent style, had sprung up, to the discomfiture of the prim, square houses, with dingy white paint and dingier green

blinds, which belonged to another epoch; a brick block, of almost metropolitan splendor, cast its shadow across the crooked village street, and a soldiers' monument, an object of special pride and reverence, adorned the center of the small common, opposite the Hide and Leather Bank and the post-office.

Beside these, a circulating library, a teacher of china-painting and a colored barber were casually mentioned to strangers as proofs of the slightness of difference in the importance of Ridgemont and some other towns of much more pretension.

Over the old Horton homestead hardly a shadow of change had passed. It presented the same appearance of prosperous middle age. The great elms about it looked not a day older; the hydrangeas on the door-step flowered as exuberantly; the old-fashioned roses bloomed as red and white and yellow against the mossy brick walls; the flower-plots were as trim, and the rustic baskets of moneywort flourished as green, as in the days when Mrs. Horton walked among them, and tended them with her own thin white hands. She had lain with her busy hands folded these five years, in the shadow of the Horton monument, between the grave of Doctor Jared Horton and a row of lessening mounds which had been filled many, many years—the graves of the children who were born—and had died—before Roger's birth.

A great quiet had hung about the place for several years. The blinds upon the front side had seldom been seen to open, except for weekly airings or semi-annual cleanings.

But one day—a fair, midsummer day—the parlor windows are seen wide open, the front door swung back, and several trunks, covered with labels of all colors, and in many languages, are standing in the large hall.

An unwonted stir about the kitchen and stable, a lively rattling of silver and china in the dining-room, attest to some unusual cause for excitement. The cause is at once manifest as the door at the end of the hall opens, and Roger Horton appears, against a background composed of mahogany side-board and the erect and vigilant figure of Nancy Swift, the faithful old housekeeper of his mother's time.

The handsome, manly lad had fulfilled the promise of his boyhood. He was tall and full-chested; a trifle thin, perhaps, and his fine face, now bronzed with travel, grave

and thoughtful for his years, but full of a winning sweetness, and capable of breaking into a smile like a sudden transition in music.

He looked more than thoughtful at this moment. He had hardly tasted the food prepared by Nancy with a keen eye to his youthful predilections, and in the firm conviction that he must have suffered terrible deprivations during his foreign travels.

Truly, this coming home was not like the comings-home of other days, when two dear faces, one gray-bearded and genial, the other pale and gentle-eyed, had smiled upon him across the comfortable board. The sense of loss was almost more than he could bear; the sound of his own footsteps in the cool, empty hall smote heavily upon his heart.

The door of the parlor stood ajar, and he pushed it open and stepped into the room. Everything was as it had always been ever since he could remember—furniture, carpets, curtains, everything. Just opposite the door hung the portraits of his parents, invested by the dim half-light with a life-like air which the unknown artist had vainly tried to impart.

Roger had not entered the room since his mother's funeral, which followed close upon that of his father, and just before the close of his collegiate course.

Something in the room brought those scenes of bitter grief too vividly before him. It might have been the closeness of the air, or, more probably, the odor rising from a basket of flowers which stood upon the center-table. He remembered now that Nancy had mentioned its arrival while he was going through the ceremony of taking tea, and he went up to the table and bent over it. Upon a snowy oval of choicest flowers, surrounded by a scarlet border, the word "Welcome" was wrought in purple violets.

The young man smiled as he read the name upon the card attached. He took up one of the white carnations and began fastening it to the lapel of his coat, but put it back at length, coloring deeply, and with a glance at the painted faces, whose eyes seemed following his every motion, he took his hat and went out of the house and through the town.

His progress was slow, for it was just after the early tea of village life, and many of the citizens were on the street. Nearly every one he met was an old acquaintance or friend. It warmed his heart, and took away

the sting of loneliness which he had felt before, to see how cordial were the greetings. Strong, manly grips, kind, womanly hand-pressures, and shy, blushing greetings from full-fledged village beauties, whom he vaguely remembered as lank, sunburned little girls, met him at every step.

He noticed, and was duly impressed by, the ornate new dwellings, the stately business block, and the soldiers' monument. He observed with considerable interest the manipulations of Professor Commeraw, who was deftly shaving a callow youth in full sight of all the world.

Next to this, in a small, tumble-down frame structure, was the post-office, carried on in connection with the sale of petrified candy, withered oranges, fly-specked literature, and ginger-pop. The postmaster being a genial old reprobate, very liberal as to treats, and very non-committal as to politics, had remained unmolested through several changes of administration. His leisure hours, which comprised most of the twenty-four, were spent in fishing, and in sitting in front of his establishment upon a well-balanced chair, relating his war experiences in a manner creditable to his imagination. Meanwhile, his official duties were being discharged within by a sallow daughter of uncertain age.

He was sitting there now, bland and genial as ever, and rose hastily to bestow upon Horton a greeting worthy of the occasion.

Deacon White's sorrel mare was hitched before the leading grocery-store in precisely the same spot, and blinking dejectedly at precisely the same post, he could have taken his oath, where she had stood and blinked as he was on his way to the station four years ago. And, a little further on, Fud (short for Alfred) Hanniford, the village cobbler, vocalist and wit, sat pegging away in the door of his shop, making the welkin ring with the inspiring strains of "The Sword of Bunker Hill," just as in the old days. True, the brilliancy of his tones was somewhat marred by the presence of an ounce or so of shoe-pegs in his left cheek, but this fact had no dampening effect upon the enthusiasm of a select, peanut-consuming audience of small boys on the steps.

He, too, suspended work and song to nod familiarly to his somewhat foreignized young townsman, and watched him turn the corner, fixing curious and jealous eyes upon the receding feet.

"Who made your boots?" he remarked

*sotto voce*, as their firm rap upon the plank sidewalk grew indistinct, which profound sarcasm having extracted the expected meed of laughter from his juvenile audience, Mr. Hanniford resumed his hammer, and burst forth with a high G of astounding volume.

As young Horton came in sight of Mrs. Fairfield's residence, he involuntarily quickened his steps. As a matter of course, he had met in his wanderings many pretty and agreeable girls, and, being an attractive young man, it is safe to say that eyes of every hue had looked upon him with more or less favor. It would be imprudent to venture the assertion that the young man had remained quite indifferent to all this, but Horton's nature was more tender than passionate; early associations held him very closely, and his boyish fancy for the widow's pretty daughter had never quite faded. A rather fitful correspondence had been kept up, and photographs exchanged, and he felt himself justified in believing that the welcome the purple violets had spoken would speak to him still more eloquently from a pair of violet eyes.

He scanned the pretty lawn with a warm light in his pleasant brown eyes. Flowers were massed in red, white and purple against the vivid green; the fountain was scattering its spray; hammocks were slung in tempting nooks, and fanciful wicker chairs, interwoven with blue and scarlet ribbons, stood about the vine-draped piazza. He half-expected a girlish figure to run down the walk to meet him, in the old childish way, and as a fold of white muslin swept out of the open window his heart leaped; but it was only the curtain after all, and just as he saw this with a little pang of disappointment, a girl's figure did appear, and came down the walk toward him. It was a tall figure, in a simple dark dress which let all its fine curves appear. As she came nearer, he saw a colorless, oval face, with downcast eyes, and a mass of ruddy hair, burnished like gold, gathered in a coil under the small black hat. There was something proud, yet shrinking, in the face and in the carriage of the whole figure. As the latch fell from his hand the girl looked up, and encountered his eyes, pleased, friendly and a trifle astonished, fixed full upon her.

She stopped, and a beautiful color swept into her cheeks, a sudden upleaping flame filled the luminous eyes, and her lips parted.

"Why, it is Lilly O'Connell!" the young man said, cordially, extending his hand.

The girl's hand was half-extended to meet his, but with a quick glance toward the house she drew it back into the folds of her black dress, bowing instead.

Horton let his hand fall, a little flush showing itself upon his forehead.

"Are you not going to speak to me, Miss O'Connell?" he said, in his frank, pleasant way. "Are you not going to say you are glad to see me back, like all the rest?"

The color had all faded from the girl's cheeks and neck. She returned his smiling glance with an earnest, almost appealing look, hesitating before she spoke.

"I am very glad, Mr. Horton," she said, at last, and, passing him, went swiftly out of sight.

The young man stood a moment with his hand upon the gate, looking after her; then turned and went up the walk to the door, and rang the bell. A smiling maid admitted him, and showed him into a very pretty drawing-room.

He had not waited long when Florence, preceded by her mother, came in. She had been a pretty school-girl, but he was hardly prepared to see so beautiful a young woman, or one so self-possessed, and so free from provincialism in dress and manner. She was a blonde beauty, of the delicate, porcelain-tinted type, small, but so well-made and well-dressed as to appear much taller than she really was. She was lovely to-night in a filmy white dress, so richly trimmed with lace as to leave the delicate flesh-tints of shoulders and arms visible through the fine meshes.

She had always cared for Roger, and, being full of delight at his return and his distinguished appearance, let her delight appear undisguisedly. Although a good deal of a coquette, with Roger coquetry seemed out of place. His own simple, sincere manners were contagious, and Florence had never been more charming.

"Tell us all about the pictures and artists and singers you have seen and heard," she said, in the course of their lively interchange of experiences.

"I am afraid I can talk better about hospitals and surgeons," said Horton. "You know I am not a bit æsthetic, and I have been studying very closely."

"You are determined, then, to practice medicine?" Mrs. Fairfield said, with rather more anxiety in her tones than the occasion seemed to demand.

"I think I am better fitted for that profession than any other," Horton answered.

"Y-yes," assented Mrs. Fairfield, doubtfully, looking at her daughter.

"I should never choose it, if I were a man," said Florence, decidedly.

"It seems to have chosen me," Horton said. "I have not the slightest bent in any other direction."

"It is such a hard life," said Florence. "A doctor must be a hero."

"You used to be enthusiastic over heroes," said Horton, smiling.

"I am now," said Florence, "but —"

"Not the kind who ride in buggies and wield lancets instead of lances," laughed Horton, looking into the slightly vexed but lovely face opposite, with a great deal of expression in his tender dark eyes.

"Of course you would not think of settling in Ridgemoor," remarked Mrs. Fairfield, blandly, "after all you have studied."

"I don't see why not," he answered.

"But for an ambitious young man," began Mrs. Fairfield.

"I'm afraid I am not an ambitious young man," said Horton, shaking his head. "There is a good opening here, and the old home is very dear to me."

Florence was silently studying the toe of one small sandaled foot.

"Well, to be sure," said Mrs. Fairfield, who always endeavored to fill up pauses in conversation,—"to be sure, Ridgemoor is improving. Don't you find it changed a good deal?"

"Why, not very much," Horton answered. "Places don't change so much in a few years as people. I met Lilly O'Connell as I came into your grounds. *She* has changed — wonderfully."

"Y-yes," said Mrs. Fairfield, rather stiffly. "She *has* improved. Since her father died, she has lived in Parson Townsend's family. She is a very respectable girl, and an excellent seamstress."

Florence had gone to the window, and was looking out.

"She was very good at her books, I remember," he went on. "I used to think she would make something more than a seamstress."

"I only remember her dreadful temper," said Florence, in a tone meant to sound careless. "We called her 'Tiger-Lily,' you know."

"I never wondered at her temper," said Horton. "She had a great deal to vex her, poor girl. I suppose it is not much better now."

"Oh, she is treated well enough," said

Mrs. Fairfield. "The best families in the place employ her. I don't know what more she can expect, considering that she is—a—"

"Off color," suggested Horton. "No. She cannot expect much more. But it is terrible—isn't it?—that stigma for no fault of hers. It must be hard for a girl like her—like what she seems to have become."

"Oh, as to that," said Florence, going to the piano and drumming lightly, without sitting down, "she is very independent. She asserts herself quite enough."

"Why yes," broke in her mother, hastily. "She actually had the impudence to apply for a position as teacher of the primary school, and Parson Townsend, and Hickson of the School Board, were determined she should have it. The 'Gazette' took it up, and for a while Lilly was the heroine of the day."

But of course she did not succeed. It would have ruined the school. A colored teacher! Dreadful!"

"Dreadful, indeed," said Horton. He rose and joined Florence at the piano, and a moment later Mrs. Fairfield was contentedly drumming upon the table, in the worst possible time, to her daughter's performance of a brilliant waltz.

The evening terminated pleasantly. After Horton had gone, mother and daughter had a long, confidential talk upon the piazza, which it is needless to repeat. But at its close, as Mrs. Fairfield was closing the doors for the night, she might have been heard to say:

"You could spend your *winters* in Boston, you know."

To which Florence returned a dreamy "Yes."

(To be continued.)

## THE THOUGHT OF ASTYANAX BESIDE IULUS.

AFTER READING VIRGIL'S STORY OF ANDROMACHE IN EXILE.

Yes, all the doves begin to moan,  
But it is not the doves alone.  
Some trouble, that you never heard  
In any tree from breath of bird,  
That reaches back to Eden, lies  
Between your wind-flower and my eyes.

I fear it was not well, indeed,  
Upon so sad a day to read  
So sad a story. But the day  
Is full of blossoms, do you say,—  
And how the sun does shine? I know.  
These things do make it sadder, though.

You'd cry, if you were not a boy,  
About this mournful tale of Troy?  
Then do not laugh at me, if I—  
Who am too old, you know, to cry—  
Just hide my face awhile from you,  
Down here among these drops of dew.

\*\*\* Must I for sorrow look so far?  
This baby headed like a star,  
Afraid of Hector's horse-hair plume  
(His one sweet child, whose bitter doom  
So piteous seems)—oh, tears and tears!—  
Has he been dust three thousand years?

Yet when I see his mother fold  
The pretty cloak she stitched with gold  
Around another boy, and say:  
"He would be just your age to-day,  
With just your hands, your eyes, your hair"—  
Her grief is more than I can bear.



## ZERVIAH HOPE.

## PRELUDE.

In the month of August, in the year 1878, the steamer *Mercy*, of the New York and Savannah line, cast anchor down the channel, off a little town in South Carolina which bore the name of Calhoun. It was not a regular part of her "run" for the *Mercy* to make a landing at this place. She had departed from her course by special permit to leave three passengers, two men and one woman, who had business of a grave nature in Calhoun.

A man, himself a passenger for Savannah, came upon deck as the steamship hove to, to inquire the reason of the delay. He was a short man, thin, with a nervous hand and neck. His eyes were black, his hair was black, and closely cut. He had an inscrutable mouth, and a forehead well-plowed rather by experience than years. He was not an old man. He was cleanly dressed in new, cheap clothes. He had been commented upon as a reticent passenger. He had no friends on board the *Mercy*. This was the first time upon the voyage that he had been observed to speak. He came forward and stood among the others, and abruptly said:

"What's this for?"

He addressed the mate, who answered with a sidelong look, and none too cordially:

"We land passengers by the Company's order."

"Those three?"

"Yes, the men and the lady."

"Who are they?"

"Physicians from New York."

"Ah-h!" said the man, slowly, making a sighing noise between his teeth. "That means—that means ——"

"Volunteers to the fever district," said the mate, shortly, "as you might have known before now. You're not of a sociable cast, I see."

"I have made no acquaintances," said the short passenger. "I know nothing of the news of the ship. Is the lady a nurse?"

"She's a she-doctor. Doctors, the whole of 'em. There aint a nurse aboard."

"Plenty to be found, I suppose, in this place you speak of?"

"How should I know?" replied the mate, with another sidelong look.

One of the physicians, it seemed, overheard this last question and reply. It was the woman. She stepped forward without hesitation, and, regarding the short passenger closely, said:

"There are not nurses. This place is perishing. Savannah and the larger towns have been looked after first—as is natural and right," added the physician, in a business-like tone. She had a quick and clear-cut, but not ungentle voice.

The man nodded at her curtly, as he would to another man; he made no answer; then with a slight flush his eye returned to her dress and figure; he lifted his hat and stood uncovered till she had passed and turned from him. His face, under the influence of this fluctuation of color, changed exceedingly, and improved in proportion as it changed.

"Who is that glum fellow, Doctor?"

One of the men physicians followed and asked the lady; he spoke to her with an air of *camaraderie*, at once frank and deferential; they had been class-mates at college for a course of lectures; he had theories averse to the medical education of women in general, but this woman in particular, having outranked him at graduation, he had made up his mind to her as a marked exception to a wise rule, entitled to a candid fellow's respect. Besides, despite her diploma, Marian Dare was a lady—he knew the family.

"Is he glum, Dr. Frank?" replied Dr. Dare.

But the other young man stood silent. He never consulted with doctresses.

Dr. Dare went below for her luggage. A lonely dory, black of complexion and skittish of gait, had wandered out and hung in the shadow of the steamer, awaiting the passengers. The dory was manned by one negro, who sat with his oars crossed, perfectly silent.

There is a kind of terror for which we find that animals, as well as men, instinctively refrain from seeking expression. The face and figure of the negro boatman presented a dull form of this species of fear. Dr. Dare wondered if all the people in Calhoun would have that look. The negro regarded the *Mercy* and her passengers apathetically.

It was a hot day, and the water seemed to be blistering about the dory. So, too, the stretching sand of the shore, as one raised the eyes painfully against the direct noon-light, was as if it smoked. The low, gray palmetto leaves were curled and faint. Scanty spots of shade beneath sickly trees seemed to gasp upon the hot ground, like creatures that had thrown themselves down to get cool. The outlines of the town beyond had a certain horrible distinctness, as if of a sight that should but could not be veiled. Overhead, and clean to the flat horizon, flashed a sky of blue and blazing fire.

"Passengers for Calhoun!"

The three physicians descended into the dory. The other passengers—what there were of them—gathered to see the little group depart. Dr. Frank offered Dr. Dare a hand, which she accepted, like a lady, not needing it in the least. She was a climber, with firm, lithe ankles. No one spoke, as these people got in with the negro, and prepared to drift down with the scorching tide. The woman looked from the steamer to the shore, once, and back again, northwards. The men did not look at all. There was an oppression in the scene which no one was ready to run the risk of increasing by the wrong word.

"Land me here, too," said a low voice, suddenly. It was the glum passenger. No one noticed him, except, perhaps, the mate (looking on with the air of a man who would feel an individual grievance in anything this person would be likely to do) and the lady.

"There is room for you," said Dr. Dare. The man let himself into the boat at a light bound, and the negro rowed them away. The *Mercy*, heading outwards, seemed to shrug her shoulders, as if she had thrown them off. The strip of burning water between them and the town narrowed rapidly, and the group set their faces firmly landwards. Once, upon the little voyage, Dr. Frank took up an idle pair of oars, with some vaguely humane intent of helping the negro—he looked so.

"I wouldn't, Frank," said the other gentleman.

"Now, Remane—why, for instance?"

"I wouldn't begin by getting overheated." No other word was spoken. They landed in silence. In silence, and somewhat weakly, the negro pulled the dory high upon the beach. The four passengers stood for a moment upon the hot, white sands, moved

toward one another, before they separated, by a blind sense of human fellowship. Even Remane found himself touching his hat. Dr. Frank asked Dr. Dare if he could serve her in any way; but she thanked him, and, holding out her firm, white hand, said, "Good-bye."

This was, perhaps, the first moment when the consciousness of her sex had made itself oppressive to her since she ventured upon this undertaking. She would have minded presenting herself to the Relief Committee of Calhoun, accompanied by gentlemen upon whom she had no claim. She walked on alone, in her gray dress and white straw hat, with her luggage in her own sufficient hand.

The reticent passenger had fallen behind with the negro boatman, with whom he walked slowly, closing the line.

After a few moments, he advanced and hesitatingly joined the lady, beginning to say:

"May I ask you ——"

"Ah," interrupted Dr. Dare, cordially, "it is you."

"Will you tell me, madam, the best way of going to work to offer myself as a fever nurse in this place? I want the *best* way. I want real work."

"Yes, yes," she said, nodding; "I knew you would do it."

"I came from the North for this purpose, but I meant to go on to Savannah."

"Yes, I know. This is better; they need *everything* in this place."

She looked toward the gasping little town through the relentless noon. Her merciful blue eyes filled, but the man's look followed with a dry, exultant light.

"There is no porter," he said, abruptly, glancing at her heavy bag and shawl-strap. "Would you permit me to help you?"

"Oh, thank you!" replied Dr. Dare, heartily, relinquishing her burden.

Plainly, this poor fellow was not a gentleman. The lady could afford to be kind to him.

"I know nothing how we shall find it," she chatted, affably, "but I go to work to-night. I presume I shall need nurses before morning. I'll have your address."

She took from her gray sacque pocket a physician's note-book, and stood, pencil in hand.

"My name," he said, "is Hope—Zerviah Hope."

She wrote without comment, walking as she wrote; he made no other attempt to

converse with her. The two physicians followed, exchanging now and then a subdued word. The negro dragged himself wearily over the scorching sand, and thus the little procession of pity entered the town of Calhoun.

My story does not deal with love or ladies. I have to relate no tender passages between the fever-physicians, volunteers from New York, for the afflicted region of Calhoun. Dr. Marian Dare came South to do a brave work, and I have no doubt she did it bravely, as a woman should. She came in pursuit of science, and I have no doubt she found it, as a woman will. Our chief interest in her at this time lies in the fact that certain missing fragments in the history of the person known as Zerviah Hope we owe to her. She hovers over the tale with a distant and beautiful influence, pervading as womanly compassion and alert as a woman's eye.

I have nothing further to say about the story before I tell it, except that it is true.

That night, after the physicians had gone about their business, Zerviah Hope wandered, a little forlornly, through the wretched town. Scip, the negro boatman, found him a corner to spend the night. It was a passable place, but Hope could not sleep; he had already seen too much. His soul was parched with the thirst of sympathy. He walked his hot attic till the dawn came. As it grew brighter he grew calmer; and, when the unkindly sun burst burning upon the land, he knelt by his window and looked over the doomed town, and watched the dead-carts slinking away toward the everglades in the splendid color of the sky and air, and thought his own thoughts in his own way about this which he had come to do. We should not suppose that they were remarkable thoughts; he had not the look of a remarkable man. Yet, as he knelt there,—a sleepless, haggard figure blotted against the sunrise, with folded hands and moving lips,—an artist, with a high type of imagination and capable of spiritual discernment, would have found in him a design for a lofty subject, to which perhaps he would have given the name of "Consecration" rather than of "Renunciation," or of "Exultance" rather than of "Dread."

A common observer would have simply said: "I should not have taken him for a praying man."

He was still upon his knees when Dr. Dare's order came, "Nurse wanted for a

bad case!" and he went from his prayer to his first patient. The day was already deep, and a reflection, not of the sunrise, moved with him as light moves.

Doctor Dare, in her gray dress, herself a little pale, met him with keen eyes. She said:

"It is a *very* bad case. An old man—much neglected. No one will go. Are you willing?"

The nurse answered:

"I am glad."

She watched him as he walked away—a plain, clean, common man, with unheroic carriage. The physician's fine eyes fired.

To Doctor Frank, who had happened in, she said:

"He will do the work of ten."

"His strength was as the strength of ten, Because his heart was pure,"

quoted the young man, laughing lightly. "I don't know that I should have thought it, in this case. You've taken a fancy to the fellow."

"I always respect an unmixed motive when I see it," she replied, shortly. "But I've been in practice too long to take sudden fancies. There is no profession like ours, Doctor, for putting the sympathies under double picket guard."

She stiffened a little in her manner. She did not like to be thought an over-enthusiastic woman—womanish, unused to the world.

The weather, soon after the arrival of the *Mercy*, took a terrible mood, and a prolonged drought settled upon Calhoun. The days dawned lurid and long. The nights fell dewless and deadly. Fatal and beautiful colors lurked in the swamps, and in the sifting dust, fine and hard, blown by siroccos across the glare of noon, like sands on the shores of the Lake of Fire. The pestilence walked in darkness, and the destruction wasted at midday. Men died, in that little town of a few thousand souls, at the rate of a score a day—black and white, poor and rich, clean and foul, saint and sinner. The quarantine laws tightened. Vessels fled by the harbor mouth under full sail, and melted like helpless compassion upon the fiery horizon. Trains upon the Shore Line shot through and thundered past the station; they crowded on steam; the fireman and his stoker averted their faces as they whirled by. The world turned her back upon Calhoun, and the dying town was shut in with her dead. Only, at long intervals, the *Mercy*,

casting anchor far down the channel, sent up by Scip, the weak, black boatman, the signs of human fellowship—food, physician, purse, medicine—that spoke from the heart of the North to the heart of the South, and upheld her in those well-remembered days.

Zerviah Hope, volunteer nurse, became quickly enough a marked man in Calhoun. He more than verified Doctor Dare's prognosis. Where the deadliest work was to be done, this man, it was observed, asked to be sent. Where no one else would go, he went. What no one else would do, he did. He sought the neglected, and the negroes. He braved the unclean, and the unburied. With the readiness of all incisive character acting on emergencies, he stamped himself upon the place and time. He went to his task as the soldier goes to the front under raking fire, with gleaming eyes and iron muscles. The fever of the fight was on him. He seemed to wrestle with disease for his patients, and to trample death beneath his feet. He glowed over his cures with a positive physical dilation, and writhed over his dead as if he had killed them. He seemed built of endurance more than mortal. It was not known when he slept, scarcely if he ate. His weariness sat upon him like a halo. He grew thin, refined, radiant. In short, he presented an example of that rare spectacle which never fails to command spectators—a common man possessed by an uncommon enthusiasm.

What passed with him at this time in that undiscovered sea which we call a man's inner life, it would not be easy to assert. So far as we can judge, all the currents of his nature had swelled into the great, pulsing tide of self-surrender, which swept him along. Weakness, wrong, memory, regret, fear, grief, pleasure, hope,—all the little channels of personal life,—ran dry. He was that most blessed of human creatures, a man without a past and without a future, and living in a present nobler than the one could have been or the other could become. He continued to be a silent man, speaking little, excepting to his patients, and now and then, very gently, to the lady, Dr. Dare. He was always pliable to the influence of a woman's voice or to womanly manner. He had, in the presence of women, the quick responsiveness and sudden change of color and sensitiveness of intonation which bespeak the man whose highest graces and lowest faults are likely to be owing to feminine power.

This was a quality which gave him re-

markable successes as a nurse. He was found to be infinitely tender, and of fine, brave patience. It was found that he shrank from no task because it was too small, as he had shrunk from no danger because it was too great. He became a favorite with the sick and with physicians. The convalescent clung to him, the dying heard of him and sent for him, the Relief Committee leaned upon him, as in such crises the leader leans upon the led. By degrees, he became greatly trusted in Calhoun; this is to say, that he became greatly loved.

I have been told that, to this day, many people personally unknown to him, whose fate it was to be imprisoned in that beleaguered town at that time, and who were familiar with the nervous figure and plain, intense countenance of the Northern nurse, as he passed, terrible day after terrible day, to his post, cannot hear of him, even now, without that suffusion of look by which we hold back tears; and that, when his name took on, as it did, a more than local reputation, they were unable to speak it because of choking voices. I have often wished that he knew this.

It was the custom in Calhoun to pay the nurses at short, stated intervals,—I think once a week, on Saturday nights. The first time that Hope was summoned to receive his wages, he evinced marked emotion, too genuine not to be one of surprise and repugnance.

"I had not thought,—" he began, and stood, coloring violently.

"You earn your five dollars a day, if anybody in Calhoun does," urged the official, with kindly brusqueness.

"It is not right; I do not wish to take the money," said the nurse, with agitation. "I do not wish to be paid for—saving—human life. I did not come to the fever district to make money; I came to save life—to *save life!*" he added, in a quick whisper.

He had not slept for four nights, and seemed, they noticed, more than usually nervous in his manner.

"The money is yours," insisted the treasurer.

"Very well," said Hope, after a long silence; and no more was said about it. He took his wages and walked away up the street, absorbed in thought.

One morning, he went to his lodgings to seek a little rest. It was about six o'clock, and people were already moving in the hot,

thirsty streets. The apothecaries' doors were open, and their clerks were astir. The physicians drove or walked hastily, with the haggard look of men whose days and nights are too short for their work, and whose hope, and heart as well, have grown almost too small. Zerviah noticed those young Northern fellows among them, Frank and Remane, and saw how they had aged since they came South,—brave boys, both of them, and had done a man's brave deed. Through her office window, as he walked past, he caught a glimpse of Dr. Dare's gray dress and blonde, womanly head of abundant hair. She was mixing medicines, and patients stood waiting. She looked up and nodded as he went by; she was too busy to smile. At the door of the Relief Committee, gaunt groups hung, clamoring. At the telegraph office, knots of men and women gathered, dully inspiring the heroic young operator,—a slight girl,—who had not left her post for now many days and nights. Her chief had the fever last week,—was taken at the wires,—lived to get home. She was the only person alive in the town who knew how to communicate with the outer world. She had begun to teach a little brother of hers the Morse alphabet,—“That somebody may know, Bobby, if I—can't come some day.” She, too, knew Zerviah Hope, and looked up; but her pretty face was clouded with the awful shadow of her own responsibility.

“We all have about as much as we can bear,” thought Zerviah, as he went by. His own burden was lightened a little that morning, and he was going home to get a real rest. He had just saved his last patient—the doctor gave him up. It was a young man, the father of five very little children, and their mother had died the week before. The nurse had looked at the orphans, and said: “*He's got to live.*” This man had blessed him this morning, and called the love of heaven on his head and its tender mercy on his whole long life. Zerviah walked with quick step. He lifted his head, with its short, black, coarse hair. His eyes, staring for sleep, flashed, fed with a food the body knows not of. He felt almost happy, as he turned to climb the stairs that led to the attic shelter where he had knelt and watched the dawn come on that first day, and given himself to God and to the dying of Calhoun. He had always kept that attic, partly because he had made that prayer there. He thought it helped him to make others since. He had not always been a man who prayed.

The habit was new, and required culture. He had guarded it rigidly since he came South, as he had his diet and regimen of bathing, air, and other physical needs.

On this morning that I speak of, standing with his almost happy face and lifted head, with his foot upon the stairs, he turned, for no reason that he could have given, and looked over his shoulder. A man behind him, stepping softly, stopped, changed color, and crossed the street.

“I am followed,” said the nurse.

He spoke aloud, but there was no one to hear him. A visible change came over his face. He stood uncertain for a moment; then shut the door and crawled upstairs. At intervals he stopped on the stairs to rest, and sat with his head in his hands, thinking. By and by he reached his room, and threw himself heavily upon his bed. All the radiance had departed from his tired face, as if a fog had crept over it. He hid it in his long, thin, humane hands, and lay there for a little while. He was perplexed—not surprised. He was not shocked—only disappointed. Dully he wished that he could get five minutes' nap; but he could not sleep. Not knowing what else to do, he got upon his knees presently, in that place by the window he liked to pray in, and said aloud: “Lord, I didn't expect it; I wasn't ready. I should like to sleep long enough to decide what to do.”

After this, he went back to bed and lay still again, and in a little while he truly slept. Not long; but to those who perish for rest, a moment of unconsciousness may do the work of a cup of water to one perishing of thirst. He started, strengthened, with lines of decision forming about his mouth and chin; and, having bathed and cleanly dressed, went out.

He went out beyond the town to the hut where Scip the boatman lived. Scip was at home. He lived quite alone. His father, his mother and four brothers had died of the plague since June. He started when he saw Hope, and his habitual look of fear deepened to a craven terror; he would rather have had the yellow fever than to have seen the Northern nurse just then. But Zerviah sat down by him on the hot sand, beside a rather ghastly palmetto that grew there, and spoke to him very gently. He said:

“The *Mercy* came in last night, Scip.—I know. And you rowed down for the supplies. You heard something about me on board the *Mercy*. Tell me, Scip.”



"He's a durn fool," said Scip, with a dull show of passion.

"Who is a durn fool?"

"That dem mate."

"So it was the mate? Yes. What did he say, Scip?"

"I never done believe it," urged Scip, with an air of suddenly recollected virtue.

"But you told of it, Scip."

"I never told nobody but Jupiter, the durn fool!" persisted Scip.

"Who is Jupiter?"

"Doctor Remane's Jupiter, him that holds his hoss, that he brung up from the fever. He said he wouldn't tell. I never done believe it, *never!*"

"It seems to me, Scip," said Zerviah, in a low, kind voice, "that I wouldn't have told if I'd been you. But never mind."

"I never done mean to hurt you!" cried Scip, following him into the road. "Jupiter the durn, he said he'd never tell. I never told nobody else."

"You have told the whole town," said Zerviah Hope, patiently. "I'm sorry, but never mind."

He stood for a moment looking across the stark palmetto, over the dusty stretch of road, across the glare, to the town. His eyes blinded and filled.

"It wouldn't have been a great while," he said. "I wish you hadn't, Scip, but never mind!"

He shook the negro gently off, as if he had been a child. There was nothing more to say. He would go back to his work. As he walked along, he suddenly said to himself:

"She did not smile this morning! Nor the lady at the telegraph office, either. Nor—a good many other folks. I remember now. \* \* \* Lord!" he added aloud, thought breaking into one of his half-unconscious prayers, which had the more pathos because it began with the rude abruptness of an apparent oath,—“Lord! what in the name of heaven am I going to do about it?”

Now, as he was coming into the little city, with bowed head and broken face, he met Doctor Dare. She was riding on her rounds upon a patient, Southern tackey, and she was riding fast. But she reined up and confronted him.

"Mr. Hope! There is a hateful rumor brought from New York about you. I am going to tell you immediately. It is said——"

"Wait a minute!" he pleaded, holding out both hands. "Now. Go on."

"It is said that you are an escaped convict," continued the lady, distinctly.

"It is false!" cried the nurse, in a ringing voice.

The doctor regarded him for a moment.

"I may be wrong. Perhaps it was not so bad. I was in a cruel hurry, and so was Doctor Frank. Perhaps they said a discharged convict."

"What else?" asked Zerviah, lifting his eyes to hers.

"They said you were just out of a seven years' imprisonment for manslaughter. They said you killed a man—for jealousy, I believe; something about a woman."

"What else?" repeated the nurse, steadily.

"I told them I *did not believe one word of it!*" cried Marian Dare.

"Thank you, madam," said Zerviah Hope, after a scarcely perceptible pause; "but it is true."

He drew one fierce breath.

"She was beautiful," he said. "I loved her; he ruined her; I stabbed him!"

He had grown painfully pale. He wanted to go on speaking to this woman, not to defend or excuse himself, not to say anything weak or wrong, only to make her understand that he did not want to excuse himself; in some way, just because she *was* a woman, to make her feel that he was man enough to bear the burden of his deed. He wanted to cry out to her, "You are a woman! Oh, be gentle, and understand how sorry a man can be for a deadly sin!" but his lips were parched. He moved them dryly; he could not talk.

She was silent at first. She was a prudent woman; she thought before she spoke.

"Poor fellow!" she said, suddenly. Her clear blue eyes overflowed. She held out her hand, lifted his, wrung it, dropped it, and softly added, "Well, never mind!" much as if he had been a child or a patient,—much as he himself had said, "Never mind!" to Scip.

Then Zerviah Hope broke down.

"I haven't got a murderer's heart!" he cried. "It has been taken away from me. I aint so bad—*now*. I meant to be—I wanted to do——"

"Hush!" she said. "You have, and you shall. God is fair."

"Yes," said the penitent convict, in a dull voice, "God is fair, and so he let 'em tell of me. I've got no fault to find with *Him*. So nigh as I can understand Almighty God, He means well. \* \* \* I guess He'll pull me through some way. \* \* \*

But I wish Scip hadn't told just now. I can't *help* being sorry. It wasn't that I wanted to cheat, but"—he choked—"the sick folks used to like me. Now, do you think I'd ought to go on nursing, Doctor? Do you think I'd ought to stop?"

"You are already an hour late," replied the woman of science, in her usual business-like voice. "Your substitute will be sleepy and restless; that affects the patient. Go back to your work as fast as you can. Ask me no more foolish questions."

She drew her veil; there was unprofessional moisture on her long, feminine lashes. She held out her hearty hand-grasp to him, touched the tackey, and galloped away.

"She is a good woman," said Zerviah, half aloud, looking down at his cold fingers. "She touched me, and she knew! Lord, I should like to have you bless her!"

He looked after her. She sat her horse finely; her gray veil drifted in the hot wind. His sensitive color came. He watched her as if he had known that he should never see her again on earth.

A ruined character may be as callous as a paralyzed limb. A ruined and repentant one is in itself an independent system of sensitive and tortured nerves.

Zerviah Hope returned to his work, shrinking under the foreknowledge of his fate. He felt as if he knew what kind of people would remind him that they had become acquainted with his history, and what ways they would select to do it.

He was not taken by surprise when men who had lifted their hats to the popular nurse last week, passed him on the street to-day with a cold nod or curious stare. When women who had revered the self-sacrifice and gentleness of his life as only women do or can reverence the quality of tenderness in a man, shrank from him as if he were something infectious, like the plague,—he knew it was just, though he felt it hard.

His patients heard of what had happened, sometimes, and indicated a feeling of recoil. That was the worst. One said:

"I am sorry to hear you are not the man we thought you," and died in his arms that night.

Zerviah remembered that these things must be. He reasoned with himself. He went into his attic, and prayed it all over. He said:

"Lord, I can't expect to be treated as if I'd never been in prison. I'm sorry I mind

it so. Perhaps I'd ought not to. I'll try not to care too much."

More than once he was sure of being followed again, suspiciously or curiously. It occurred to him at last that this was most likely to happen on pay-days. That puzzled him. But when he turned, it was usually some idler, and the fellow shrank and took to his heels, as if the nurse had the fever.

In point of fact, even in that death-stricken town, to be alive was to be as able to gossip as well people, and rumor, wearied of the monotonous fever symptom, found a diverting zest in this shattered reputation.

Zerviah Hope was very much talked about in Calhoun; so much, that the Relief Committee heard, questioned, and experienced official anxiety. It seemed a mistake to lose so valuable a man. It seemed a severity to disturb so noble a career. Yet who knew what sinister countenance the murderer might be capable of shielding beneath his mask of pity? The official mind was perplexed. Was it humane to trust the lives of our perishing citizens to the ministrations of a felon who had so skillfully deceived the most intelligent guardians of the public weal? There was, in particular, a chairman of a sub-committee (on the water supply) who was burdened with uneasiness.

"It's clear enough what brought *him* to Calhoun," said this man. "What do you suppose the fellow does with his five dollars a day?"

The Committee on the Water Supply promptly divided into a Sub-Vigilance, and to the Sub-Vigilance Committee Zerviah Hope's case was referred. The result was, that he was followed on pay-day.

One Saturday night, just as the red-hot sun was going down, the sub-committee returned to the Relief Office in a state of high official excitement, and reported to the chief as follows:

"We've done it. We've got him. We've found out what the fellow does with his money. He puts it —"

"Well?" for the sub-committee hesitated.

"Into the relief contribution-boxes on the corners of the street."

"What!"

"Every dollar. We stood and watched him count it out—his week's wages. Every mortal cent that Yankee's turned over to the fund for the sufferers. He never kept back a red. He poured it all in."

"Follow him next week. Report again."

They followed, and reported still again. They consulted, and accepted the astounding truth. The murderer, the convict, the miserable, the mystery, Zerviah Hope,—volunteer nurse, poor, friendless, discharged from Sing Sing, was proved to have surrendered to the public charities of Calhoun, every dollar which he had earned in the service of her sick and dying.

The Committee on the Water Supply, and the Sub-Vigilance Committee stood, much depressed, before their superior officer. He, being a just man, flushed red with a noble rage.

"Where is he? Where is Zerviah Hope? The man should be sent for. He should receive the thanks of the committee. He should receive the acknowledgments of the city. And we've set on him like detectives! hunted him down! Zounds! The city is disgraced. Find him for me!"

"We have already done our best," replied the sub-committee, sadly. "We have searched for the man. He cannot be found."

"Where is the woman-doctor?" persisted the excited chief. "She recommended the fellow. She'd be apt to know. Can't some of you find her?"

At this moment, young Dr. Frank looked haggardly into the Relief Office.

"I am taking her cases," he said. "She is down with the fever."

It was the morning after his last pay-day—Sunday morning, the first in October; a dry, deadly, glittering day. Zerviah had been to his attic to rest and bathe; he had been there some hours since sunrise, in the old place by the window, and watched the red sun kindle, and watched the dead-carts sink away into the color, and kneeled and prayed for frost. Now, being strengthened in mind and spirit, he was descending to his Sabbath's work, when a message met him at the door. The messenger was a negro boy, who thrust a slip of paper into his hand, and, seeming to be seized with superstitious fright, ran rapidly up the street and disappeared.

The message was a triumphal result of the education of the freedmen's evening school, and succinctly said:

"Ive Gut IT. Nobuddy Wunt Nuss me. Norr no Doctor nEther.

"P. S. Joopiter the Durn hee sed he'd kerry This i dont Serpose youd kum. SCIP."

The sun went down that night as red as it had risen. There were no clouds.

There was no wind. There was no frost. The hot dust curdled in the shadow that coiled beneath the stark palmetto. That palmetto always looked like a corpse, though there was life in it yet. Zerviah came to the door of Scip's hovel for air, and looked at the thing. It seemed like something that ought to be buried. There were no other trees. The everglades were miles away. The sand and the scant, starved grass stretched all around. Scip's hut stood quite by itself. No one passed by. Often no one passed for a week, or even more. Zerviah looked from the door of the hut to the little city. The red light lay between him and it, like a great pool. He felt less lonely to see the town, and the smoke now and then from chimneys. He thought how many people loved and cared for one another in the suffering place. He thought how much love and care suffering gave birth to, in human hearts. He began to think a little of his own suffering; then Scip called him, sobbing wretchedly. Scip was very sick. Hope had sent for Dr. Dare. She had not come. Scip was too sick to be left. The nurse found his duty with the negro. Scip was growing worse.

By and by, when the patient could be left for a moment again, Zerviah came to the air once more. He drew in great breaths of the now cooler night. The red pool was gone. All the world was filled with the fatal beauty of the purple colors that he had learned to know so well. The swamps seemed to be asleep, and to exhale in the slow, regular pulsations of sleep. In the town, lamps were lighted. From a hundred windows, fair, fine sparks shone like stars as the nurse looked over. There, a hundred watchers tended their sick or dead, or their healing, dearly loved, and guarded ones. Dying eyes looked their last at eyes that would have died to save them; strengthening hands clasped hands that had girded them with the iron of love's tenderness, through the valley of the shadow, and up the heights of life and light. Over there, in some happy home, tremulous lips that the plague had parted met to-night in their first kiss of thanksgiving.

Zerviah thought of these things. He had never felt so lonely before. It seemed a hard place for a man to die in. Poor Scip!

Zerviah clasped his thin hands and looked up at the purple sky.

"Lord," he said, "it is my duty. I came South to do my duty. Because he told of

me, had I ought to turn against him? It is a lonesome place; he's got it hard, but I'll stand by him. \* \* \* Lord!"—his worn face became suddenly suffused, and flashed, transfigured, as he lifted it—"Lord God Almighty! You stood by me! I couldn't have been a pleasant fellow to look after. You stood by *me* in my scrape! I hadn't treated *You* any too well. \* \* \* You needn't be afraid I'll leave the creetur."

He went back into the hut. Scip called, and he hurried in. The nurse and the plague, like two living combatants, met in the miserable place and battled for the negro.

The white Southern stars blazed out. How clean they looked! Zerviah could see them through the window, where the wooden shutter had flapped back. They looked well and wholesome—holly, he thought. He remembered to have heard some one say, at a Sunday meeting he happened into once, years ago, that the word holiness meant health. He wondered what it would be like, to be holy. He wondered what kinds of people would be holy people, say, after a man was dead. Women, he thought,—good women, and honest men who had never done a deadly deed.

He occupied his thoughts in this way. He looked often from the cold stars to the warm lights throbbing in the town. They were both company to him. He began to feel less alone. There was a special service called somewhere in the city that night, to read the prayers for the sick and dying. The wind rose feebly, and bore the sound of the church-bells to the hut. There was a great deal of company, too, in the bells. He remembered that it was Sunday night.

It was Monday, but no one came. It was Tuesday, but the nurse and the plague still battled alone together over the negro. Zerviah's stock of remedies was as ample as his skill. He had thought he should save Scip. He worked without sleep, and the food was not clean. He lavished himself like a lover over this black boatman; he leaned like a mother over this man who had betrayed him.

But on Tuesday night, a little before midnight, Scip rose, struggling on his wretched bed, and held up his hands and cried out:

"Mr. Hope! Mr. Hope! I never done mean to harm ye!"

"You have not harmed me," said Zerviah, solemnly. "Nobody ever harmed me but myself. Don't mind me, Scip."

Scip put up his feeble hand; Zerviah took it; Scip spoke no more. The nurse held the negro's hand a long time; the lamp went out; they sat on in the dark. Through the flapping wooden shutter the stars looked in.

Suddenly, Zerviah perceived that Scip's hand was quite cold.

He carried him out by starlight, and buried him under the palmetto. It was hard work digging alone. He could not make a very deep grave, and he had no coffin. When the earth was stamped down, he felt extremely weary and weak. He fell down beside his shovel and pick to rest, and lay there in the night till he felt stronger. It was damp and dark. Shadows like clouds hung over the distant outline of the swamp.

The Sunday bells in the town had ceased. There were no sounds but the cries of a few lonely birds and wild creatures of the night, whose names he did not know. This little fact added to his sense of solitude.

He thought at first he would get up and walk back to the city in the dark. An intense and passionate longing seized him to be among living men. He took a few steps down the road. The unwholesome dust blew up through the dark against his face. He found himself so tired that he concluded to go back to the hut. He would sleep, and start in the morning with the break of the dawn. He should be glad to see the faces of his kind again, even though the stir of welcome and the light of trust were gone out of them for him. They lived, they breathed, they spoke. He was tired of death and solitude.

He groped back into the hut. The oil was low, and he could not relight the lamp. He threw himself in the dark upon his bed.

He slept until late in the morning, heavily. When he waked, the birds were shrill in the hot air, and the sun glared in.

"I will go now," he said, aloud. "I am glad I can go," and crept to his feet.

He took two steps—staggered—and fell back. He lay for some moments, stricken more with astonishment than alarm. His first words were:

"Lord God! After all—after all I've gone through—Lord God Almighty, if You'll believe it—I've *got it!*"

This was on Wednesday morning. Night fell, but no one came. Thursday—but outside the hut no step stirred the parched, white dust. Friday—Saturday—no voice but his own moaning broke upon the sick man's straining ear.

His professional experience gave him an excruciating foresight of his symptoms, and their result presented itself to him with horrible distinctness. As one by one he passed through the familiar conditions whose phases he had watched in other men a hundred times, he would have given his life for a temporary ignorance. His trained imagination had little mercy on him. He weighed his chances, and watched his fate with the sad exactness of knowledge.

As the days passed, and no one came to him, he was aware of not being able to reason with himself clearly about his solitude. Growing weak, he remembered the averted faces of the people for whom he had labored, and whom he had loved. In the stress of his pain their estranged eyes gazed at him. He felt that he was deserted because he was distrusted. Patient as he was, this seemed hard.

"They did not care enough for me to miss me," he said, aloud, gently. "I suppose I was not worth it. I had been in prison. I was a wicked man. I must not blame them."

And again:

"They would have come if they had known. They would not have let me *die* alone. I don't think *she* would have done that. I wonder where she is? Nobody has missed me—that is all. I must not mind."

Growing weaker, he thought less and prayed more. He prayed, at last, almost all his time. When he did not pray, he slept. When he could not sleep, he prayed. He addressed God with that sublime familiarity of his, which fell from his lips with no more irreverence than the kiss of a child falling upon its mother's hand or neck.

The murderer, the felon, the outcast, talked with the Almighty Holiness, as a man talketh with his friends. The deserted, distrusted, dying creature believed himself to be trusted by the Being who had bestowed on him the awful gift of life.

"Lord," he said, softly, "I guess I can bear it. I'd like to see somebody—but I'll make out to get along. \* \* \* Lord! I'm pretty weak. I know all about these spasms. You get delirious next thing, you know. Then you either get better or you never do. It'll be decided by Sunday night. Lord! Dear Lord!" he added, with a tender pause, "don't *You* forget me! I hope *You'll* miss me enough to hunt me up."

It grew dark early on Saturday night. The sun sank under a thin, deceptive web of cloud. The shadow beneath the palmetto grew long over Scip's fresh grave. The

stars were dim and few. The wind rose, and the lights in the city, where watchers wept their sick, trembled on the frail breeze, and seemed to be multiplied, like objects seen through tears.

Through the wooden shutter, Zerviah could see the lights, and the lonely palmetto, and the grave. He could see those few cold stars.

He thought, while his thoughts remained his own, most tenderly and longingly of those for whom he had given his life. He remembered how many keen cares of their own they had to carry, how many ghastly deeds and sights to do and bear. It was not strange that he should not be missed. Who was he?—a disgraced, unfamiliar man, among their kin and neighborhood. Why should they think of him? he said.

Yet he was glad that he could remember them. He wished his living or his dying could help them any. Things that his patients had said to him, looks that healing eyes had turned on him, little signs of human love and leaning, came back to him as he lay there, and stood around his bed, like people, in the dark hut.

"*They loved me*," he said; "Lord, as true as I'm alive, they did! I'm glad I lived long enough to save life, *to save life*! I'm much obliged to You for that! I wish there was something else I could do for them. \* \* \* Lord! I'd be willing to die if it would help them any. If I thought I could do anything that way, toward sending them a frost—"

"No," he added, "that aint reasonable. A frost and a human life aint convertible coin. He don't do unreasonable things. May be I've lost my head already. But I'd be glad to. That's all. I suppose I can *ask* You for a frost. *That's* reason."

"Lord God of earth and heaven! that made the South and North, the pestilence and destruction, the sick and well, the living and the dead, have mercy on us miserable sinners! Have mercy on the folks that pray to You, and on the folks that don't! Remember the old graves, and the new ones, and the graves that are to be opened if this hellish heat goes on, and send us a blessed frost, O Lord, *as an act of humanity*! And if that aint the way to speak to You, remember I haven't been a praying man long enough to learn the language very well,—and that I'm pretty sick,—but that I would be glad to die—to give them—a great, white, holy frost. Lord, a frost! Lord, a cool, white, clean frost, for these poor devils that have borne so much!"

At midnight of that Saturday he dozed



and dreamed. He dreamed of what he had thought while Scip was sick: of what it was like, to be holy; and, sadly waking, thought of holy people—good women and honest men, who had never done a deadly deed.

"I cannot be holy," thought Zerviah Hope; "but I can pray for frost." So he tried to pray for frost. But by that time he had grown confused, and his will wandered pitifully, and he saw strange sights in the little hut. It was as if he were not alone. Yet no one had come in. *She* could not come at midnight. Strange—how strange! Who was that who walked about the hut? Who stood and looked at him? Who leaned to him? Who brooded over him? Who put arms beneath him? Who looked at him, as those look who love the sick too much to shrink from them?

"I don't know You," said Zerviah, in a distinct voice. Presently he smiled. "Yes, I guess I do. I see now. I'm not used to You. I never saw You before. You are Him I've heered about—God's Son! God's Son, You've taken a great deal of trouble to come here after me. Nobody else came. You're the only one that has remembered me. You're very good to me.

"\* \* \* Yes, I remember. They made a prisoner of You. Why, yes! They deserted You. They let You die by Yourself. What did You do it for? I don't know much about theology. I am not an educated man. I never prayed till I come South. \* \* \* I forget — *What did You do it for?*"

A profound and solemn silence replied.

"Well," said the sick man, breaking it in a satisfied tone, as if he had been answered, "I wasn't worth it \* \* \* but I'm glad You came. I wish they had a frost, poor things! You wont go away? Well, I'm glad. Poor things! Poor things! I'll take Your hand, if You've no objections."

After a little time, he added, in a tone of unutterable tenderness and content:

"*Dear Lord!*" and said no more.

It was a quiet night. The stars rode on as if there were no task but the tasks of stars in all the universe, and no sorrow keener than their sorrow, and no care other than their motion and their shining. The web of cloud floated like exhaling breath between them and the earth. It grew cooler before the dawn. The leaves of the palmetto over Scip's grave seemed to uncurl, and grow lax, and soften. The dust still flew heavily, but the wind rose.

The Sunday-bells rang peacefully. The

sick heard them, and the convalescent and the well. The dying listened to them before they left. On the faces of the dead, too, there came the look of those who hear.

The bells tolled, too, that Sunday. They tolled almost all the afternoon. The young Northerner, Dr. Remane, was gone,—a reticent, brave young man,—and the heroic telegraph operator. Saturday night they buried her. Sunday, "Bobby" took her place at the wires, and spelled out, with shaking fingers, the cries of Calhoun to the wide, well world.

By sunset, all the bells had done ringing and done tolling. There was a clear sky, with cool colors. It seemed almost cold about Scip's hut. The palmetto lifted its faint head. The dust slept. It was not yet dark when a little party from the city rode up, searching for the dreary place. They had ridden fast. Dr. Frank was with them, and the lady, Marian Dare. She rode at their head. She hurried nervously on. She was pale, and still weak. The chairman of the Relief Committee was with her, and the sub-committee and others.

Dr. Dare pushed on through the swinging door of the hut. She entered alone. They saw the backward motion of her gray-sleeved wrist, and came no farther, but removed their hats and stood. She knelt beside the bed, and put her hand upon his eyes. God is good, after all. Let us hope that they knew her before they closed.

She came out, and tried to tell about it, but broke down, and sobbed before them all.

"It is a martyr's death," said the chief; and added solemnly, "Let us pray."

He knelt, and the others with him, between the buried negro and the unburied nurse, and thanked God for the knowledge and the recollection of the holy life which this man had lived among them in their hour of need.

They buried him, as they must, and hurried homeward to their living, comforting one another for his memory as they could.

As for him, he rested, after her hand had fallen on his eyes. He who had known so deeply the starvation of sleeplessness, slept well that night.

In the morning, when they all woke, these of the sorrowing city here, and those of the happy city yonder; when they took up life again with its returning sunrise,—the sick and the well, the free and the fettered, the living and the dead,—the frost lay, cool, white, blessed, on his grave.

## THE LOST HELLAS.

O FOR a breath of myrtle and of bay,  
 And glints of sunny skies through dark leaves flashing,  
 And dimpling seas beneath a golden day,  
 Against the strand with soft susurrus plashing!  
 And fair nude youths, with shouts and laughter dashing  
 Along the shining beach in martial play!  
 And rearing 'gainst the sky their snowy portals,  
 The temples of the glorious Immortals!

Thus oft thou risest, Hellas, from my soul—  
 A vision of the happy vernal ages,  
 When men first strove to read life's mystic scroll,  
 But with the torch of joy lit up its pages;  
 When with untroubled front the cheerful sages  
 Serenely wandered toward their shadowy goal,  
 And praised the gods in dance of stately measure,  
 And stooped to pluck the harmless bud of pleasure.

Out of the darkness of the primal night,  
 Like as a dewy Delos from the ocean,  
 Thy glory rose—a birthplace for the bright  
 Sun-god of thought. And freedom, high devotion,  
 And song, sprung from the fount of pure emotion,  
 Bloomed in the footsteps of the God of light.  
 And Night shrank back before the joyous pæan,  
 And flushed with morning rolled the blue Ægean.

Then on Olympus reigned a beauteous throng:  
 The heavens' wide arch by wrathful Zeus was shaken;  
 Fair Phoebus sped his radiant path along,  
 The darkling earth from happy sleep to waken;  
 And wept when by the timorous nymph forsaken,  
 His passion breathing in complaining song;  
 And kindled in the bard the sacred fire,  
 And lured sweet music from the silent lyre.

Then teemed the earth with creatures glad and fair;  
 A calm, benignant god dwelt in each river,  
 And through the rippling stream a naiad's bare  
 White limbs would upward faintly flash and quiver;  
 Through prisoning bark the dryad's sigh would shiver,  
 Expiring softly on the languorous air;  
 And strange low notes, that scarce the blunt sense seizes,  
 Were zephyr voices whispering in the breezes.

Chaste Artemis, who guides the lunar car,  
 The pale nocturnal vigils ever keeping,  
 Sped through the silent space from star to star;  
 And, blushing, stooped to kiss Endymion sleeping.  
 And Psyche, on the lonely mountain weeping,  
 Was clasped to Eros' heart and wandered far  
 To brave dread Cerberus and the Stygian water,  
 With that sweet, dauntless trust her love had taught her.

On Nature's ample, warmly throbbing breast,  
 Both God and man and beast reposed securely;

And in one large embrace she closely pressed  
The sum of being, myriad-shaped but surely  
The self-same life; she saw the soul rise purely  
Forever upward in its groping quest  
For nobler forms; and knew in all creation  
The same divinely passionate pulsation.

Thus rose the legends fair, which faintly light  
The misty centuries with their pallid glimmer,  
Of fauns who roam on Mount Cithairon's height,  
Where through the leaves their sunburnt faces shimmer;  
And in cool copses, where the day is dimmer,  
You hear the trampling of their herded flight;  
And see the tree-tops wave their progress after,  
And hear their shouts of wild, immortal laughter.

The vast and foaming life, the fierce desire  
Which pulses hotly through the veins of Nature—  
Creative rapture and the breath of fire  
Which in exalting blight and slay the creature;  
The forces seething 'neath each placid feature  
Of Nature's visage which our awe inspire—  
All glow and throb with fervid hope and gladness  
In Dionysus and his sacred madness.

Each year the lovely god with vine-wreathed brow  
In dreamy transport roves the young earth over;  
The faun that gayly swings the thyrsus bough,  
The nymph chased hotly by her satyr lover,  
The roguish Cupids 'mid the flowers that hover,—  
All join his clamorous train, and upward now  
Sweep storms of voices through the heavens sonorous  
With gusts of song and dithyrambic chorus.

But where great Nature guards her secret soul,  
Where viewless fountains hum in sylvan closes,  
There, leaned against a rugged oak-tree's bole,  
Amid the rustling sedges, Pan reposes.  
And round about the slumberous sunshine dozes,  
While from his pastoral pipe rise sounds of dole;  
And through the stillness in the forest reigning,  
One hears afar the shrill, sad notes complaining.

Thus, in the olden time, while yet the world  
A vale of joy was, and a lovely wonder,  
Men plucked the bud within its calyx curled,  
Revered the still, sweet life that slept thereunder;  
They did not tear the delicate thing asunder  
To see its beauty wantonly unfurled,—  
They sat at Nature's feet with awed emotion,  
Like children listening to the mighty ocean.

And thus they nobly grew to perfect bloom,  
With gaze unclouded, in serene endeavor.  
No fever-vision from beyond the tomb  
Broke o'er their bright and sunlit pathway ever.  
For gently as a kiss came Death to sever  
From spirit flesh, and to the realm of gloom  
The pallid shades with fearless brow descended  
To Hades, by the winged god attended.

T  
few  
taken  
It is  
table  
but n  
To  
and n  
It is  
be b  
is wo  
posed  
great  
Int  
an ey  
advan  
for th  
table  
do n  
mater  
nises.  
charac  
look f  
playe  
ences.  
succes

Why sorrow, then,—with vain petitions seek  
 The lofty gods in their abodes eternal?  
 To live is pleasant, and to be a Greek:  
 To see the earth in garments fresh and vernal;  
 To watch the fair youths in their sports diurnal,  
 To feel against your own a maid's warm cheek,  
 To see from sculptured shrines the smoke ascending,  
 And with the clouds and ether vaguely blending.

And sweet it is to hear the noble tongue,  
 Pure Attic Greek with soft precision spoken!  
 And ah! to hear its liquid music flung,  
 In rocking chords and melodies unbroken,  
 From Homer's stormy harp—the deathless token  
 That Hellas' Titan soul is strong and young—  
 Young as the spring that's past, whose name assuages  
 The gloom and sorrow of the sunless ages.

Her fanes are shattered and her bards are dead,  
 But, like a flame from ruins, leaps her glory  
 Up from her sacred dust, its rays to shed  
 On alien skies of art and song and story.  
 Her spirit, rising from her temples hoary,  
 Through barren climes dispersed, has northward fled;  
 As, though the flower be dead, its breath may hover,  
 A homeless fragrance sweet, the meadows over.

#### A CHAPTER ON TABLEAUX.

TABLEAUX—all have seen them, and very few have seen them good. Many have taken part in them, but few intelligently. It is very difficult to give a receipt for tableaux as if one gave it for a pudding, but many suggestions may be made.

To begin with, it is suggested that art and not personal display be the first object. It is not even necessary that people shall be beautiful to look so in a tableau, for it is wonderful how beautiful nature, properly posed and lighted,—in fact, seen under the greatest advantages,—always is.

Intelligence, energy, gauze and lights, an eye quick to see types and use them advantageously,—these are the materials for the stage manager who has undertaken tableaux. They need not be expensive; they do not demand real jewels or much rich material, or a troupe of Venuses and Adonises. In choosing a person to assume a character in your picture, ignore age, and look for type. Mademoiselle Mars, at fifty, played the "Ingénue" to delighted audiences. Some of Peg Woffington's greatest successes in youth were in elderly parts.

Your work is a work of fiction, of representation, of suggestion. I have seen a beautiful girl of an English type in the part of Miriam, dancing, with her timbrel held aloft with plump, white arms. I have seen an aristocratic Marguerite in white satin, and a Rebecca with an Anglo-Saxon profile, chosen for her black hair. I have seen a young, blooming woman, decidedly inclined to *embonpoint*, take the part of Psyche, chosen for her pretty face! There were women of forty in the audience who could have looked the part better, with the aid of a little paint or powder, and a good deal of gauze between them and the audience.

There are faces that are capable of taking on more than one type—that is, of bringing into relief, by one arrangement or another of hair, or costume, or light, one of the several types that they are composed of. Some actors have had such faces, and we find them among our acquaintance sometimes—in slight degree what was true in great degree of the face of Shakspeare, as we found by studying what there is reason to

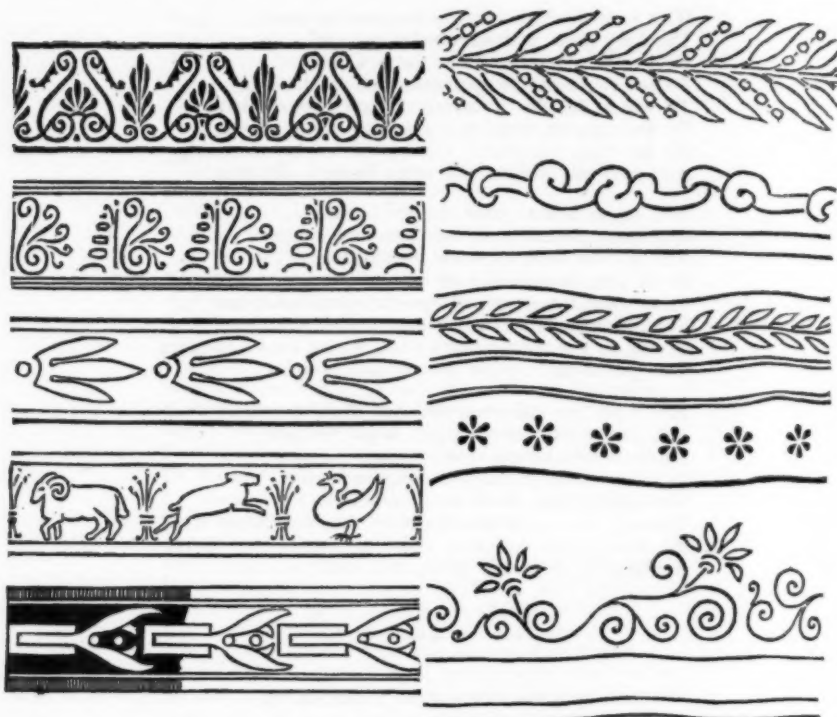


FIG. 1.—SUGGESTIONS FOR GREEK BORDERS.

Work solidly with silk or gold thread, or lay on with braid or outline in chain-stitch.

believe is his death mask.\* In one view it was French, in another German, in another Greek; there were even African traits.

One is often deceived by color. Some very dark people have less relation in type of form to the Eastern and Southern races than some fair people, and color is a more manageable quality than form in tableaux, though what may be done to apparently change form, you may see by experiments with a candle on a bust of plaster or marble. You may shorten the nose by so casting the light as to throw the lower cartilage into shadow; you may seem to double the size of the eyes by judicious shadows; a touch of paint beneath the nose may lengthen it by throwing the cartilage into relief. All this is mere truism to the artist, but there are many clever people not artists who never thought of these little things. A dress of black unrelieved will make some faces appear

very thin, while the same face in a white dress, on account of the reflected lights, which eat up the shadows, will appear plump.

It is to be observed, also, that there is great difference in the modeling and finish of different faces of the same type. Some are "carried much further," as the painters say, than others. We see often, among races where there has been ease and cultivation for generations, ugly types refined upon almost to the point of making them beautiful, while frequently among peasants we see very beautiful types, as among the Irish and the Italian (probably the two handsomest races in the world), where there is no subtlety of modeling, and close analysis makes the face uninteresting. To give fullest effect to a face where the type is fine and the finish imperfect, the strong colors should be used—black, dark red and blue colors, that absorb and do not reflect light; while to give the greatest effect to faces where the finish is finer than the type, the pale tones (provided the tint of skin can

\* See SCRIBNER for July, 1874, and September, 1875.

be  
fle  
of  
qu  
fee  
it  
sho  
by  
by-  
Th  
enc  
acr  
laic  
nai  
its  
tha  
like  
tion  
ther  
form  
clot  
wid  
Let  
thic  
upo  
cast  
It w  
or e  
not  
stret  
grea  
may  
whic  
woo  
tack  
the  
cast  
the  
geth  
form  
grou  
thick  
geth  
angle  
at a  
more  
grad  
attai  
for t  
while  
quite  
more  
\* W  
we m  
Some  
blues  
mean  
so on.



bear them)—the glint of satin, the soft reflection of transparent white, the surrounding of lace—give the face the very opposite quality of severe line.\*

The stage should be not less than fifteen feet in depth (with as much space behind it as possible) and ten feet in width. It should be laid with planks or "joists," three by ten inches. Ask any carpenter for three-by-ten joists, and he will easily supply you. They should be laid on the narrow side, and endwise to the audience, and a plank nailed across the front to keep them firm, and a plank laid flat on the top at the other end, and nailed. Now on this lay another plank on its narrow side across the whole, and upon that lay planks that shall form your stage like an inclined plane, with ten inches elevation. To represent banks or other elevation, there must be movable benches or platforms. Have a post like those used for clothes-lines, set on a stand not necessarily wider than two feet, and placed on castors. Let some plain frames of pine, two inches thick, and as large as the stage, be hinged upon this post. Let each frame have a castor on the end furthest from the post. It would be well to have as many as six, or even eight or ten, of these frames, and not fewer than four. Upon these you may stretch the gauze for backgrounds. For greater care in changing the gauze, you may have holes made in the frame, through which the gauze may be thrust with a wooden pin like an easel-pin, or "thumb-tacks" can be used. A light placed upon the top of the post, with a reflector, will cast rays in a very effective way through the gauze. All the frames shut tightly together, and, running across the stage, will form a solid, dark, yet atmospheric background, different from that composed of thicker material; while two of them together crossing the stage, the third at an angle, like a half-open door, the fourth at an acuter angle, the fifth at one still more acute, etc., will give an exquisite grading of color hardly to be otherwise attained. A large barn is more favorable for tableaux than the usual country parlor, while in the city there are many parlors quite adequate, especially where two or more rooms are connected by folding doors;

a whole room may be taken for the stage, and the audience seated in the adjoining one. Each row of seats should be three inches higher than the one before it. The usual difficulty at private performances is that only those who sit in front see anything at all.

Imagine that your stage is in a room, connecting with the room that serves as auditorium by folding doors. Let the entire space of the folding doors be stretched with black gauze, and your foot and top lights placed behind the gauze to avoid the sheen cast by lights placed before it. In this way, the gauze becomes only an atmosphere. If the gauze be tulle, it should be at least double; if it be tarlatan, perhaps one thickness would suffice. For some effects it may be good to have the gauze as thick as large-meshed grenadine, but not for all. Upon this black gauze, more than upon what is put behind it, depends the atmospheric effect of the pictures. This is to be taken for granted with each tableau; we need not mention it again. It is to be used in all cases. It is no more to be dispensed with than the stage.

The stage must of course be raised above the audience; a good deal above them is better for tableaux. One prefers a picture hung on the wall on the "eye line," as we say, rather than set on the floor.

First, then, the black gauze; secondly, the raised stage; thirdly, and this is very im-

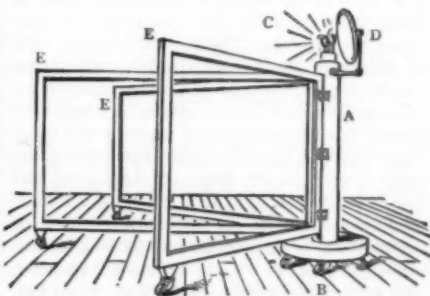


FIG. 2.—SCREENS FOR THE STAGE.

A, post; B, stand; C, lamp; D, reflector; E, E, E, gauze-covered screens.

portant, a frame to include the picture. Since all the tableaux cannot be of the same size, more than one frame is needed. Some might be hired; a simple one, of molding by the foot, can be made with very little expense. The frame should be surrounded with baize or cambric, or cloth of a subdued tone of red or green (see Fig. 3, B). If you must use the folding doors as curtains,

\* When we speak of color in relation to tableaux, we mean, of course, as it may appear by gas-light. Some purples are brown, some pinks yellow, some blues green by gas-light; and when we say blue, we mean a color that appears blue by gas-light, and so on.

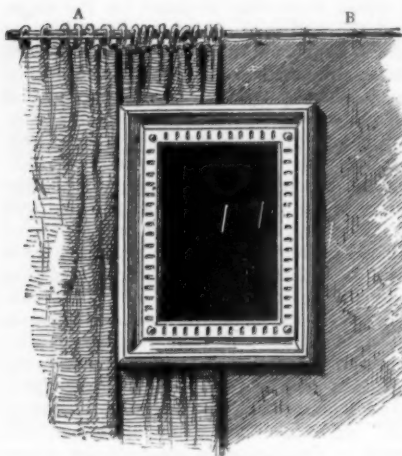


FIG. 3.—CURTAIN AND FRAME.

A, cloth fluted and hung with rings on a rod; B, cloth hanging straight about frame.

then in each frame the black gauze must be stretched. You may arrange the surrounding red or green as curtains easily adjustable to the size of the frame, either on rollers, or if with wings (as in Fig. 3, A), then from a firm rod it may be drawn in flutes and give a very good effect.

In any case, since the curtain cannot drop behind your frame, but only above and below and at the sides, it would be best to form the curtain of four parts—one to fall upon the right-hand side of the frame; one to fall upon the left-hand side; a third one above the frame, with the sides covered by the right and left hand curtain; a fourth one below the frame, running upon a rod with rings like the upper curtain, but having the rod covered by the edge of the frame, and the sides by the right and left hand curtains.

There must be in the folding door, or whatever acts as proscenium, foot-lights and top-lights, either of gas or lamps, and not too strong, but adjustable so that they modify without interfering with the lights cast from the sides upon the pictures; but, as we have said before, the lights must be behind the black gauze—never before it, as that gives a glaze upon the surface. We give a few illustrations, that we present less as effective pictures than as suggestions, for often we have sacrificed the more subdued effects that we should recommend in the tableaux—the mystery of shadow, etc.—to clearness of drawing, which shall leave no pose nor arrangement ambiguous.

It must be remembered that often a very small part of satin or velvet will suffice to represent a whole dress, when but a small portion is to be seen.

If flowers are needed, arrange them in pots beneath the carpet in the hollow platform, and let them come up through a slit in the carpet.

The parabolic reflector is such as is used by every locomotive, to cast a light before it at night; the light is concentrated brilliantly upon one point. The hemispherical reflector is a section of a globe, though it may be of so large a globe as to appear almost flat. This reflector, of tin or quicksilver, can be easily procured at any gas-fitter's. It casts a diffused light—more or less diffused according to the distance or closeness of the flame to the reflector.

If the light is made to fall upon the tableau through colored glass, the effect of a softening glaze is produced. But only one kind of glass can be safely used—"rolled cathedral." A small piece suffices. The ordinary "pot-metal glass" is only superficially colored, and casts spots of color instead of a glow.

To give the effect of sky, hang a gauze curtain on rings from a string or rod, letting it hang full, and reaching only half way down toward the stage, and six feet behind the gauze screen described above; a few feet behind the first curtain another of the same

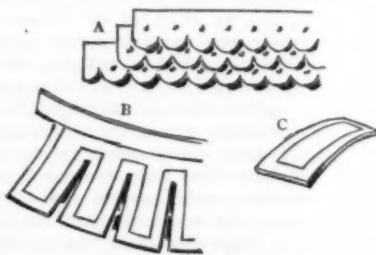


FIG. 4.—SILVER PAPER ARMOR.

A, armor made of silver paper stiffened with thin pasteboard cut in scallops and sewed upon a woven undershirt; B, belt of pasteboard covered with silver paper; C, a shoulder-strap of armor made of silver paper on pasteboard.

gauze, but half the depth of the first. The light must shine through without any flame being visible.

Once let the lights, the stage, the gauze be all that is to be desired, and the main difficulty is over. The intelligent stage manager sees a thousand possibilities in the silent actors of his troupe. One caution let me speak in time: do not be deceived

by prettiness. Many a pretty person is quite ineffective in a tableau, and many a one that you have called plain may make a charming picture. Grace will go further than any other quality to suggest beauty, proportion will go further than detail, the type of form further than color, which in some degree you will be able to supply. Keep always in mind that your work is a matter of art. You will not find even your actors ready made; you must bring art to the assistance and explanation of nature. We all know that, setting aside grace, nothing in every-day life will make a woman appear so beautiful as a fine complexion. Across the room it blooms like a flower; but many a handsome woman is hidden beneath an ugly complexion. Do not let beauty escape you for an accident like this. Powder and paint, so hideous in real life, may, used with discretion and softened by



FIG. 5.—FLORENTINE FASHION OF HAIR.

Hair *crêpé* if it does not curl naturally. Fillet about hair to fall loose over bow at side of face, hair flowing down over shoulders.

gauze, give value to a fine form of feature. But use them cautiously. In many cases a skin of fine, even tone, though it be thick like the beautiful skin the French call *matte*, is more brilliant by night than the transparent, roseate, thin complexions, and always those complexions inclining to the yellow tone are more effective by gas-light than any other.

It should also be remembered that size is a very relative matter. To represent height or weight, let judicious contrasts serve you. We have seen a woman less than five feet in height so perfectly proportioned that she did not look small till she stood by other women, but, by the queenly carriage of her head, seemed tall. Isolated in a frame, dressed with ruffs and jewels, she might well have passed for a stately, commanding personage.

The Greeks sometimes exaggerated the



FIG. 6.—GREEK FASHION OF HAIR.

A, Greek fashion with broad fillet and curls. Bind only upper portion of hair as in B, and then dress in curls. Bring up lower portion and twist, fastening it invisibly with hair-pins.

smallness of their statues' heads to give grace and elegance, particularly to the women; but to give force and dignity, the head should not be very small. Jupiter should have a large head, Mercury a small one. One-eighth the length of the entire body is the perfect proportion for the head. The most famous Greek statues measure thus, but some of their small studies and some statues measure even ten heads. This is always and only used where grace, lightness, and elegance are of paramount importance.

People look taller on the stage than in a room, partly because they are seen on a



FIG. 7.—GREEK FASHION OF HAIR.

A, a Greek fashion of hair dressed on top of head with bow and curls. B, profile view of same. Bind as in C, with ribbon in one mass at top of head. Divide in two parts (D and E). Ribbon F. Make bow of upper lock E. Subdivide lower lock D and curl, bringing curls forward and in middle of bow, as in A and B.

higher level and appear larger as figures do seen against the sky, on the brow of a hill, or on a house-top. But in bulk they seem less, because of the sharper lights and shadows. Thus a slender leg, very handsome in reality, may appear thin, while one a trifle too heavy may seem gracefully slender. A black silk stocking on the stage should be worn over a white one, as next to the skin it makes the leg appear very small. An exaggeration in fact is more effective than over-refinement, unless an excessive spirituality is the effect aimed at. Jewels on the stage should be larger than would be worn in real life. For this reason, paste

jewels are often more telling on the stage than jewels of the finest quality.

I will first describe two tableaux for which a frame six feet by four can be used—"Undine" and "Ophelia at the Brook." For the Ophelia we present an illustration. For both of these, especially for the first, to give an unreal, misty effect, a double thickness of black gauze should be used. Place a mirror at an inclination which you can determine by experiment. Cover it with one thickness of black gauze, surround it with water-plants, vines, ivy,—anything to make it appear a natural piece of water; let there be tall flowers at the back, like lilies and iris, and low trees of picturesque form to represent bushes. These you can get of any florist, in pots, and the pots can easily be hidden behind the mirror in the hollow platform. A bough of pine nearer the foreground can be easily introduced by nailing it to a screen. The background should be gauze of a subdued green, and lilies on the surface of the mirror, pinned to the black gauze stretched upon it, will cast soft reflections. Have real flowers if in season, artificial ones if not.

The Undine should be slender and fair; her dress of diaphanous white; her hair long and wet, and dripping. From her hands drops of water falling may be represented by drops of crystal strung upon a hair or fine silk thread. Let a mild, suffused light shine dimly through the background, and let the cast light be placed at the left front corner of the picture, with a hemispherical reflector, and shining through a green glass. The reflection of the Undine in the mirror seems to make a movement with her own body like a fountain.

For the Ophelia, it would be well to alter the character of the surroundings a little to give it a wilder expression. Notice very carefully the direction of lines in the drawing, the gauzy-white drapery of the over-skirt pulled to the right out of the picture

as if it had caught on a briar. Let the hair of the Ophelia be very dark, and her face very pale, and her figure tall, slender, graceful; her eyes must look at nothing, and the action of her hand seem automatic as she drops the flower at which she does not look. Here a hair or invisible silk must be used to hold the flower; fasten the hair or silk to the root of the middle finger, that the action of the finger-tips may be unencumbered. For this character you must choose a woman with some dramatic talent.

Let there be no color in the picture but a dull green, and perhaps a little purple among the flowers; let the rest be white, and let the light in the background be extremely faint, and the cast light at the right-hand upper corner in front be very brilliant, and cast directly upon the upper portion of Ophelia's face and body, and let a parabolic reflector be used and no glass, but the light pure and simple.

"Memory" rests her hand upon a sun-dial and gazes in the mirror of imagination. The tone of this picture should be pale green and gold. The background of yellowish green gauze softly lighted with a diffused light on the right-hand corner; the branches of an orange tree, introduced as nearly as possible in the composition given in the drawing. The column of the sun-dial a yellowish tone like weather-stained marble; the hand of the sun-dial gilded. Let the hair of the woman be golden or golden brown, and the fillets in the hair green or gold, and the dress of very pale green *crêpe*, with a border of green and gold, and the glass in her hand set in ivory or in gold. Cast the light from the upper left-hand corner at the front, use the hemispherical reflector, and let the light shine through a green glass.

A frame about four feet six inches square—varying a little with the size of the actor—will be large enough for the next two pictures. The first is a "Monk in his Cell" by



FIG. 8.—VARIOUS KINDS OF SANDALS.



OPHELIA AT THE BROOK.

moonlight, meditating upon a skull. The window used in this should be a latticed frame containing no glass, and there should be neither top nor foot lights used here. Every light should be extinguished but one to the right of the picture, which shines through the window; a parabolic reflector should be used, the rays cast directly upon the white-hued cowl of the monk, and making a shadow on the wall. The light must shine through glass of a cold shade of green "cathedral rolled." The wall of the cell can be perfectly represented by a screen papered with that coarse, heavy, gray paper, rough in surface, used sometimes without wadding beneath carpets,—a very thick paper, very cheap, and of a stone-gray. The actor can easily find at a wig-shop a wig to represent a shaven head with the monkish fringe of hair; the dress can be made of black and

white flannel or serge; the table of unpainted pine, made at any carpenter's, oiled down into a dull tone or made of weather-stained plank; there should be a rough seat of the same. A skull can be procured at any medical college, or of almost any physician. This is one of the simplest of all the tableaux, and one of the most effective, if the light be well arranged and the air of mystery be given to the shadows. In the drawing, we have made the effect a little lighter than desirable, in order to make the pose and general mechanism clearly defined.

A charming contrast to this somber picture is "Pandora" opening the box the gods confided to her care. The woman chosen to take this part should be capable of looking very young, and should be of a youthful type, small features, delicate round arms, and a slender figure. Let the hair





MEMORY.

be, or be made, golden, with a flush of excitement on the cheek. The dress should be of *crêpe*, cream-colored, a ribbon of the same color used for the fillets of the hair; the sandals and sandal-thongs of gold. Let the floor be gray or dun color, the curtain amber, the plain curtain nearest the front of a brighter, richer tone of the same. The screen set back of the curtain should represent distance, not a wall, and therefore should be of gauze, dark amber or rich brown, and very faintly lighted, not to give light, but only transparency. You will be a little limited, probably, in the choice of a box. If you have no very handsome carved one, an ordinary wooden box, lined with yellow, and covered at the end toward the audience by some bass-relief, easily got at any plasterer's, of a classic design, and gilded with Bessemer's

gold paint—a border manufactured in the same way—would make the effect very handsome. Let this tableau be lighted from a point not yet tried with the others, viz.: the front at the top, slightly to the right; use the hemispherical reflector, and cast the light through a rose-colored glass.

"A Nun at her Devotions" is one of the simplest of all. It hardly needs description. A background of dark brown gauze, very faintly lighted at the upper right-hand corner; a dress of black serge or stuff, with black veil and white coif; a crucifix and rosary,—these are the very simple materials needed. Let the light fall from the left-hand upper corner in front, and use the parabolic reflector. Choose your nun for the beauty of her eyes, the regularity and refinement of feature, and the elegance of her hands.

This tableau was performed many years ago, in a series of tableaux managed by an artist of great reputation. The young girl who took the part of the nun was very beautiful, and the audience were so enthusiastic that they would not allow the curtain to be dropped. The light shining full in the upturned eyes of the maiden for so prolonged a period made the tears gather, and a great, shining drop, catching the light, rolled down her cheek, while the bright tears glistened, brimming over the lower lids. The effect was electrical. The tableau was encored and encored, and long-continued applause followed its last appearance.

A frame, approximately twenty-nine by thirty-four inches, should include this picture, and also the following one.

This is called "The Maskers." The costume is Florentine, of the Petrarch period, very simple to make. The man should be dark, and wear a full wig of half-long black hair; a cap of dark green velvet set on the back of the head; a cloak of brown, or dark amber, almost brown, a sleeve of dark green, with a yellow satin

facing. He should hold a little rose-colored mask, which he has just plucked from the face of the woman, whose hair must be blonde and dressed in the Florentine fashion, with a fillet, as in the working drawing (Fig. 5). The small portion of dress that shows should be of deep red, with a high collar lined with a rose-color paler than the mask. Her cloak should be of blue, or golden brown. Let the background be of a rich tone of yellow. Cast the light from the front upper left-hand corner, using the parabolic reflector and a yellow glass.

"The Harvesters" is capable of very exquisite effect, if given with artistic sense and a judicious selection of actors.

It is by no means difficult, and of a most trifling cost. The frame is seven feet by five, or a little less. The stage should be at a slightly sharper inclination than the ten inches we have heretofore set down, and in depth not less than the whole fifteen feet, at which point two of the frames of the screen, covered with gray-blue gauze, should stretch across the entire stage. At least four feet behind that, hang a full curtain of gauze



A MONK IN HIS CELL BY MOONLIGHT.

across, falling from the top to within three feet of the stage. Two or three feet behind this, hang a curtain of cambric or thick cloth, coming within four feet of the stage. Several feet behind this, have an absolutely opaque screen,—if convenient, wood, otherwise paper,—which shall leave an open space of three or four feet above the stage across its whole length, and let the space behind it be very brilliantly lighted with lights shining through yellow glass. This will give you the effect of a sunset sky.

On your stage at the back, set a bush—a wild bush, like a small thorn-tree, or furze-bush. Cover your stage with cloth, flannel or velvet, of a dull old gold, or golden brown, to represent a reaped field. Let a sheaf of wheat be set here and there, at judicious distances, and your scene will be complete.

For actors, choose those capable of looking the part of French peasants,—not too slender in figure, rather muscular; let the complexion be, or be painted, dark, with color in the cheek. Let the actress on the right appear the youngest and be the slenderest, the feet bare or dressed in sabots. (How many ladies import gloves or dresses! It would be easy to import sabots; your dress-maker could import them for you.) The stockings should be blue woolen or

cotton, the skirt of blue woolen or cotton, and a little woolen bodice of brown, laced in front; the cotton chemise is best of the yellowish tone called unbleached; a broad ribbon of black may be tied on the top of the head, in a flaring bow. She holds beneath her left arm a sheaf of wheat, and winds the right arm around the waist of her taller neighbor, who may be dressed in a deeper shade of blue, with a still deeper blue bodice, a handkerchief on her head of plaid cotton, in which the chief color shall be yellow. Let the stockings be gray, and the feet in sabots, or bare. The third peasant should wear a brown dress with a blue cotton apron, in which she carries a few blades of wheat. The handkerchief on the head should be pink, and that over her shoulders plaid, with pink introduced, and some purple tones, if practicable. Let the stockings be of a yellow-brown. You may vary the group by placing behind the group of women a dark, muscular youth carrying a sheaf of wheat on his left shoulder, bare-headed and with black hair. His shirt, if white, should be of a yellowish, dirty tone, or it should be gray, open at the throat. The whole group must have the action of moving forward and singing as they go. Let the light be cast from the left upper



PANDORA.

corn  
with  
light  
The  
if fro  
A  
table  
Choc  
are c  
will  
the l  
appe  
istics  
H  
the "  
Rem  
the t  
frame  
Made  
comp  
positi  
in th  
photo  
carefu  
line o  
Every



A NUN AT HER DEVOTIONS.

corner in front, through a yellow glass, and with the use of a hemispherical reflector the light will be diffused gently over the whole. The main light should be from the back, as if from the sunset.

A very interesting study is to copy in your *tableaux vivants* some famous picture. Choose the actors for the resemblance they are capable of bearing to the subject. You will be surprised to see how the dress of the hair, the lines of the dress, change the appearance, bringing into relief characteristics not easily seen in the habitual costume.

How easily one could give in tableaux the "Madonna della Seggiola," by Raphael. Remember that the picture was painted on the top of a barrel, and that the circular frame is as important as the pose of the Madonna. All the lines of the picture are composed upon that circle, and, as composition of line, it is one of the finest things in the world. Arrange the picture with a photograph of the original by your side. Be careful with every fold of drapery, every line of the pose; not one is unimportant. Every finger must be in its right position.

It would be safer, of course, if some one of the company had seen the original, and remembered vividly the tone of green of the mantle and the red of the sleeve. To make the halo around the head of the St. John, use brass wire. The flame about the head of the infant Christ is less easy to represent, though experiments might be tried with tinsel; but the wire might be substituted, if all else fails.

The flow of unsupported drapery, as in Raphael's Dresden Madonna, in mantle and skirt, can be arranged by means of buckram or wire pinched into the right line; but a person quite unused to the artistic had best not attempt this, though one with a little knowledge may learn much by experimenting in this way. Canton flannel, thick, unbleached cotton, and many cheap materials not too thin, may be made to look like much richer ones if well draped.

There is no end to the charming classic subjects one might give in tableaux, such as "Greek girls laying garlands on the shrine of Cupid," "Penelope at her web," "Arcadian lovers with doves." Let the dresses be care-

fully copied from some plates of Greek costume,—“Flaxman’s Outlines,” any good mythology with plates, or any of the several works on Greek costume to be found in a large library. The material used may be Canton flannel, unbleached cotton, or merino, or *crêpe*, with gold borders worked in patterns. For the shrine of Cupid, have a bower of shrubs and a little altar with a burning lamp. Let the statue of Cupid be a boy or youth, dressed in white tights and rubbed

done if your stage were in the loft of a barn. Another way would be to have figures reflected in a mirror, so placed as to reflect again into the mirror of the Lady of Shalott. Another conception of this subject would be effective if a very dramatic person would assume the character of the Lady of Shalott. Let the mirror be placed with its back to the audience. The lady, jumping up from her loom, drags with her the woven web, making confusion; with one hand pressed



THE MASQUERS.

with flour, the hair floured or powdered, or a wig floured. Of course, the hair must curl.

Romantic subjects, like “The Lady of Shalott” at her mirror with her loom, might suggest a host in the same line, or several treatments of the same,—in order to see, not the face of the lady, but her reflection in the mirror, and also the dimmer reflection of what she sees. The last can be done by means of a trap-door in the stage, and figures below that are reflected in the mirror, which must be tipped forward. This can only be easily

to her heart she eagerly looks in the mirror, and her face must reflect the joy of what she sees, and the coming tragedy.

Many other subjects suggest themselves, such as two lovers getting their fortune told by an old hag in a gypsy camp; or a young cavalier listening to a beautiful gypsy girl, who holds cards in her hand; an old Italian woman, lifting a child to lay flowers on the Virgin’s shrine,—all the light coming from the lamp that burns above the shrine. A hundred sub-





THE HARVESTERS.

jects from "Faust" could be charmingly given: Marguerite at her spinning-wheel, Faust and Marguerite in the garden in sunlight, she pulling the leaves from the daisy, he watching her, while on the wall behind them, crossing their shadows, is cast the shadow of Mephistopheles, with his three cock's-plumes, he not otherwise appearing in the picture.

We are well aware that we may, in the

course of these pages, have suggested many questions that we have left unanswered, but we hope that the explanations which have been given will prove clear and practical. At least, we may trust that some of our thoughts may set intelligent people, who have not given themselves an artistic training, thinking in the right direction. It is not instruction but *provocation*, Emerson says, that one mind may receive from another.

## JEAN-FRANÇOIS MILLET—PEASANT AND PAINTER. III.



LAVINIA

THE REAPER.

WHILE studying with patience the action of his reapers, Millet produced a figure which had long occupied his thoughts. We know what a serious affair the sowing is to an agricultural people. Plowing, manuring and harrowing are done with comparative indifference, at any rate without heroic passion; but when a man puts on the white grain-bag, rolls it around his left arm, fills it with seed, the hope of the coming year, that man exercises a sort of sacred ministry. He says nothing, looks straight before him, measures the furrow, and, with a movement

cadenced like the rhythm of a mysterious song, throws the grain, which falls to the earth and will soon be covered by the harrow. The rhythmic walk of the sower and his action are superb. The importance of the deed is real, and he feels his responsibility. If he is a good laborer, he will know how much seed to throw with every fling of his hand, adjusting the amount sown to the nature of the soil. I have seen sowers who, before they put foot upon the field, would toss a handful of grain into the air in the sign of a cross; then, stepping upon the

field  
some  
pray  
M  
hear  
Barb  
the s  
Sow  
bizon  
of N  
"Sow  
wild  
breed  
straw  
is not  
fellow  
serious  
fields  
which  
self,  
and  
native  
ings  
the k  
action  
weight  
and i  
take,



THE DIGGERS.

field, they would pronounce, in a low voice, some indistinct words which sounded like a prayer.

Millet had the idea of the sower in his heart without knowing how to define it. Barbizon formulated the work for him, but the scene is laid at Gruchy. Although "The Sower" was conceived and executed at Barbizon, it was entirely with the remembrance of Normandy. In point of fact, the first "Sower" by Millet was a young fellow of a wild aspect, dressed in a red shirt and blue breeches, his legs wrapped in wisps of straw, and his hat torn by the weather. It is not at all a man of Barbizon—it is a young fellow of Gréville, who, with a proud and serious step, finishes his task on the steep fields, in the midst of a flock of crows, which fly down upon the grain. It is himself, Millet, who remembers his early life, and finds himself once more upon his native soil. Later, he made several drawings and pastels of a "Sower," all having the look of the people at Barbizon. The action is less dignified, the man is more weighed down, like the people about Paris; and in order that there should be no mistake, Millet made as a frame about him the

portrait of the country—the old tower and plain of Chailly.

The first "Sower"\* (1850) was executed with fury, but having reached the end of his work, Millet found, like Michael Angelo with his statues, that the stuff was insufficient, the canvas was too short. He traced the lines of his figure exactly and produced the twin brother, which appeared in the exhibition which opened at the end of the year 1850. The *Salon* was then at the Palais Royal. With "The Sower" Millet sent "The Sheaf-Binders." "The Sower" made some noise, the young school talked about it, copied it, reproduced it in lithography, and it has remained in the memory of artists as Millet's *chef-d'œuvre*. Théophile Gautier was touched by it. In the following quotation we see the impression made by this virile work:

"'The Sower,' by M. J.-F. Millet, impresses us as the first pages of the 'Mare au Diable' of George Sand, which are about labor and rustic works. The night is coming, spreading its gray wings over the earth; the sower marches with a rhythmic step,

\* The first "Sower" is owned by Mr. Quincy A. Shaw, of Boston, who owns also a number of other works by Millet.

flinging the grain in the furrow; he is followed by a cloud of pecking birds; he is covered with dark rags, his head by a curious cap. He is bony, swart and meager, under this livery of poverty; yet it is life which his large hand sheds, and, with a superb gesture, he who has nothing pours upon the earth the bread of the future. On the other side of the slope, a last ray of the sun shows a pair of oxen at the end of their furrow, strong and gentle companions of man, whose recompense will one day be the slaughter-house. This is the only light of the picture, bathed in shadow; and presenting to the eye, under a cloudy sky, nothing but newly plowed earth. Of all the peasants sent to the *Salon* this year, we greatly prefer 'The Sower.' There is something great and of the grand style in this figure, with its violent gesture, its proud raggedness, which seems to be painted with the very earth that the sower is planting."

It was at this time that Millet confided to me his divorce from mythology and naked female figures. He wrote from Barbizon:

"I received yesterday colors, oil, canvas and the sketch. These are the names of the pictures for the sale in question:

- "1. Woman pounding hemp.
- "2. Peasant man and woman going to work in the field.

"3. Pickers of wood in the forest.  
 "I don't know whether *pickers* can be printed. 'Peasant man and woman gathering wood,' or anything you choose. \* \* \* But, to tell the truth, the peasant subjects suit my temperament best; for I must confess, even if you think me a socialist, that the human side of art is what touches me most, and if I could only do what I like,—or, at least, attempt it,—I should do nothing that was not an impression from nature, either in landscape or figures. The gay side never shows itself to me. I don't know where it is. I have never seen it. The gayest thing I know is the calm, the silence, which is so delicious, either in the forest or in the cultivated land—whether the land be good for culture or not. You will admit that it is always very dreamy, and a sad dream, though often very delicious.

"You are sitting under a tree, enjoying all the comfort and quiet of which you are capable; you see come from a narrow path a poor creature loaded with fagots. The unexpected and always surprising way in which this figure strikes you, instantly reminds you of the common and melancholy lot of humanity—weariness. It is always like the impression of La Fontaine's 'Wood-cutter,' in the fable:

"What pleasure has he had since the day of his birth?  
 Who so poor as he on the whole wide earth?"

"Sometimes, in places where the land is sterile, you see figures hoeing and digging. From time to time one raises himself and straightens his back, as they call it, wiping his forehead with the back of his hand. 'Thou shalt eat thy bread in the sweat of thy brow.' Is this the gay, jovial work some people would have us believe in? But, nevertheless, to me it is true humanity and great poetry!

"But I stop, lest I should end by tiring you. Forgive me; I am all alone, with no one to whom I can speak of my impressions, and I let myself go without thinking. I will not do so again. Oh, now I think of it, send me from time to time some fine letters with the Minister's seal,—a red seal and all the prettiness possible. If you could only see the respect with which the postman gives them to me, hat in hand (a

thing quite out of the common), saying with the greatest unctuousness, 'From the Minister!' It gives me a position, it increases my credit, for to them a letter with the Minister's seal is, of course, from the Minister. \* \* \* Is there any chance of an order? Is that one of Jacques' getting on at all?

"I shake your hand. J.-F. MILLET.  
 "Do Rousseau's pictures make a good effect? Are they a success?"

This precious letter shows at once the programme and the character of Millet. His rustic art is at last proclaimed, as well as all his philosophy, or rather his aesthetic theories. It is a corner of his heart which he opens; he shows us what he loves,—and a gay, even comic note ends his letter; for he does not want to be thought a complainer, and, like all dreamy and impressionable spirits, soon quits the melancholy tone to laugh a little at the foibles of humanity.

In the beginning of 1857, his grandmother died without having embraced her "Benjamin," her François who had grown up under her wing, and whom she thought of until her last breath. Millet was overcome with grief. He did not speak for days, and it was pitiful to see his mute pain. "Ah, if I could have seen her once more," were the only words he could say.

The existence of the mother of Millet was now painful enough. Loneliness crept upon her,—her daughters were married, and her sons had left the village.

"My dear child," she wrote, "you say you are very anxious to come to see us and stay a little while with us. I am very anxious, too, but it seems you have not much means. How do you manage to live? My poor child, when I begin to think of this I am very uncomfortable. Ah, I hope you will come and surprise us some time when we expect it the least. For myself, I can neither live nor die, I am so anxious to see you. \* \* \* I have neglected writing to you, because I thought to see you during the summer, but now it is past and indeed we are very anxious to see you. \* \* \* I have nothing now left me but to suffer and die. My poor child, if you could only come before the winter! I have such a great desire to see you one single time more. I think of you oftener than you imagine. I am tired of suffering in body and soul. When I wonder how you will get on in the future without money, I can neither rest nor sleep.

"Tell us how you do, whether you have work and make money, and sell your pictures. It is surprising that you don't speak of the revolutions in Paris. Is it true that there are any? Tell us something about them. I am so afraid that you will get caught in all this business. Will you come soon? \* \* \* Ah, if I had wings to fly to you! As soon as you get this letter, write again. I end by kissing you with all my heart, and I am with all possible love your mother,

"WIDOW MILLET."

It is not surprising that one son combined the religious ardor of the grandmother with the tenderness of the mother.

She did not last much longer. A suffocating asthma made her as weak as an octogenarian. Life remained in her only in the thought of her children,—the hope of seeing her François, who had always given her respect and affection. She waited like the mothers in the old legends,—listening for his footfall, hoping vainly for a surprise which never came. Poor François, too, waited; poverty, the fatal companion of his life, did not give him a moment's grace.

She waited two years, until 1853, and died in prayer and hope. Her son, a hundred leagues off, traced on paper the sorrows of his mother. He thought of Tobit and his wife, who also waited, and he realized the story there, where the old people hope for the return of their child. He found the plastic expression of their suffering, and sketched a scene where two old people look toward the sky, and try to find a human form amid the glories of the setting sun. The "Waiting," a picture exhibited some years later, was here begun.

Is art a natural language which all can understand? Is a particular education and aptitude necessary to appreciate its beauties? The common man, and even very poetic intelligences, do they rebel against the thoughts of painters and sculptors? We leave to others the work of answering these questions. Certainly our modern geniuses have not shown an understanding of plastic art, and, among the shepherds of men, many seem to us blind in this matter. The state, the natural protector of art, long went astray, both in its public manifestations, and in the choice of its acquisitions or orders. "And yet," said Millet, "it seems to me that the Pharaohs did not let the genius of ancient Egypt die, and that Pericles was lucky in the choice of a builder of the Parthenon; Alexander did not make humiliating demands upon Praxiteles; the Antonines allowed art, in their day, to attain to the greatest beauty. But in our day it is nothing but an accessory, a pleasing talent; whereas, of old, and in the Middle Ages, it was a pillar of society, its conscience, and the expression of its religious sentiment.

"What have the great men of our day done for the arts? Less than nothing. Lamartine (I saw him choose his favorite picture in the *Salon* of 1848) cared only for a subject which related to his political or literary preoccupations. He would never

have found a place in his house for a picture by Rembrandt. Victor Hugo puts Louis Boulanger and Delacroix on the same line. George Sand has a woman's prudence, and gets out of the difficulty by beautiful words. Alexandre Dumas is in the hands of Delacroix, but he cannot think freely outside of the painter of Shakspeare and Goethe. I have never discovered a single well-felt page in Balzac, Eugène Sue, Frederic Soulié, Barbier, Méry, etc.,—one page which could guide us or show a real comprehension of art; and that is the reason I was cold in meeting Prudhon when he came to see Diaz."

In 1850, or '51, Millet had been in a dark corner of Diaz's studio, when Prudhon came in. Millet turned a moment to look at the new-comer, and immediately began to work again at his picture.

In the *Salon* of 1853, Millet painted "Ruth and Boaz," "The Sheep-shearer" and "The Shepherd," all highly praised by Gautier, Paul de Saint Victor and Pelloquet. Millet received a second-class medal. His "Ruth and Boaz" was bought by an American, and his two other pictures were purchased by Mr. William Morris Hunt. The latter had lived for several years in Paris. A pupil of Couture, he had become seriously enamored of Millet's works, and, to study quietly the man and the painter, made himself a comfortable home in Barbizon, and led the gay life of every American who lives in the good land of France. Other strangers, such as Mr. Hearn, painter, and Mr. Babcock, to whom Millet had given some lessons in 1848, came to visit Mr. Hunt. There was thus formed a sort of colony of artists, fervent disciples of Millet, who, by their purchases, lightened his poverty. But these windfalls could scarcely fill the holes made by a life which had always been hard. Like Rousseau, Millet had around him a group of tradesmen, anxious and almost fierce, whom he had to appease. A baker, the only one in the place, threatened with oaths to withdraw the daily bread. A grocer had become his bailiff. A country tailor—the antipodes of the patient Parisian tradesman—sent the sheriff's officer to sell the furniture in his studio, and he would not allow the artist a day's, or even an hour's, grace. Such scenes were repeated over and over during many years.

When I re-read the letters of Millet, written in these unfortunate times, I find them always a dignified, calm statement of his sufferings. He hides nothing, com-



plains of nothing, merely tells the bald fact, and the sad truth is all the more touching. All these cruel confidences end by these words: "Try, my dear Sensier, to coin some money with my pictures; sell them at any price, but send me one hundred francs, fifty, or even thirty, for the time approaches . . . ." Then I trotted all over Paris, offering dealers and amateurs the paintings of my friend. Some grinned, or sent me off as a madman; others, more rarely, bought, but at laughable prices. I went to my comrades. I told them they could buy with confidence, and that I would take the picture back if, later, they came to the conclusion that they had made a bad bargain. In this way, I made some sales, and, after a month or two, back would come the painting, with a "Decidedly, I don't care for this artist; I like anything else better"—a new embarrassment for me. I honored my promises, but only by superhuman efforts, loans, combinations,—all the series of youthful difficulties. Thus I acquired many pictures of Millet, in spite of myself as it were, and by the mere force of circumstances. Later, some of these stubborn amateurs came to me for the same pictures, but I refused, saying: "It is too late; your pictures are in my harem, and I will just let you see them, like Candaules and Gyges. But the mold is not broken. Go to Millet; he will serve you." That was a time of trials, struggles and humiliating, picturesque inventions to get us out of difficulties. I see it all through a mist, which changes sometimes into splendid rainbows: for I was as convinced as of a mathematical fact that Millet was a great painter.

I do not speak of the man. I was attached to Millet as to an elder brother, who revealed to me all the beauties and attractions of life,—a sage whose temper was ever even, whose welcome was always kind, and who taught me to rid myself of superfluities, and showed me the true paths of life. These times are gone. Millet is dead,—glorious, but killed before his time by the endless battles in which his strength could not but fail. "In art," he used to say, "you have to 'give your skin.'" In spite of everything, Millet did not despair. He felt that he had a great career, if he only could get bread enough to hold out.

Rousseau at this time was scarcely more favored. Their intimacy was very slow to form. Millet, more straitened than he, only let him know, in a joking way, part of his troubles. Rousseau, defiant, always on

his guard, only later opened his heart to Millet; but at last they began to believe in each other, and they then commenced an exchange of impressions and ideas which had a great influence on Rousseau. Toward 1852, the latter used to consult his friend on the subject of his pictures and his projects. Millet sometimes dared to tell him point-blank his opinions,—a difficult thing for Rousseau to accept. They even had some notions about working together.

In 1853 Millet lost his mother, and it was absolutely necessary for him to go home and attend to the division of the inheritance. Happily, he was fortunate enough to sell some canvases, and left Barbizon the first days of May. Meeting at Gruchy, the eight children of Jean Louis Nicholas Millet divided his inheritance. François only asked for the books that had belonged to his great-uncle, and the great wardrobe of oak, which from father to son had come down uninjured. He left his part of the house and the land to be enjoyed by one of his brothers, who lived at Gruchy. And so, the family wealth being reduced to the smallest fractions, Millet started again for Barbizon, impatient to rejoin his wife and children.

Times became a trifle better. Some amateurs liked his drawings, and were never tired of increasing their collection. These drawings had not yet reached the beauty of those of a later date retouched with pastel, nor of those other admirable compositions which were seen after his death; but the artist then, as always, saw the fundamental characteristic of all country scenes, and rendered them in a style of his own and with a striking individuality. Most of these drawings are on gray or blue paper, with the lights touched in with Chinese white, with the shadows in stump, and are swiftly done, as by a man master of his subject. They are almost all the first thought of a composition, and if later they became pastel or painting, the disposition and effect were not changed. The image was instantly fixed in the mental vision of Millet, for he did nothing that was not deliberate, thoughtful, sought out, and when the picture came, it was complete and definite in a few strokes. But it distressed Millet to be reduced to work which fatigued his brain by constant invention. At this moment good luck arrived in the shape of a buyer, who was welcomed as a savior.

Perhaps it may seem that I unveil too much of the secret corner of Millet's

life,—  
every  
alwa  
of li  
of hi  
it wil  
raise  
Th  
by.  
acco  
him  
he o  
ers th  
feedi  
mous  
2000  
treas  
and  
think  
with  
went  
At  
nor h  
and  
villag



THE ANGELUS.

life,—of his poverty. But of such a man everything is of value, and to see him always dignified and serene amid the storms of life, meeting his fate by work, calm love of his art and such persistent self-abnegation, it will be admitted that his poverty ought to raise him in our esteem.

The new buyer was not a casual passer-by. Rousseau had discovered him, and, according to his discreet fashion, had sent him to Millet. M. Letrône did not stop; he ordered two more pictures, among others the beautiful composition of the woman feeding chickens, whose price was the enormous one of 2000 francs. Millet worth 2000 francs! and how would he use this treasure? To make his house comfortable and enjoy his wealth? Not at all. He thinks of home, and goes off, in June, 1854, with all his children, to La Hague. He went for one month and staid four.

At Gréville, he found neither his father nor his two mothers. Only his eldest sister and one of his brothers remained in the village—a new generation. The old friends

of his childhood were under the grass of the cemetery. The first days were sad enough, but the fields, the active life of the house, and the pure air from the cliffs, restored his tone. He wanted to paint, and he drew, with a son's affection, everything which the family had owned: the house, the garden, the cider-mill, the stables, the orchard, the hedges, the pastures and covered ways of the ancestral house. These sketches and notes, taken in all the neighborhood, served him later for his compositions.

One evening he was returning to Gruchy, the "Angelus" was just ringing, and he found himself at the door of the little church of Eulleville. He went in; at the altar an old man was praying. He waited, and when the old priest rose, he struck him gently on the shoulder, and said: "François." It was the Abbé Jean Lebrisseux, his first teacher.

"Ah, is it you, dear child, little François?" and they embraced, weeping.

"And the Bible, François, have you for-

gotten it? and the Psalms, do you ever read them?"

"They are my breviary," said Millet. "I get from there all that I do."

"These are rare words to hear nowadays, but you will be rewarded. You used to love Virgil."

"I love him still."

"It is well. I am content. Where I sowed, good grain has grown, and you will reap the harvest, my son."

At night-fall they separated. Millet started again for Paris, where new work and new disappointments awaited him, but his stay at Gruchy was profitable to his future. He never exhausted the stock of characteristic subjects which he brought back with him. His name began to grow. The new rustic art of Millet had made the young men think; at once literal and imaginative, it roused in some minds a whole world of political and social problems. Some called

him the brother of Pierre Dupont, the singer of peasants, eloquent ally of Lachambeaudie, the novelist of the sorrows of the people. "The Sower" cursed the rich, they said, because he flung his grain with anger toward the sky. Every one talked of the artist's work, and tried to make it a weapon. But Millet did not consider himself so important or so revolutionary. No subversive idea troubled his brain. Socialistic doctrines he would not listen to; the little that came to his ears, he said, was not clear. He often said: "My programme is work. 'Thou shalt gain thy bread in the sweat of thy brow,' was written centuries ago. Immutable destiny, which none may change! What every one ought to do is to find progress in his profession, to try ever to do better, to be strong and clever in his trade, and be greater than his neighbor in talent and conscientiousness in his work. That for me is the only path. The rest is dream or calculation."

(To be continued.)

## O TELL ME NOT OF HEAVENLY HALLS.

O TELL me not of heavenly halls,  
Of streets of pearl and gates of gold,  
Where angel unto angel calls  
'Mid splendors of the sky untold:

My homesick heart would backward turn  
To find this dear, familiar earth,  
To watch its sacred hearth-fires burn,  
To catch its songs of care or mirth.

I'd lean from out the heavenly choir  
To hear once more the red cock crow,  
What time the morning's rosy fire  
O'er hill and field began to glow.

To hear the ripple of the rain,  
The summer waves at ocean's brim,  
To hear the sparrow sing again  
I'd quit the wide-eyed cherubim!

I care not what heaven's glories are!  
Content am I. More joy it brings  
To watch the dandelion's star  
Than mystic Saturn's golden rings.

And yet, and yet,—O dearest one,  
My comfort from life's earliest breath,  
To follow thee where thou art gone,  
Through those dim, awful gates of  
Death,—

To find thee,—feel thy smile again,  
To have Eternity's long day  
To tell my grateful love,—why, then,  
Both heaven and earth might pass away!

## ELIHU VEDDER.



THE LAIR OF THE SEA-SERPENT.

WERE it possible to collect together, in a single gallery, all the pictures of an artist who has worked industriously at his profession for twenty years, it would be hard if a certain number were not admirable on one account or another. Suppose him a man of most ordinary make; still, there will be one or two paintings out of the common, one or two which contain enough thought, enough expression of personal identity, enough individuality, to warrant a second examination. But suppose him specially endowed with a creative imagination, sportive every now and then, willful, ready, it may be, to overshoot the mark, and, at times, to disappoint his friends by crudities: comparison of all the pictures of such a painter will be sure to make a deep impression, all the more profound, perhaps, should it be felt that along with his extraordinary natural gifts run defects which hinder the full expansion of his genius. His brilliant qualities will shine the more for the contrast they make with the darker side. For have you not observed that symmetry, to be tolerable, has to belong to the very greatest of things and of men? Seldom, nowadays, painters are found with the imaginations, grotesque but powerful, of the workmen on the Gothic cathedrals of France and Germany. Imagine one of those old sculptors of gargoyles in the thirteenth century come to life again, and submitted to the depressing influences of the

haste and waste of the present day, which characterize life in the United States more completely, perhaps, than elsewhere in the world. The painter whose genius I shall try to appreciate, and whose development trace, in the following pages, sometimes appears to me such a master-workman, born in a time not quite suited to his talents, and struggling to express himself in ways that are less easy to his natural temperament than might have been of old. He is one whose pictures stand out in strong relief from those of others, the longer one passes in review the artists of his own land and of Europe. Moreover, at the present day, does it not look as if he would stand a better chance of success in Europe, where work of the old imaginative school has had its epoch, and still possesses its hereditary honors and emoluments, rather than in the United States, where of Gothic art next to nothing exists, save the wild absurdities of local architects? It might look so. And yet Mr. Elihu Vedder, whose peculiar genius I would like to compare to those which accomplished the grandeurs and extravagances of Gothic art, was born in the United States, of people long settled there, and was there mainly brought up and educated in art. It is he who has painted scenes which are quite original and unexampled, whatever may be the objections to be made to them on other grounds. This holds good of his

work previous to 1870. And even in respect to later work, it may be said that although in Europe for many years, he has never ceased to be an American; he has even shown what may be termed extraordinary incapacity to assimilate the conventionalities of the art by which he has been surrounded.

First impressions are not safe guides in anything out and out, but they often contain a germ of living truth. Coming suddenly upon an array of paintings by Mr. Vedder, the first sight is overwhelming. There seems so much thought expended upon them, so many stories are told, such strange regions of heaven and earth, of the

a second-rate Düsseldorf painter! A third inspection carries one back a little way toward the first stand-point, and establishes a certain equilibrium between the too favorable and too adverse opinions. How is this? What magic has the artist used to fool the critic into an enthusiasm of which he had to feel ashamed?

Rome attracts the artist as naturally as a flower lures a bee. Her museums are full of statues belonging to the golden age of Hellenic art, or of copies of them hardly inferior to the originals; her palaces contain some of the most glorious paintings finished during the intellectual epoch which reached



THE CUMAN SIEVE.

waters above and waters below, have been explored for motives, that, used to the uneventful frames hanging on the walls in ordinary exhibitions, one is fairly taken off one's feet. But how with the second impression? The mind's eye having got adjusted meantime to the manner of the artist, the stories known, the strange regions become somewhat familiar,—a singular case of self-deception is apprehended. For behold, half the glamour is fled! The very pictures that delighted at first are suddenly grown strangely empty, ringing to the eye's touch like hollow cymbals, hard and bare as the canvases against which critics of academy work protest, rapid as the art of

its highest mark in the fifteenth century. From her ruins an inkling of the grandeur of classic architecture may be obtained; her churches show how the moderns have been able to equal the ancients in splendor, and in some respects even to surpass them. It is true that the picturesqueness of the street-life of Rome is on the wane. One sees no more those birds of gay plumage, the cardinals; while the monkish habits, which used to afford one of the most piquant effects in the narrow ways and alleys of the old city, no longer strike one's eye. These streets, too, are undergoing changes, which may improve the health and add to the comfort of the inhabitants, but do away





THE QUESTIONER OF THE SPHINX.

entirely with their former picturesqueness; in place of tortuous, dirty ways there are now boulevards lined with clean buildings of stucco, even in size, subdued as to tint, it is true, but grievously uniform and fatiguing to the sight. Yet these changes are only superficial. Rome remains what it was—a city which the artistic mind looks to as a paradise. Has not France a great palace on the Pincian for the special use of her students elect? Is not Germany represented almost as well, and has not Spain a fine new château, on a commanding height, for the use and encouragement of her chosen artists? These picked men from three of the greatest nations of the world ought alone to form an “atmosphere,” a “milieu,” such as artists like to have about them. But in Rome there are Scandinavian artists; besides, there are English, Russian, Polish. The Italians are naturally plenty, and America sends her usual number of students and professors of the fine arts,—perhaps more than her share. Add to all these advantages the presence of a royal

court, with its obligatory uniforms, reviews and cavalcades, and of a papal court, shorn of its former splendor, indeed, but still forced on certain occasions to contribute something to the pageants of the year, and it is no wonder that, in the minds of all devout painters and sculptors, Rome should assume the proportions of an artistic Mecca.

It is one thing to make a pilgrimage to Mecca; another to settle there. I do not know whether it has ever occurred to any one to contrast the Italian artist who plies his profession in other countries than his own, with the foreigner who works in Italy. The expatriated Italian supplies a demand in the nation where he resides; the foreign artist in Italy, however, sells his work in the main to his own countrymen, who are there on their travels. At first blush it may seem that, so long as an artist disposes of his work, it makes little difference to whom he sells it. Nothing, however, is more untrue. It makes all the difference in the world whether he sells to persons who reflect long before they buy, and then take a picture for the

love of it, or to persons who are on the move, have plenty of money in their pocket, and are taking a rose-colored view of everything. In the former case he has exacting buyers, who are not to be caught by chaff; in the latter he has indiscriminating purchasers, who, by large prices and frequent orders, encourage him to do undigested or slovenly work. This is the difficulty which besets the foreign artist, who, allured by the marvels of art in Rome, and delighted with the novelty, variety, and ease of life abroad, lingers on until he has become in some sort a fixture. If he have any native force, he is sure to be too individual, too national, to become a citizen of his adoptive land; he remains a foreigner while he loses his grasp on the current of thought at home. If he be a weak man, the results are fatal to his advance in art; he remains stationary, if he does not actually retrograde and lapse into a mechanical fabricator of pictures or statues on a few fixed types. In art, stagnation is tantamount to degeneracy.

If Mr. Elihu Vedder were of this latter class, to speak of him at all would be useless. But although he has been submitted to the influences mentioned, there has fortunately been too much that is original in his composition to allow him to succumb entirely. During and shortly after the war of secession, Mr. Vedder showed his original turn of mind in a very unmistakable fashion. He was then in the early prime of life; his head was full of ideas; he had seen Europe and got what could be got on a short visit, namely, suggestions. His hand was ready up to a certain point, in fact too ready, as it

turns out, for his own good in the long run. It was then that we hailed with pleasure the products of his teeming fancy, the imps and kobolds, shadowy faces in clouds, original views of characters in the old mythologies. To this creative stage belong "The Lair of the Sea-serpent," defective only in the absence of some object by which, approximately, the size of the monster could be measured; "Gulnare of the Sea," "The Djinn of the Bottle," "The Questioner of the Sphinx," a picture worthy of Emerson's great poem on the same subject; "The Roc's Egg," "The King of the Salamanders," "Memory," the exquisite little sketch called "Twilight," and many more which the memory of the reader will supply. Here belong "The Shadow of the Cypress," afterward amplified into "The Lost Mind," a most noble and expressive work, which may well rank among the first paintings by Americans during the present century. Here is to be also placed "Old Mortality," a landscape expressive of melancholy on its noble side. It is not maintained that every one of these was strictly original, but even those like the charming sketch from the fabulous lore of the Middle Ages called "The King of the Salamanders,"—which happens to be the same as the firm-mark of a Venetian publisher of the sixteenth century,—and the picture of the "Medusa," even those which are only novel applications of old ideas, bore the stamp of spontaneousness; they were like Nathaniel Hawthorne's play with mythological subjects—not, of course, new found, but newly arranged, newly spun. What similarity existed was



THE ROC'S EGG.

plainly only the duplication of thought inevitable in all art, but in nowise plagiarism. And the backgrounds which Mr. Vedder loves so much, the desolate wastes, the hard, sterile mountains, and long, stern lines of plain that vanish in the distance, struck a true chord in the popular heart. The element of grandeur in them was felt at once, and felt all the more widely because, as a general rule, the public neither cared to nor could examine critically the methods by which they were presented. And the ideas which the figures in the landscapes suggested were in keeping with the scene—generally easy enough to understand, but, where outside the range of the fancy of most men, so odd, that the dullest could not fail to have his curiosity stimulated and his wits set to puzzling out what the painter could have meant.

And yet the fecundity of Mr. Vedder's fancy was almost too great; it interfered with a thorough grounding in the rudiments of his art, because what he did was so striking that even fellow-artists were ready to put aside in his case their common fault-finding in regard to technique, and agree with laymen in admiration for the idea designed.

It may have been, in part, consciousness of his want in this particular that urged Mr. Vedder abroad; certainly in 1866 the severe discipline of foreign schools might well have seemed the very influence he needed most. Yet he was too firmly established in his own profession, if not too old a man, to go to school again. The Atlantic and Central States had produced a large crop of landscape painters known, not entirely without a touch of malice, as the Hudson River School. Now art is like a butterfly which has crept out of its shell in the morning; it needs sun to warm it—but it must not have too much. If it is forced into activity by too great heat, the chances are that its life is not long. If it be warmed gradually into activity by a judicious amount of sun and shade, then, "like a strong bird on pinions free," as Walt Whitman sings, it launches itself for a full and strong period of existence. One hears complaints from artists that their fellow-citizens do not encourage American work. It may be true that they do not encourage good work as they should, but it is denied that they have not been generous and even lavish in buying American pictures, such as they were. At the time we speak of, Americans were ruining American art by over-encourage-

ment. The inflation of revenues incident upon the civil war encouraged the making of landscapes as well as figure pictures generally crude in treatment and color. As a natural result, the large and indiscriminate demand brought with it superficiality. Mr. Vedder was not entirely exempt. He was too strong to be ruined by the patronage of the ignorant rich. But no one can escape the influence of his neighbors entirely, nor of his own countrymen, even though he expatriate himself. Even as Mr. Vedder had to suffer for the sins of his own land when he was in it, so when he is out of it he is forced to remain an American. The sturdy Hollandish race from which he springs has shown its power in tilling and enriching the great State of New York; he himself could not make anything but an American of himself, even if he tried. Moreover, to this day, Mr. Vedder, in spite of his array of figure pictures, and of his preference for those which tell a human story directly, that is to say, for pictures which may not belong to *genre*, perhaps, but are certainly not in aim landscape, is most powerful, most unconscious, most himself, in purely landscape work, or those pictures which have landscape for a chief part of the composition.

Examine, for instance, the landscape in "The Lost Mind," and notice how much effect is produced by the background. With its severity and gloom the scene does more than assist the troubled face of the woman who is walking in the desolate spot. And so with "Old Mortality," "The Roc's Egg," "The Cumæan Sibyl," "The Siren"; the landscape is fully as important relatively as the figures; in "The Dead Abel" it holds a larger place than the figure of the slain man—which might be that of a sleeper as well as anything more tragic. The landscape is as striking in all these pictures as the figure itself; in some cases it is more original and effective. And when we come to consider the newer development of Mr. Vedder's work, we will see that it is again the landscape which first attracts him.

If his greatest strength is landscape, like the fellow-artists among whom he grew up, similarly his weakness was, if it be not still, drawing of the figure. It would be pleasant to think that Mr. Vedder felt this lack in his work, and went to Europe mainly for the purpose of studying the figure among men who make it their profession, and carry proficiency a great way. His powers in that direction have certainly improved, since the careful finish and good modeling found



GREEK ACTOR'S DAUGHTER.

in s  
suc  
of l  
han  
a g  
finis  
ter,  
" T  
and  
scop  
Con  
his  
dry  
com  
trait  
out  
be  
pain  
the  
beco  
posi  
repe  
has  
upon  
whic  
in g  
orig  
kide

T  
look  
telle  
befo  
of a  
out  
pain  
had  
phile  
to h  
for t  
ness  
and  
spec  
emo  
cede  
of th  
ing  
Eng  
and  
ingl  
city,  
tion  
roun  
land  
bloo  
bette  
of I  
artis  
mad

in some of his figure studies of recent years—such, for instance, as the half-nude model of beautiful form who holds a cup in her hand and reflects her chin and shoulder in a glass, the easy, dignified pose and careful finish in “The Greek Tragedian’s Daughter,” the careful modeling of the nude in “The Spirit of the Water-fall,” in its larger and later edition—were certainly beyond his scope previous to his last stay in Europe. Compare these and similar pictures with his earlier imaginative work, and see how dry and imperfect his drawing used to be, compared with what it is now. Another trait of this artist should not be forgotten, out of gratitude. Because it is found to be both easier and more profitable, many painters repeat their pictures nearly, or after the same general type, until their canvases become a weariness to the flesh. The opposite is true of this one: he has seldom repeated himself. The few cases where he has done so, apparently thinking to improve upon his first idea, prove to be variations which may possibly have some slight gain in grace, but are certainly weaker than the originals. Such are “The Young Phorides” and “The Young Medusa.”

To understand Mr. Vedder better, let us look closer at his antecedents. What intellectual life the United States possessed before the civil war had for its chief center of activity New England. From her went out the great body of earlier sculptors and painters, although New York, her neighbor, had a fair share. The cold and formal philosophy of New England, which strove to humanize itself all the more strenuously for the very reason that it felt its own coldness, but strove in vain, produced a cold and formal blossom in art, exhibiting a special predilection for sculpture of an unemotional and frigid kind. With these antecedents arose a school of painters, mainly of the landscape, in New York, who, finding no stimulus in the literature of New England, no criticism worth listening to, and little or no pabulum in the overwhelmingly commercial outgrowth of New York city, turned to nature with all of our national energy, but without the artistic surroundings or traditions which belong to lands having old civilizations. In the full bloom of this school, nourished on nothing better outside itself than the arid paintings of Düsseldorf, and the example of English artists settled in New York, Mr. Vedder made his appearance. After a course of

drawing and landscape in a forced and formal system, he traveled in Germany, France, and Italy, and was at once remarked for the quickness and originality of his imagination. He seemed to have more ideas than all his fellow-artists put together,—ideas, that is to say, which were striking, original, unbackneyed. It was a time of excitement and turmoil when he came back from Europe. There was more hurry in the United States than ever; more money, apparently, being made, more false progress in literature and art. A mania for spending seized the nation, and pictures brought high prices. Is it strange that a man who felt himself possessed of unusual powers should be content with what he did, and, as long as he sold his pictures tolerably well, think little of the future? All this while, Mr. Vedder had forgot that he possessed only one side of art, and that one the most dangerous, because the untutored public was dazzled by it, craved it, paid for it gladly. He had extraordinary imagination, or call it merely fancy, if you will, but he was not fully an artist.

Last year, a writer in “*L’Art*” said harsh things about Mr. Vedder’s pictures at the Exposition, the attack being aggravated by the fact that permission to reproduce his work in that journal had been asked as a favor, and that the engraver of the pictures was complimented at the foreign artist’s expense. One was the large painting of “The Cumæan Sibyl,” a conception of that mythological figure quite at variance with the received notions, but eminently expressive of the character according to modern realistic ideas. The sibyl is a strange, swarthy hag, striding along with a roll of script under her arm. Her clothes are blown forward by the wind that sweeps the desolate, harsh landscape, and curl in lines suggestive of the drapery seen on the old sarcophagi at Rome. Smoke from the books which she has burned is also seen blowing wildly, and the whole picture is stern and strange. Perhaps nowhere else has Mr. Vedder subdued his natural leaning to the merely odd into something more restrained, but higher. He may be said to reach the grand, and come but little short of the sublime. The other was his “*Marsyas*,” also a large picture, and still more different from the preconceived idea of the piper whom Apollo flayed. I do not remember that Marsyas has ever been represented as a satyr, with full legs of a goat, except in a fresco, of doubtful parentage, in the Borghese Palace at Rome.



Nevertheless, Mr. Vedder had a right to consider Marsyas under that guise, and certainly made a very charming picture of the young satyr, distending his cheeks with his reed, while a half-score of rabbits, lured from their warren, gather around him in the snowy glade. It may be that exception should be taken to the length of leg which the satyr shows; if he stood upright he would certainly be a person built after the general lines of a kangaroo, rather than of a human being or a four-footed beast. But for excessive length of satyrs, both ancient and mediæval art may be searched for precedents not in vain. However this may be, these pictures exercised an irritating effect upon the French critic, an effect not to be understood on seeing the photograph of them, or their reproductions in "L'Art." His criticism seemed more than harsh; it was entirely unjust, viewed from the stand-point of the reader. But when one comes to look at the pictures themselves, and examine their style and color, then one understands the strictures which the French critic felt they deserved, but which he was too careless or too forgetful to define. Beautiful conceptions, beautifully composed, they are in one sense "*méchantes toiles*." For, while they show the force of the imaginative element in their author, they are also of an artistic quality, merely as paintings, that is likely enough to exasperate persons used to the deep and truthful painting of realists of the present day, who may possibly be far inferior to Mr. Vedder in inventiveness and originality. For they are thin and "canvassy" in touch, quite wanting in vigor of tones, and as far as may be from really strong color. No wonder the modern critic disapproved! And yet they are fine pictures. And yet even the element of grandeur is not lacking in them.

Before the war, the inventive power and imagination of Mr. Vedder were not bound together and fused with the materials of his profession. His figures did not live under his brush; their textures did not glow alive in paint; they had at best a quiet and serene, or a vague, demoniac existence, according as the subject was more realistic or less. It was later that he developed feeling for noble contours such as we see in his Greek girls and nude figures from the life. But even yet the literary side outbalances the artistic. The handiwork, the painter's side, has not yet reached the level of the other. And if one allows this fact to get the upper hand in

one's mind, if one is impatient of such things, and more concerned—as most artists are—with the method rather than the story, one is led into saying—but surely most unjustly—that even in imagination Mr. Vedder is crude. For it is most difficult to keep separate the various impressions produced by the story, by the composition, the handling, the color. In Mr. Vedder, a painter is apt to feel the mechanism too much, and the critic, now that we have developed to so high a degree the merely painter's side of painting, notices an awkwardness in his touch. Nature, manner, style—these are the three grades of merit which Goethe has acutely drawn. Mr. Vedder has a manner of his own, but he has still farther to go in long, patient, self-abnegating study of nature before he can consider himself fully graduated from manner into style.

To say this much about an artist and not say more, would be to leave a false impression. If slow in altering his work to suit the times, Mr. Vedder cannot be accused of ignoring the difficulties under which he has labored. He is already a good way on the road to their conquest. As landscape was his first care, so in the change of manner observable in much of his later work, landscape takes the lead. To any one who may be impatient with his earlier manner, I would point out certain open-air sketches, which not only show that the mere technical handling of modern painters has not escaped his notice, but that he is looking to improvement in color as well. Perhaps readers may remember, in the collection shown in New York and Boston, landscapes such as that with an end of ruin and spring-like tree, a view up the straggling street of an Italian village, a pile of old dwellings with donkey and man, peasant girls with pitcher and distaff, views of grassy hill-sides, topped by trees. Most of these are not unsuccessful trials of his strength on the unimaginative, mechanical side. Has he discovered the need of them himself, or has some one undertaken the ungrateful task of telling him? A charming bit for refinement of color and able treatment was a piece of "still life," representing several ancient books gnawed by a mouse, and the culprit himself stretched out dead in front of them. The picture is of the greater importance since, contrary to the opinion sometimes expressed in print, I hold that Mr. Vedder was never a colorist. Not that he lacked a sense of color, but that his early associations had

been with painters who lacked the gift, and that he had not in his own nature enough power in that direction to break through the double difficulty. It is therefore very satisfactory to see recent work of his which is not wanting in able combinations of color, perhaps not equal to those which the young artists of the day learn at Munich, but quite possibly all the better and more real because slowly self-taught.

Considering the length of time he has been abroad, it may seem strange that a man of so much original force should not have profited more by the example of European workmen, and so left hardly a flaw to be picked by the most industrious critic. To account for such effects there may always be personal reasons belonging to the private life of the individual; these the critic cannot be expected to know. There are others belonging to the profession which it is his duty to discover if he can. For the tardy use of his opportunities in regard to technique, and particularly for the slow development in color which Mr. Vedder shows, there is reason in abundance to be found elsewhere than in any personal matter. His residence in Rome is enough to explain them.

Mecca is all very well as a place of pilgrimage, but the less you know of the residents of Mecca the better. And how much good does the reader suppose the resident artists of Rome get from the museums and public works of art? A great deal at first, then less, then none. But put it this way: How much ill does the resident artist get from the peculiar situation of Rome as a stopping-place for tourists of all nationalities, who have only one common trait, that of being able to spend some money? Little at first, then more, then a great deal. Thus, as the advantages of Rome in a prolonged sojourn decrease, the disadvantages increase as rapidly. This relates to one side of artistic life, the practical and commercial. Take another. Rome, although the Eternal City, the center of Catholicism, and the capital of Italy, is not on the highway of development to-day. She sits apart on her seven hills, full of new youth, it is true, and admirably determined to struggle once more for the first rank in the arts and sciences. But long arrearsages will have to be made up before she can compete, as a *milieu* for artists, with Paris, Munich, London, New York. She must always be visited, in order that the artist shall see masterpieces of classic art and

architecture. But she is no longer in the current. Rome is therefore a poor place to make one's work in, and a poor place in which to sell it. Rome is also inferior as a place in which to learn the finishing touches of the profession; it is especially no place in which to study color. A born colorist will, of course, find, in the delicate hues of the Campagna and its encircling hills, in the somber walls, gray stretches of aqueduct and green-brown orchards of olive, the most subtle effects, and can extract from Italian scenery as much color as the eye can bear. But learners are not given trigonometry before they reach vulgar fractions, and the secrets of Italian coloring are too recondite for any but the greatest masters. It may be said to offer too many problems to the painter, rendering him confused at the choice presented, and, unless he has pushed the delicate mechanism of his art to its very farthest mark, at a loss what among so many fine shades and distinctions of hue to abandon and what to keep.

The Italian artists with whom foreigners are likely to come in contact are far from being colorists. I do not say that Italy nowadays produces no colorists. It would be hard to select any one thing in the fine arts and not find that branch represented in Italy by some one of very much more than respectable attainments. It is enough to visit the comparatively small National Exhibition at Turin to convince oneself that the charge of want of taste brought against the modern Italians is quite unfounded. On the contrary, it is just the high average of good taste which forms the distinctive beauty of the exhibition, rather than any vivid examples of genius. And among the painters are those disciples of the school called after Fortuny, who, living for the most part in Naples and Rome, fairly run riot in brilliant color. There may be difference of opinion as to whether these carnival painters are true colorists or not; at any rate, they show that not all the Italian artists are lacking in the sense. But, for the most part, formality and sterility seem to have them still in their clutches, as is, indeed, likewise the case so largely with us, with the Germans, with the English, the French. Among painters of this kind it is only too easy for a foreigner of talent to feel at ease. He is not molested in his own self-complacency by too evident traces of superiority in the native art, since such technical excellence as his Italian friends exhibit is more than outweighed by the coldness of their



THE LOST MIND.

work and their want of novelty in design. So that, as regards the influence of Italian art in general upon the foreign workman, it may be said that, like the color of Italian cities and landscapes, in results it has little that is living and striking, little that insists upon being loved or copied. Like the bulk of modern French art, it has a monotony, a certain hardness. Perhaps both of these may be explained by a want of boldness. Italy does not present vivid contrasts of color, and her artists, with the

exception of certain Neapolitans and their followers, seem to be afraid to paint even as vividly as the nature about them might warrant. Moreover, what with the restraint they exercised in the use of color, and the subduing effects of time, even the great masters are of use mainly as standards and suggestions to graduates in the art. Yet it is better to dogmatize as little as possible in art matters, especially in regard to the old masters. Suffice it to give as an opinion that neither Italian landscape, modern art nor

teach  
out  
talent  
is not  
quite  
day i  
one c  
settles  
profes  
instea

M  
of the  
ment  
Engl  
throu  
ian c  
scious  
that  
I rem  
and t  
ber o  
fashio  
They  
we se  
and i  
is stil

It  
space



THE YOUNG MARSVAS. (DRAWN BY MR. VEDDER AFTER HIS PAINTING IN THE PARIS EXPOSITION.) \*

teaching has the vital quality which brings out to the best advantage the genius or talent latent in painters or sculptors. This is not to say that the future may not have a quite different account to give. But of to-day it seems to me so true that it stands for one of the chief reasons why foreign artists, settled in Italy long, lose headway in their profession, and become fixed in manner instead of developing into style.

Mr. Vedder also occasionally shows traces of the influence of the pre-Raphaelite movement, a movement by no means confined to England, but probably reaching America through British rather than German or Italian channels. It has left a hint of consciousness in many of his figures, notably in that long panel with many figures called, if I remember rightly, "A Florentine Festa," and the scene by the shore in which a number of Greek girls are playing in a stately fashion, dancing, or looking out to sea. They have an air of posing like that which we see so often among the pre-Raphaelites, and if it be not the same as theirs in pitch, is still unfortunate where it occurs at all.

It may seem to the reader that very little space is bestowed upon pointing out the

beauty of this artist's work compared to that employed in criticising it and accounting for its defects. But, in the first place, this paper is not meant for a eulogy. Notices of that kind are only calculated to please the artist—and they please him only relatively and for a time. In the second place, Mr. Vedder does not need—as indeed what really fine artist does?—the aid of words to call attention to what he himself says in his pictures with far more intensity. But thirdly, Mr. Vedder's temperament and the circumstances surrounding his career are too interesting to be passed over with the usual string of empty compliments. His is not an isolated case. There are plenty of artists suffering the effects of just his circumstances, without, it is to be feared, his capacity to get the better of them. Artists are continually mistaking the praise of uncritical friends for true gold, and evading the qualified approval of those who know, because the latter does not warm them enough. It is better to let the able engravers and printers tell how fine a genius we have in Mr. Vedder by showing the pictures themselves, so far as black and white can show them, and reserve the text for such examination of their weak points as may be discov-

\* Reprinted from SCRIBNER for June, 1879.

erable, trusting that the mere discussion of such questions, if the conclusions themselves be ever so valueless, will prove suggestive to artists and amateurs.

In the opinion of the writer, Mr. Vedder needs to look to impressionism for the next step in his profession. This may seem strange advice to those who regard impressionists as artists who, too lazy to make serious study of their art, finish their eccentric pictures suddenly by a mixture of bravura and trickery. There may be such men among them, but that the serious and thoughtful artists called impressionists are not of the number is quite certain. What Mr. Vedder would gain by impressionism is just that freedom from stiffness and coldness which forms the charm of the impressionist; he might possibly render delicate, and render mobile, the vehicles of his conceptions in the manner which we see in the work of Mr. Whistler. The latter, for instance, is a fine contrast to Mr. Vedder, possessing, as he does, the artistic instinct to his very finger-tips, and yet apparently lacking entirely the creative, the solidly imaginative side, if I may be allowed the expression, which is the chief force of Mr. Vedder. What Mr. Vedder has already done is to turn more seriously than before to realism. All that is asked is that he shall go farther over into the domain of impressionism, and see if in that field there is not something which will break up what remains of that coldness, that stiffness of his, legitimately gained from unfortunate early associations.

Instead of learning first to paint in the way in which painters now must, and then bringing in his ideas, he has poured out his ideas

before learning to paint in the highest sense. Is this a crime? Is it even a misfortune? The man is bold who is ready to say that it is even to be deplored. For there is many an artist who starts with plenty of ideas in his head, but, by too narrow and too narrowing a devotion to technique, stultifies himself in some occult way. The longer one looks at art, the plainer it seems that dogmas as to art education are pitfalls. One man proceeds best from ideas to workmanship, from the general to the particular. Another would be wrecked by that passage, and finds that, for him, the only safe course is in working from paint to thought, from the particular to the general. It is evident that Mr. Vedder belongs to the former category.

What a grand conception is his "Star of Bethlehem"! Over a landscape (in which the desert is represented with his usual truth), go the Magi. But the terrestrial scene is surpassed by the celestial. A shadowy circle of cloud figures are grouped about a brilliant light in their center, from which a stream of fiery vapor descends straight down to the plain, to indicate the spot where Christ is born. What a fine sense of distance and desolation in "The Last Sun-worshiper," and what a combination of the horror of desert and sea-shore in the "Siren"! A small sketch of the "Crucifixion" contains a good idea. The dead, walking in the crowd of cloaked Jews, Arabs, and Romans, are just beginning to be noticed by the living. As they pass, wrapped in their long mantles, some of the multitude start, others are horror-struck, convinced that specters are beneath, but many are quite unconscious. In the distance are Calvary and the crosses. Mr. Vedder is also a humorist, once in a way,



A LITTLE KNOWLEDGE IS A DANGEROUS THING.

albei  
series  
amus  
man  
quick  
by lo  
Vedd  
comm  
ers in  
three  
picnic  
plump  
tions  
appea  
and v  
faces  
"Cum  
"Siby  
latter  
by wa  
heede  
and m  
It is r  
ing, u  
symbo





AN OLD SAINT.

albeit not of the most delicate touch. A series of panel sketches in oil show very amusingly the vicissitudes of the famous man of old who took people's advice too quickly in regard to his donkey, and ended by losing the beast outright. Perhaps Mr. Vedder means in this series to make one common portrait of all his critics and advisers in art. Another brace of panels show three mediæval jesters having a musical picnic near a stream, and luring several plump naiads out of the water; their flirtations are rudely broken up by the sudden appearance of Triton astride of a dolphin, and winding his "wreathed horn" in the faces of the terrified clowns. Good as the "Cumæan Sibyl" is, a sketch for another "Sibyl" is better in some regards. The latter sits on a rough spit of land surrounded by water, and lets the wind blow her unheeded writings far away to sea. The drapery and movement of the sketch are most telling. It is not a bit of humor, like the foregoing, unless, indeed, Mr. Vedder means to symbolize, in the "Sibyl," the critic, whose

advice is taken very much in the same way as was that of the wise women of old.

Mr. Vedder is still a young man, considering the length of time needed to perfect oneself in art. He has a vigorous and prolific genius, and shows the most encouraging signs of knowing what his present condition lacks. His worst enemy heretofore was the chorus of admirers who were led astray by the impressiveness of his ideas. His worst now is a trait common to great talents, and rudely represented by the term laziness, for want of a better. But it is not common laziness I mean. It is the laziness of genius, laziness of quality, not of quantity. It is not a question of the number of hours a day such a man works, but of his will to concentrate himself, to work with intensity. That is Mr. Vedder's complaint at present, unless appearances greatly deceive. As to the anomaly which we see in his work, the presence side by side of imaginative pictures poorly painted and unimaginative well done, I trust to have found the reason in the fact that Mr. Vedder belongs to two epochs in

American art, and is engaged in the interesting problem of reconciling the earlier with the later teaching. To the merely literary work of the war time he is adding the mere-

ly artistic work of to-day. He has now to complete the juncture by fusing the two styles together, and carrying out his brilliant conceptions with the art learned abroad.



## ON TWO PICTURES BY VEDDER.

## I. THE YOUNG MARSYAS.

THE secrets that alone the south wind knew,  
By summer hid in green reeds' jointed cells,  
To wait imprisoned for the south wind's spells,  
From out his reedy flute the player drew;  
And as the music clearer, louder grew,  
Wild creatures from their winter nooks and dells,  
Sweet furry things, with eyes like starry wells,  
Crept wondering out; they thought the south wind  
blew.

With instant, joyous trust, they flocked around  
His feet who such a sudden summer made;  
His eyes, more kind than men's, enthralled and  
bound  
Them there.

No wonder, when this magic sound  
Reached upper heavens, that swift Apollo laid  
The doom of death on him who thus had played.

## II. THE CUMÆAN SIBYL.

O ROME, thou blinded Rome, I come once more!  
Refuse me if thou dar'st refuse again!  
Scorn, if thou dar'st, my soul's prophetic pain!  
See yonder sky pour down its attic store  
Of wasted warmth. All stone and ice at core,  
The changeless, mighty, snow-crowned peaks dis-  
dain

To melt. Midsummer fires along the plain,  
Relentless, deadly, creep and hiss and roar.  
Naught changes me; nor slacks nor hastes my  
speed

Swift driven, scourged by soundless winds of Fate,  
Borne onward to a dire and desperate need;  
The prices of the gods do not abate;  
The madmen dearest buy who longest wait;  
O Rome, blind Rome, I come once more—take  
heed!

## MR. GLADSTONE.

On the 29th of December last Mr. Gladstone reached his seventieth year, immediately after performing, during a midwinter political tour of Scotland, a series of physical and intellectual feats—speeches which few men of forty could have attempted. The admiration of his friends has never been so fervent, the hostility of his opponents never so bitter, the astonishment of all at his energy and vehemence never so profound, as they were during the general election which came three months later, and whose echoes are just dying away from us in England. Although not nominally the leader of his party in that great struggle, he was its real hero, and was called by the voice of the nation to resume his place as head of the new Liberal ministry. He is now again the practical ruler of England, exercising a personal influence even wider than that which the highest office carries with it, his zeal unabated, his faculties showing no trace of decay, his smallest deeds and words watched with eager curiosity, not only by his own countrymen, but by those foreign countries also whose political relations to one another his action may so much affect. The moment is therefore a seasonable one for endeavoring to convey to American readers some more precise impressions than the newspapers have given them regarding the character and powers of one who has long been the foremost figure in English public life, and is perhaps, taking him all in all, the most remarkable man that the English-speaking race has produced in this century.

Although the object of this article is rather to sketch Mr. Gladstone's character and position than to write his biography, still some notice of the facts of his life must be prefixed to explain how he has come to be what he is.

His father was a Scotch merchant, a native of Leith, but settled at Liverpool, where he had established a great West Indian house; his mother, a Miss Robertson from Dingwall, a pretty little town on the far north-east coast of Scotland. In 1809, the year of his birth, England was carrying on her great struggle with Napoleon—a struggle which made Toryism supreme at home, and confirmed its dominion down till 1832. All his early

years were spent in the midst of Tory influences. His father, though personally a follower of Canning, voted for nine years in Parliament on the Tory side. Of all the great towns of England, Liverpool was the one in which Toryism then was and has till now continued to be strongest. Eton, where young Gladstone was educated for five years, was of course a Tory school, whose traditions as well as the sentiments of its teachers bound it closely to the Church of England, the monarchy, and the aristocracy. At the age of eighteen, William Gladstone proceeded to the University of Oxford and became a member of Christ Church, the largest of the colleges, and the one then most frequented by young men of rank and wealth. A great university ought to be a home not only of learning and science but also of free thought and enlightenment,—a place where the first principles of statesmanship as well as of philosophy are investigated, where the minds of students are encouraged to think for themselves, and are stimulated by the speculations of their teachers. But the University of Oxford was in those days—for it has changed wonderfully in the fifty years that have since elapsed—the stronghold of bigotry and prejudice. Nearly all its tutors and professors were clergymen of the Established Church, who looked upon Dissent as a sin, and who repelled with the contempt that is born of ignorance the movements of theological and critical inquiry which had been going on in the continent of Europe, and were beginning to be felt even in England. They had opposed the admission of Roman Catholics and Non-conformists to political rights. They clung to the doctrine of the divine right of kings, and lamented the overthrow of the Bourbons in France. They had little sympathy even for the efforts which Wilberforce, Clarkson, Brougham and others were making for the emancipation of the negroes in the West Indies. They knew comparatively little of the world beyond their own cloisters, but whenever an opportunity arose, they did what they could to support and defend a policy of oppression and the retention of those gross political inequalities and social abuses from which England was soon afterward delivered by a reformed Parliament. That there were good men, as well as learned and able men, among

them need hardly be said. But they were as ill-fitted as any learned men could be to train the youth of a country for the duties of public life. These, however, were the men who had the forming of Mr. Gladstone's mind. He threw himself with characteristic eagerness into the studies of the place, and soon became famous, not only as the best speaker at the university debating society (the Union), which has produced so many orators, but also as the most remarkable undergraduate of his generation. In the university examinations he gained the highest honors, both in classics (including ancient philosophy and history) and in mathematics. Some of his few surviving contemporaries still tell how, when he was examined *viva voce* for his degree, an immense throng gathered to hear him; how all attempts to puzzle him by questions on the minutest details of Herodotus only brought out his knowledge more fully; how the excitement reached its climax when the examiner, after testing his mastery of some point of theology, said: "We will now leave that part of the subject," and was for passing on to something else, when the candidate, carried away by his interest in the subject, answered: "No, sir; if you please, we will not leave it yet"; and began to pour forth a fresh stream of learning and argument.

From Oxford, Mr. Gladstone carried away not only a strong attachment (which the changes of half a century have not weakened) to the University and the Church of England, but also a passionate love of ancient literature, especially of the poetry of Greece, and a taste for the history of Christian theology, which was not so common among laymen in those days as it has since become, and which was, of course, deeply tinged by the Anglo-Catholic views of the eminent Oxford men who afterward grew into the Tractarian school. Both by its external aspect and through the studies which it then exclusively cultivated, the University of Oxford was specially fitted to stimulate the imagination of a young and ardent mind, to dispose him to regard all questions from their imaginative and emotional side. This was a great service to render, especially to Englishmen, whose besetting fault it is to look at things too much in their practical aspect, losing sight of their larger historical relations. But against this service is to be set the narrow and unreal view of the modern world which Oxford strove to impress upon her

children. So far appreciating the great intellectual forces which had produced the reformation, and had been at work in politics since the beginning of the American revolution, she repelled and denounced them, seeking to represent the aristocratic system of English society and the haughty exclusiveness of the English Established Church, as the two citadels of England's greatness.

These were the influences under which Mr. Gladstone started on the voyage of life. They were shared by a band of brilliant youths, many of them contemporaries, and some of them intimate friends of his own. Among them may be named Sidney Herbert, Samuel Wilberforce (afterward famous as Bishop of Oxford and of Winchester), Cardwell, Hamilton (afterward Bishop of Salisbury), Milnes Gaskell, Lord Lincoln (afterward Duke of Newcastle), R. Phillimore and George Anthony Denison. Their courses in after life have diverged widely, but for many years they kept together, and continued powerfully to affect one another's conduct and ideas.

In December, 1832, when he was only twenty-three years of age, Mr. Gladstone entered the House of Commons as member for Newark, a borough in which the Duke of Newcastle, father of one of his college friends, exercised a predominant influence. He attached himself to the Conservative party, then led by Sir Robert Peel, who so quickly discovered his powers that within two years he was admitted to office as a Junior Lord of the Treasury.

He lost this place when the ministry fell, in 1835, but was summoned back to work as vice-president, and afterward as president, of the Board of Trade, when Sir Robert Peel returned to power, in 1841. His reputation, high even when he left Oxford, had been steadily rising during these years. But the first great piece of work by which his capacities were tested was the revised tariff of customs duties scheme, which he prepared and carried through the House of Commons in 1842, showing then, already, at thirty-three years of age, that mastery of finance and figures, that extraordinary fertility of resource in debate, which were to make him the greatest Chancellor of the Exchequer that England has yet seen. Led by the duties of his office to deal with commercial questions, it was natural that he should be one of the first of the Conservative party who was converted to the doctrines of free trade, and that he should have borne a considerable part in accelerating and confirming

m-  
he  
li-  
an  
ed  
ic  
ty  
ed  
P's

fr.  
ey  
hs,  
of  
ng  
uel  
of  
m-  
nes  
of  
An-  
life  
ars  
ully  
s.  
nly  
one  
ber  
uke  
ege  
nce.  
tive  
o so  
hin  
is a

fell,  
k as  
ent.  
Peel  
ion,  
een  
the  
pac-  
f of  
ored  
ons  
irty-  
ance  
f re-  
him  
quer  
the  
rcial  
d be  
party  
free  
con-  
ming





*W. H. Chadstone*

t  
o  
P  
to  
s  
w  
m  
th  
  
at  
G  
so  
a  
A  
an  
re  
L  
ye  
op  
ho  
tai  
gre  
a C  
tra  
par  
bec  
mo  
his  
alw  
tem  
he  
cipl  
go;  
mo  
Fin  
lette  
atta  
of I  
sym  
patr  
tyra  
more  
for  
cals,  
a st  
him  
to  
the  
eclip  
finan  
custo  
price  
sensil  
perity  
great  
orator  
his fir  
rare  
large  
Vo

the conversion of his leader. This change of opinion, however, cost him his place in Parliament. As he had been elected as a Protectionist, he thought himself bound in conscience to resign his seat at Newark; and was left out of the House of Commons for more than a year, till returned as member for the University of Oxford.

Having been separated from the Conservative party by his adoption of free trade, Mr. Gladstone, like the rest of Sir Robert Peel's school, remained in opposition until, in 1852, a coalition ministry was formed under Lord Aberdeen, which included some Liberals and some Peelites; nor did he begin to be reckoned as a Liberal till, in 1859, he joined Lord Palmerston's second government. Two years before he had shown, by his strenuous opposition to the Divorce Bill, how strong a hold his original ecclesiastical views still retained on him. It would, of course, have been greatly to his own interest to have remained a Conservative, for in the dearth of administrative and oratorical power from which that party then suffered he must inevitably have become their leader in the House of Commons. However, the constant expansion of his views was during these years drawing him always more and more away from the system of doctrines and prejudices with which he had started. His old views on the principles of commercial policy were the first to go; then, but more slowly, he was led to modify his opinions on church questions. Finally, by the publication in 1850 of the letter on Neapolitan prisons, in which he attacked the government of King Ferdinand of Naples, he became known as a warm sympathizer with the efforts of the Italian patriotic party to expel domestic and foreign tyrants from the soil of Italy. It was this, more than anything else, which gained for him the confidence of English Radicals, and formed a tie between him and a statesman in many respects so unlike him as was Lord Palmerston. From 1859 to 1866, he produced, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, a series of budgets which eclipsed all the efforts of previous English financiers. Tax after tax was remitted; the customs duties were greatly simplified; the price of many of the necessities of life was sensibly reduced. During that time of prosperity and peace, when comparatively few great party struggles took place, the great oratorical sensation of the year was usually his financial statement, for he possessed the rare art of making figures pictorial. The large and luminous views which he presented

of the movements of English commerce and the influence of legislation upon them, made these speeches not only fascinating to the listeners, but studies of permanent value in economic science. He had now risen to be confessedly the first debater in Parliament. Lord Palmerston was more skillful as a tactician; Mr. Bright was perhaps more impressive and imaginative in his highest flights; Mr. Disraeli could put a finer edge on his rankling epigrams; but Mr. Gladstone was above them all in the amazing readiness, as well as power, with which he could handle every subject that came up; he was quicker at understanding and mastering its difficulties, more ingenious in argument, more lucid in exposition. It was, therefore, a matter of course that when Lord Palmerston died, in 1865, he should become leader of the House of Commons in Lord Russell's ministry. After its defeat, in 1866, he led the opposition till, in 1868, he resumed office as Prime Minister. By this time his action on the two prominent questions of Parliamentary reform and the disestablishment of the Episcopalian Church in Ireland had made him the favorite of the more advanced section of the Liberal party, while in the same measure they had gained for him the fear and hatred of the Tories and the scarcely concealed suspicion of a certain part of the more aristocratic, or (as it is sometimes called) the Whig division of the Liberals. The great general election of 1868, though nominally fought on the question of Irish disestablishment, was in reality a trial of personal popularity between him and Mr. Disraeli. It gave Mr. Gladstone an enormous majority, by whose aid he was able to carry several very sweeping measures, among them the disestablishment of the Established Church in Ireland, the resettlement of the Irish land laws, the creation of a general system of elementary education in England, and the reform of a similar system in Scotland; the abolition of purchase, with other concomitant reforms, in the army; the reform and consolidation of the English superior courts of law and equity. A reaction, strengthened by the hostility of several important classes who had been affected by these changes, or thought themselves threatened by the reforming zeal of the ministry, was not long in following. At the election of 1874 a Conservative majority was returned, and Mr. Gladstone resigned office. A year later he retired from the leadership of the Liberal party, announcing his wish to take

but little share thenceforth in party struggles. This intention, however, yielded to the displeasure and alarm with which the conduct of Lord Beaconsfield's government in the affairs of the East inspired him in 1876. From that time on, though he steadily refused to resume the position of leader, he bore a foremost part in assailing the policy of Lord Beaconsfield's government in Turkey and Afghanistan, as well as their management of the national finances.

He is now by far the greatest political force in England. Political feeling there ran higher during the late general election than it had done for many years before. It was around his name chiefly that the fight raged. Most of the speeches delivered and articles written on the Tory side were onslaughts upon him. Now, and for a long time past, every political discussion at a dinner-table or in a club smoking-room ends by becoming, if it has not begun by being, a discussion of his motives and character. Among the rank and file of the Liberals, and especially among the Dissenters, the more advanced part of the High Church section of the Anglican clergy, and the working classes, he kindles such an enthusiasm as no English statesman has kindled before—an enthusiasm such as is generally reserved for conquering heroes like Nelson or Garibaldi. The hatred of the opposite party is correspondingly bitter, and is often expressed with the ferocity that springs from fear. Nor is it confined to mere politicians; it embraces the great majority of the upper classes, the moneyed men, the land-owners, and in London (though not equally in the rest of the country) most of the professional and literary men. "Well, but," some one may remark, "of course, whenever party spirit is hot, hard things are said about the party leaders on both sides." True enough. But the peculiarity of the present case is that Mr. Gladstone's personality is just what makes party feeling so hot. It is not because men are already excited that he is lauded and reviled; it is because he rouses such feelings of antagonism and admiration that their excitement has risen so high.

This sketch does not aim at discussing the burning questions of English politics, nor at criticising Mr. Gladstone as a politician. What it proposes is to convey to readers beyond the Atlantic some notion of him as a man, a famous man, of their own blood and speech. But as this blaze of passion which surrounds him is one of the most curious problems which his career

presents, it must be realized at starting. A second such problem is suggested by the remarkable change in his political position. He began life as a high Tory. He is now, though not himself what is called a Radical, yet certainly the favorite of the radical party. How has such a transformation been wrought? It is not due to any selfish ambition, for even his worst enemies have never suggested that he has been governed by self-interest; and he would indeed have found it far easier to rise to supremacy in the ranks of his old party than in those of his present one. Nor is it as though he were of a changeable temper. On the contrary, he has clung, and still clings with a singular fidelity, to some of his earliest ecclesiastical views, and occasionally finds them throw him out of harmony with the vast majority of his party. And a third problem which we must try to solve is this: How comes it that with such gifts he has made such mistakes?—that with such wonderful oratorical power he has so often failed to discern the temper of the assembly where he has sat for nearly fifty years?—that with such administrative knowledge and skill he is so much distrusted by the very class in the midst of whom his life has been spent?

These are questions which can be answered only by getting a distinct impression of his character and nature as a whole. It is hard to separate them from his political position, it is still harder not to seem to be influenced by political bias. But American readers are more likely than Englishmen could be at this crisis to give a writer credit for honestly trying to be dispassionate, for seeking to discover and appreciate the true outlines of the human figure under the armor and plumes of the party leader. Mr. Gladstone's mind is a very peculiar one, which must have made his career peculiar, in whatever country or under whatever conditions he had been started to run it. But that career has been rendered more peculiar by two accidents, as one may call them, whose importance has been seldom appreciated by his censors.

He is a Scotchman who has been called to deal with and govern Englishmen.

He began life with a set of political and religious opinions which did not suit his character. Education had impressed them so deeply that they continue to affect him still. But his intellect has struggled to throw them off. Some have disappeared, some have been turned in new directions,

some stand unshaken side by side with opinions of a very different type.

Despite affinity of blood, despite the influences of a common literature and long-continued social intercourse, the Scottish mind remains, in many points, very unlike the English. The English are a Low-German people, modified, no doubt, by Celtic, Danish and Norman-French influences, but still in the main Low-German. The Scotch are sprung from a mixture of Teutonic (chiefly Scandinavian) with Celtic blood, and the Celtic element, which has largely tinged their intellect, shows itself even more strongly in the emotional part of their character. They are more logical than the English, more interested by abstractions and abstract reasonings, fonder of general principles, and more disposed to trust to them and carry them out consistently. Their minds are not only more active, but more active in a speculative direction, more ready to surrender themselves to a theory, whatever its consequences. And on the emotional side they are more eager, ardent, excitable, than their Southern neighbors, more liable to fits of enthusiasm, with a greater tendency to fanaticism, superstition, and all the influences which come from or look to an unseen world. The beauties or terrors of nature affect them more powerfully.\* In mixed races, combinations of apparently opposite qualities are not uncommon. The Scotch are, at the same time, logical and imaginative. With their proverbial caution they unite (those who deal with Scotch merchants know it) a singular kind of audacity.

To say this is not to say that they are superior either in intellectual or moral force to the English. On the contrary, the Scottish mind, at its best, has never risen so high as the English. Scotland has produced no Shakspeare, or Milton, or Bacon, or Locke, or Newton, or Darwin. And the Scotch are comparatively deficient in some of the most useful qualities of the English character—its moderation, its breadth, its balance, its firm grasp of facts in the concrete, its healthy worldliness. One need not stop to appraise the value of the two types; it is enough to indicate their fundamental difference—a difference which can best be understood by those who have lived among both nations, but which may also be discerned by the students of their

respective histories. Compare, for instance, the Reformation in England in the sixteenth century with the same movement in Scotland. The Roman Catholic Church was stronger in Scotland, yet her destruction was far more sudden, far more complete, accompanied by a far hotter fire of national enthusiasm. The compromises which were accepted in England, and have been maintained there till our own time, were rejected by the more thorough-going and passionate spirit of the Scottish reformers. So it was with the second outburst of religious vehemence in 1638; so it has been ever since. Even at this day, the temper with which the two nations view political problems, and throw themselves into political contests, is widely different.

Now, Mr. Gladstone is a Scotchman on both his father's and mother's side, and half a Highland (that is to say, a Celtic) Scotchman. He is (with the insignificant exception of Lord Bute, who was a mere royal favorite), the first Prime Minister of England who has come from the northern half of the island. He is, indeed, the first Scotchman, except Brougham, who has ever played a leading part in English politics. Bolingbroke, Walpole, Pulteney, Chatham, Lord North, Charles James Fox, William Pitt, Lord Liverpool, Canning, Lord Grey, Lord Althorp, Lord Melbourne, Sir Robert Peel, Lord Derby, were all of them Englishmen by blood. The Duke of Wellington and Lord Palmerston, though nominally Irish, were really Englishmen. Burke was an Irishman, and Burke's career (unlike as in many respects he is to Mr. Gladstone) strikingly illustrates some of the features of the Celtic character. This Scottish strain in Mr. Gladstone has had two remarkable effects. It has kept him from ever quite understanding and being in full sympathy with the ordinary English character, and it has prevented the English from ever quite understanding him. It is not merely because Scotland is Liberal that he is welcomed there with such transports of enthusiasm. It is because, in spite of the contrast between his High Churchism and their Presbyterianism, the Scotch enter into and enjoy his modes of thinking and feeling in a way which Englishmen, and especially Englishmen of the upper class, do not and cannot. He is not a typical Scotchman; but his intellect belongs so much more to the Scottish than to the English type that the average educated Englishman is perplexed, even frightened, by features he cannot account for because

\* This has been acutely remarked of Scottish poets by Mr. Stopford Brooke, in his history of English literature.

he finds nothing in them like himself. Let us see how this comes out.

The distinguishing note of Mr. Gladstone's nature is the combination in it of extraordinary intellectual activity with extraordinary emotional warmth. For fifty years he has given himself no rest. When he is not studying, he is talking or writing, and that not merely upon public affairs, but upon theology, history, scholarship, art or social topics. His apprehension is wonderfully quick. Long training enables him to seize in a moment the salient points of a question; his mind falls to work upon them, spins a web of argument, clothes the argument with words—words that come fast as the snow-flakes driven before a storm. While he is piercing to the heart of a subject he is also working all around it, discovering a multitude of reasons for and against each of the views which, in succession, presents itself—a string of limitations and qualifications under which each of the propositions he accepts must be stated. This ingenuity or fertility of mind gives his speeches and writings an air of complexity which many people find bewildering. They often call it subtlety. But he is not unduly subtle,—that is to say, addicted to fine distinctions of thought. In one of his pieces of sustained argument each sentence or paragraph is sufficiently clear: it is the perspective of the whole which confuses the mind of a listener who cannot recollect the relation which all these windings and turnings and by-paths bear to the main direction of the track along which he is being led.

Together with this manifoldness of mind, he has, like most men whose intellectual interests are keen, a fondness for abstract principles and a passion for working them logically out. Where other men see only scattered facts he discerns a principle, enjoys it, follows it boldly. In a person with a less wide experience of the world and a less complete mastery of facts, this tendency would be dangerous. Even he is sometimes led by it to discern a principle where none discernible by other eyes exists, to lay upon a minor principle more than it will bear, to travel faster and farther toward some momentous practical conclusion than his audience or his party are prepared to follow. Still it is a splendid faculty, the sure index of a penetrating intellect, a weapon with which, when wisely used, brilliant execution can be done in debate.

Now let us see how these powers of thought are wielded by his emotional nature. Active,

marvelously active, as his intelligence is, it is not so remarkable as is the intensity of feeling which he throws into everything he does. He is all aglow, and always aglow. Any one meeting him in company, or hearing him speak for the first time, would think that the subject he might happen to be discussing on was one which had been uppermost in his thoughts for years, such is the earnestness of his manner. When the same person heard him again and again equally fervent upon other subjects, he would naturally take this fervor for a mere oratorical habit or device. At last our observer would perceive that it is neither, but the spontaneous expression of a nature which throws its whole weight upon whatever it touches, and which has such a reservoir of force behind as never to suffer from this continual drain. It is this power of concentration, of being wholly absorbed by what is for the moment before him, that is perhaps the main source of his effectiveness. Nearly all great men have this gift; it is not so much a sign as a cause of their greatness. Some, however, exercise it, so to speak, consciously and deliberately. Being blessed with cold hearts or blunt feelings, they turn on the full stream of their power as a mere matter of business. To do so is, as it was with Napoleon, merely an expression of their remorseless will, which controls their own intellectual resources no less completely than it does everything else. But with Mr. Gladstone, strenuous as his volitions are, it is rather emotion, and her sister, imagination, that intensify and spur the action of the intellect. To him principles do not remain abstractions; they are realized in form; they are clothed with color; his feelings are excited by them; he passes swiftly from thinking a proposition true or false to loving and hating it, embracing it as noble or condemning it as wicked. For his feelings are mated with a keen moral sensitiveness. Tyranny, cruelty, falsehood excite his indignation. Even those vain-glorious vauntings of themselves and misrepresentations of their opponents which are the stock-in-trade of ordinary politicians, and which most people get accustomed to discount, seem to him nothing short of wicked. With all his love for Greek literature and admiration of the Greek religion, no one is less of a Greek in temperament. The strife of good and evil is always before his eyes. He is a Puritan in his sense of duty, in the scrupulousness of his own conscience, in his judgment of other men's words and deeds. This moral seriousness gives immense weight



to his opinion, as well as a sustained elevation to his thought and style. But some of its results are unfortunate. It has unduly repressed his natural flow of humor. Not that he wants a sense of fun, though most of his critics will not allow it to him. He can enjoy a joke, and often makes one in private. In public he rarely does, and then in rather too grave a fashion. Now, the humorous view of things is not only sometimes the truest view, but it relieves a man from that extreme tension in which Mr. Gladstone appears to live, and which, leading him to expect too high a standard of virtue from the men among whom he is cast, makes him somewhat over-strict in marking their faults and follies.

Such activity as his needs great physical strength to support it; and his physical powers, both of exertion and of endurance, would be remarkable even in a person who had nothing else to distinguish him. He can labor all day at his desk or speak for three hours at a stretch without exhaustion. He is a vigorous pedestrian, born before Alpine climbing came into fashion, but with legs approved by many a long day's tramp over wild Scottish mountains. To what is called "sport"—shooting, fishing, hunting or racing, the favorite amusements of the English upper class—he is, or at least has in maturer life become, characteristically indifferent. Tree-felling, a laborious exercise in which he has made himself skillful, is almost his only outdoor recreation. His electoral campaign in Scotland last November gave extraordinary proof of the strength of his constitution, for it was conducted in bitter winter weather, and with scarcely an interval of rest between cold journeys and long speeches.

Let us now see what these capacities and tendencies have made Mr. Gladstone as an orator, a writer, and a statesman. The man is more interesting than any of the parts he has been called to play; but we come to understand the man better by seeing how he shapes and molds these parts. As an orator, his conspicuous merits, besides his striking countenance, dignified action, and a voice full, rich and admirably modulated, are fertility and readiness. He seems to have always at command an inexhaustible store of ideas, reasons, illustrations, whatever be the subject which he is required to deal with. Of all great English speakers, probably no one, not even William Pitt, has been so independent of preparation. Even Fox, swift and rushing as he was, was great only in reply, when his feelings were heated

by the atmosphere of battle, whereas Mr. Gladstone is just as animated and forcible in an opening, or in a purely ornamental and uncontentious harangue, as in the midst of parliamentary strife. Of the many anecdotes that are current illustrating his amazing power of rising to an occasion, one may be given which has the merit of being true. On the afternoon when he was to make an important motion in the House of Commons, a friend, happening to call on him between two and three o'clock, found him just sitting down to make some notes of the coming speech. He laid aside his pen and talked for a while, then jotted down a few heads on paper, went down to the House before four o'clock, found himself drawn into a preliminary controversy of a very trying nature, in which he had to repel so many questions and attacks that it was past six before he rose to make the great speech. He then discovered that, as he had left his eye-glasses at home, his notes were practically useless, put them quietly back into his coat pocket, and delivered with no aid to his memory, and upon that one hour's preparation, a powerful argument interspersed with passages of wonderful passion and pathos, which lasted for three hours, and will always rank among his finest efforts.\*

These qualities have made him by far the greatest parliamentary debater (using the word in its strict sense) of the present generation. No one can deal with complicated facts, can expound his own case, and refute his adversaries, with anything like the same ease, clearness, force. On the other hand, this very facility prevents him from often rising to the highest summits of eloquence. In speaking, as in everything else, time and pains are indispensable to the production of the most finished work. Even a genius cannot improvise more than three or four absolutely perfect sentences at a time. Hence, though his good work is far greater in quantity than that of Edmund Burke or Macaulay or John Bright, there are few among his speeches which can be put in comparison with their best performances. Even his fertility is a snare, for it makes abundance pass into super-

\* A very acute (medical) observer once remarked to the writer that nothing struck him so much in Mr. Gladstone's oratory as his power of thinking ahead while he was actually speaking. "When I look into his deep brown eye," he said, "I seem to see going on in his brain the gathering of thoughts and polishing of sentences which will not descend to his lips for ten minutes to come."

abundance. He often gives his hearers more than they want or the occasion requires, is too anxious to pour out his whole mind, to present his view under all its restrictions and qualifications, when two or three plain reasons leading up to a definite conclusion would have been more effective. It is hardly less dangerous in oratory than in literature to appear to be exhaustive. Finally, he has made his eloquence too cheap, partly from the wide range of his interests, partly from a sort of noble simplicity which scorns the devices on which most men rely for success. He either has not perceived or has not condescended to act on the maxim, that things are more valued when they are scarce. The stream of his eloquence has flowed so full and steady for the last thirty years that men have come to look upon it as a sort of natural product, for which they have no more reason to be grateful than for the beauty of sunset skies. In Parliament, though of course much less in the country, familiarity has weakened the charm of his voice.

Although he is delightful in society, with an endless flow of brilliant talk, full of literary knowledge (he knows Dante, for instance, almost better than he knows Homer); although he is constant in his friendships, and always ready to respond to any call on his benevolence, or to interrupt his own work that he may write letters on behalf of others, he has been too busy, too much absorbed by his own ideas and pursuits, to have made many new friends. He has not, like Sir Robert Peel, formed a strong school of disciples and successors. Hence he has wanted the full benefit of having people around him who could both inform him of the fluctuations of opinion in political circles, and also defend his measures and himself with that added zeal which comes of personal attachment. It is pleasant to know that none of his former colleagues is more hearty in his admiration than the greatest of them all, and the one whose birth and training might have been expected to make him the least appreciative—John Bright. Disagreeing with Mr. Gladstone on many grave questions, seeing in him the only rival to his own oratorical pre-eminence, he is the most warm and generous in his praises. A story was lately told how Mr. Bright, hearing a lady rail at Mr. Gladstone, suddenly turned and asked her, "Has your son" (the boy was standing beside them) "ever seen Mr. Gladstone?" "No," was the surprised answer. "Then

take him at once to see the greatest Englishman he is ever likely to look upon."

Mr. Gladstone's literary work has been, with the exception of his books upon Homer and the treatise on Church and State which he wrote in early manhood, entirely of an occasional character—pamphlets and magazine articles. Such productions are not to be tried by the ordinary canons of criticism, for no one expects a polished style in what is written to be forgotten the week after it has been read. This work is considerable in amount, and unequal in merit. The historical articles show a wide learning, and occasionally so just and profound an insight as to make one believe that their author might have become a great historian. This is especially true of a study of the principles of the Protestant Reformation, which appeared some two years ago in the "Contemporary Review," and which ought to have been a sufficient answer to those who think that he is a Roman Catholic at heart. The political articles are, practically, written speeches, and have just those defects into which a writer falls from using the tongue more frequently than the pen,—a certain tendency to exaggeration, over-coloring, diffusiveness. But they are full of power. They have a rush and ring in them which would make them admired if they had appeared under any other name. It is the luster of his own oratorical reputation that obscures them.

To appraise his Homeric writings would require more pages than I have lines to give. It is the fashion to depreciate them just because men like to believe that, as the pugilist says in the *Iliad*, "one man cannot be skillful in all arts." Their defects are due partly to an over-ingenuity, which builds theories on insufficient data, partly to the fact that in a busy life the author has been unable to keep pace with the rapid advance of criticism and philological research. But, in the midst of much that is rather fanciful than solid, they contain also some observations and suggestions of great and permanent value. The picture they give of the politics and life of the Homeric age is the most vivid that has ever been drawn. The knowledge and mastery of the Homeric poems which they display is extraordinary. Nor has any one seen so clearly and enforced so effectively the truth that Homer is his own best interpreter, that the most minute examination of the text is the only way to arrive at trustworthy conclusions on Homeric questions.

It is as a statesman that history will be

concerned to judge Mr. Gladstone, and indeed greatly concerned, since his personal qualities and tendencies have been a sensible factor, not only in England, but in the complex movements of European politics. Without attempting to anticipate her judgment, which cannot come till the consequences of his career have had time to show themselves, it is interesting even now to inquire how, having been and being still such a force and fame, he is yet an object of so much suspicion and alarm.

For the government of a nation he has not merely great gifts, but an unusual accumulation of gifts: knowledge, industry, energy; eloquence that sways assemblies; conscientiousness that makes his probity accepted like a law of nature; a swift and ample comprehension not only of the details of administration, but of the great movements of thought in the world; an imaginative power of sympathy with human feeling which gives him the power of warming men to enthusiasm by example as well as by words. These are the qualities that go to make a hero; and with them he has also the truly heroic virtue of simplicity. Such qualities make a man fit to lead a nation in moments of exaltation, winning their devotion, stimulating them to splendid efforts. They have, in fact, enabled him to accomplish great things for England. He has been the author, either as himself devising or as carrying through the schemes of others by his own energy, of more legislative measures whereby the condition of people has been improved and their burdens lessened, whereby grounds of disaffection have been removed and men's minds knitted together in loyalty and contentment, than any English statesman of his own generation, perhaps of this century.

However, these are not the only qualities which a statesman needs for success. In the pursuits or professions of literature, or art, or science, one cannot have too much of the highest gifts. But in the trade of governing men,—an employment which, like commerce or forensic advocacy, brings us constantly into contact with our fellows,—an excess in the finer gifts may be dangerous. Certainly, some of the more commonplace capacities are to the full as needful—shall we say more needful?—than those which move admiration and enthusiasm; and this is eminently true in the country where Mr. Gladstone's lot has been cast. England is a country hard to be understood from outside. Under a despotism, a statesman who

is sure of the confidence of the sovereign may disregard everybody else and devote himself simply and purely to the task of doing his best for his country. Under a democracy like that of the United States, a statesman appealing by certain broad merits to an immense mass of electors who come into no personal contact with him is comparatively independent of persons, and need not so much care to study their peculiarities, win their help and protect himself against their enmity. But in a half-aristocratic, half-democratic country like England, ruled by a Parliament composed of a small number of men, of whom some fifty or sixty practically govern and influence the rest, the study of men,—that is to say, of men's weaknesses,—becomes a very important branch of statesmanship. He who neglects it may possibly rise to power, but cannot be sure of remaining there.

Mr. Gladstone has, in a remarkable degree, what the French call "the defects of one's qualities"—that is to say, the failings which flow from some faculty pushed to excess—present in so large a measure as to disturb the balance of the mind, or to choke the growth of some other useful aptitude. His eager activity makes him, as it was said of Julius Cæsar, think that nothing has been done while aught remains undone. It passes into restlessness. It prevents him from realizing the presence in others of that weariness and indifference which he never feels himself. When he was at the head of affairs, he carried so many sweeping reforms that everybody who was interested in the maintenance of abuses took fright. Even among those who applauded, many looked at their neighbors and said, "What next?" Absorbed in his own ideas, thinking only of the benefits which were being gained for the country, he did not perceive that he was outrunning the taste of the governing classes for reforms and using up the force which he had hitherto been able to direct. The intensity with which he bends his mind upon one thing at a time sometimes prevents him from observing other things. Small symptoms of changing popular opinion may escape his notice. He does not give himself leisure to study and conciliate individuals, even when they are powerful. Men whose position, if not their ability, gives them a high conceit of their own opinion, may be heard to complain that he does not listen to them with sufficient deference. His ingenuity, his power of finding principles everywhere and abun-

dant reasons for every course, has in it something alarming for the ordinary mind, especially as the conclusions he arrives at are not always those he expressed in earlier years. Thus, while every one admits his honesty, he incurs the charge of inconsistency, that bugbear of cowardly minds. The same warmth of feeling which supplies so tremendous a motive power makes him impulsive in manner and vehement, sometimes over-vehement, in speech. This is sometimes charged on him as a fault of temper, although quite unjustly, for no one keeps his temper better in debate, or has indulged in fewer personalities. Sometimes it is twisted into a sign of unsound judgment or deficient self-control. Even his moral earnestness has its dangerous side. It makes him care too much about the causes he embraces, and advocate them too constantly from a point which fatigues the mass of mankind.

Can a statesman, then, some one may ask, be really too much interested in his work, too serious and lofty in his aims? The world being what it is—yes. In a country like England, the career of a successful statesman must be one long succession of compromises, half measures, humblings of popular prejudices, conciliations of selfish interests. A skillful man may keep his honesty through it all. But a scrupulous man will often find his conscience stand in his way. He will be stiff where it would be wiser to yield; will speak out when he might have remained silent; will disdain to flatter national vanity when he might win an easy and cheap popularity by doing so; will have so decided a preference for what he thinks the right thing to be done that he may refuse to join in attaining almost the same end by some other road. Above all, he will tend to judge others, not perhaps the opponents whom he condemns, but the mass of his countrymen to whom he appeals, by himself. This, be it said with all respect, has been Mr. Gladstone's chief mistake. He has taken the world for better than it is. He has imagined men to be generally anxious to discover the truth, to be ready to obey their highest motives. His calculations have made scant allowance for the great mass of mere dullness and indifference which exists in all countries. Men's prejudices, their jealousies, their national as well as individual conceit, their selfishness and even such more amiable weaknesses as their preference of sport to work, their love of a little excitement and novelty, have been

little regarded. He has addressed them in two strains only—the language of pure reason, which some cannot understand and many will not listen to, and the language of moral exhortation, which after a time wearies the ordinary man, while it incenses the bad man, because it reproves him, and the cynical man, because he takes it for hypocrisy. So far from being in point of moral susceptibility below her European neighbors, England is on the whole above them. There is a larger section among her people than in probably any of the other old countries which responds to the sacred names of Justice and Humanity. But after all it is, except in moments of great excitement, only a section.

This is one of the ways in which the difference between the typical English character and Mr. Gladstone's, which is distinctively Scottish, expresses itself. It is, however, not the only way. His belief in logic, his fondness for carrying out principles to their results, are distasteful to the English mind. It scents danger in them. It is not willing to admit that everything is matter for argument. With a profound respect for the existing order of the world, it is impatient of theoretical reasons for changing anything which works passably well in practice. The sort of political leader whom it is really happy with is one of the type to which Lord Althorp, Lord Melbourne, Lord Palmerston belonged,—a hearty, vigorous, outspoken, clear-headed man, with no more genius than is needed to rise to the level of a great debate, but entering joyously into the ordinary tastes and pursuits of English gentlemen. Thus there has always been (as remarked already) a certain want, not, perhaps, of moral sympathy, but of mutual intellectual comprehension between Mr. Gladstone and a large part of his countrymen. His early High Church friends have taken in his position. The Puritan Non-conformists admire him. The Scotch worship him. But the rest of the country, whether it votes him into office or votes him out, doesn't quite understand him; and perhaps he has never quite understood it.

There is another reason for his unpopularity with the upper classes which it is not pleasant to dwell upon. It is the feeling which came out in the proverbial instance of the Athenian farmer, who ostracised Aristides because he was tired of always hearing him called the Just. If it is dangerous to be praised for your talents, much more dangerous is it to be praised for your virtues.



Neither dignity nor humility protects from the sharp and watchful criticism which in a free state beats like hail upon a public man. Sensitiveness only stimulates it. Small errors are magnified. Careless words are twisted into the worst meaning. Even such a piece of pure good-nature and simplicity as the habit of answering everybody's letters is set down to a morbid love of notoriety. As Mr. Gladstone has long been the most conspicuous figure in his own party, he draws all the enemy's fire. It is less trouble to denounce him than to argue against the doctrines of his party; and he has expressed himself on so many subjects, that there is always something to lay hold of. During the three years of fierce party strife that preceded the recent election, the hostile newspapers, some of which have their secret reasons, personal or theological (for theological or anti-theological rancor plays no small part in these matters), did, by continued reiteration, succeed in persuading a part of the English public that he is a revolutionary in home politics and a craven in foreign politics,—childish as such a conception may seem to those who have followed his career.

It is not so much these attacks, to which he had learnt to be indifferent, as the disappointment at the reaction which had swelled up around him, that has given a tinge of melancholy to Mr. Gladstone's countenance and ideas. He sees a new generation springing up which ignores the great things that were done twenty years ago; he perceives old fallacies stalking about like risen ghosts, and beguiling a large part of the people; he hears doctrines savoring of Napoleonic imperialism, doctrines which seem to him to be profoundly immoral, preached with confidence and received with applause.

However, all this, instead of damping his ardor, has only kindled it the more. In one of the most vivacious of his later sallies, Mr. Disraeli compared the Liberal ministers of 1873 (when a defeat in the House of Commons had checked their vigorous reforming policy) to a row of extinct volcanoes which, after pouring forth desolating showers of ashes and torrents of lava, stand grim, black, and silent in the wilderness their own fury has created around them. Whatever appropriateness the comparison may have had for some of his colleagues, Mr. Gladstone's fires have certainly not burnt out. They blaze fiercely as ever, and send their light and heat over the whole country. Neither the seventy years that have passed

over him, nor the division of his mind between politics, scholarship, history, theology, nor the din of strife that is ringing always in his ears, seem to diminish his vigor and the vivid eagerness with which he throws himself into everything he touches. It is by this impression of force, more than by any one of his many gifts, that he chiefly seizes the imagination of his contemporaries, and that he will hold his place in the world's annals, the impression of an intellectual passion and energy exhaustless as one of the forces of nature.

There has arisen of late years a school of writers who seek to reduce history to what they call an "exact science," to explain all historical phenomena by the operation of general laws similar to the laws which govern the material universe. Such writers trace out without difficulty the action of these laws in the past,—we can all do that,—and have sometimes ventured to attempt prediction, though hitherto with but scant success. They insist that the growth of democracy makes such a scientific treatment of history easier and more certain now than it could have been in the days when kings and popes lorded it over nations. For since events are now determined by the opinions of large masses of men, individuals, whose peculiarities are no doubt still beyond the domain of science, may (it is alleged) be eliminated as being of little practical consequence. The course of European history during the last forty years does not seem, to the eye of a calm observer, to make for such a doctrine. Where would Italy have been without Mazzini, or even without Garibaldi and Cavour? What would Germany have been without Bismarck? How different, to all appearance, would the course of events have been in England and in the East had either Mr. Gladstone or Lord Beaconsfield been off the scene! We can see that the general tendencies of their age have influenced, and have been in a manner represented by, these conspicuous figures. But we see also that the special gifts of each have made all the difference as to the time when and the manner in which momentous changes have arrived, if, indeed, they have not made the difference as to their ever arriving. It would be more true to say that the lessening importance of material and the growing importance of spiritual forces are making the influence of individuals greater, and the study of individual characters more essential in the historian's eyes, than was ever the case before. Now, when governments



are more popular, when education is more generally diffused, when communication has become easier, when intelligence is scattered more swiftly and widely by the press, so much the more abundant and efficient do

the means become for the working of the most potent of all the forces that govern human affairs—the influence of a great character upon the thoughts, the imagination, the emotions of his fellow-men.

### ST. MARTIN'S SUMMER.

AFTER the summer's fierce and thirsty glare,  
 After the falling leaves and falling rain,  
 When harsh winds beat the fields of ripened grain  
 And autumn's pennons from the branches flare,  
 There comes a stilly season, soft and fair,  
 When clouds are lifted, winds are hushed again,—  
 A phantom Summer hovering without pain  
 In the veiled radiance of the quiet air;  
 When, folding down the line of level seas,  
 A silver mist at noonday faintly broods,  
 And like becalmed ships the yellow trees  
 Stand islanded in windless solitudes,  
 Each leaf unstirred and parching for the breeze  
 That hides and lingers northward in the woods.

### LEONARD WOODS.\*

#### PROFESSOR PARK'S MEMORIAL.

HAVING just received here, in Paris, a copy of Professor Park's masterly and captivating discourse upon the life and character of the late President Woods, I let no-time pass before reading it most carefully, and twice over. It takes one into high latitudes and deep soundings. Nothing less would have been worthy of the subject; and fortunate is it that such a eulogist was ready.

After this, I must offer some excuse for putting myself before the public on the same subject. I write not merely from the natural desire to express admiration and affection at the time of death, when they are deeply felt, but because I know myself to be greatly the debtor of Professor Woods, and hope that I may contribute something in the way, if not of return, at least of acknowledgment. And my absence in a foreign land prevented my paying the proper tribute at his burial.

It was my good fortune to be suspended from Harvard (for a cause not bearing upon character or scholarship), and to be placed

under the care of Mr. Leonard Woods. It was then high-water mark at Andover, so the memorial tells us. President Porter and Dr. Wood, senior, were in full vigor; Professor Stuart was at the height of his fame; Professor Edward Robinson had returned from a long residence in Germany, with a very high reputation for scholarship; and, last of all, Mr. Leonard Woods, then only at the age of twenty-four, had been the first scholar in the Phillips Academy, the first in every branch at Union College, had been graduated at the Theological Seminary the acknowledged foremost man of his period, had published a translation from the German of Knapp's "Christian Theology," enriched with a long and fully thought-out preface, and original notes showing profound scholarship, and "a deeper philosophical spirit, and a more generous flow of soul, than the original work itself." He was assisting Professor Stuart in his commentary on the Epistle to the Romans, and aiding Professor Robinson in editing the "Biblical Re-

\* The Life and Character of Leonard Woods, D. D., LL. D. By Edwards A. Park. Andover, Mass.: Warren F. Draper.

pository," then the most scholar-like periodical in America, and was assistant instructor in Hebrew in the Seminary. The reputations of these men had drawn to the Seminary a Junior class of about eighty students. An enthusiasm for scholarship pervaded everything, while, also, the Sunday sermons at the chapel were of a high order.

Mr. Woods was an Abbot Resident, as it is called, and was deeply engaged in almost every form of intellectual activity. He had already established a reputation as an attractive and commanding preacher. His acquaintance and correspondence were wide and distinguished. Far, indeed, was he from being the mere theologian, or scholar of ancient lore. He wrote as well as read German and French, and was an enthusiastic student of general philosophy, of poetry and romance, of history and political philosophy. Indeed, he was a miracle of breadth, elevation and comprehensiveness, as well as of scholarship. He was the ideal scholar, and if he had died at the age of twenty-four, the seers of New England would have proclaimed that a great light had been extinguished, though it was then but little above the horizon.

I desire to say nothing about my own relations with him, beyond what may tend to give explanation of what he was and how he worked. Except a morning or an evening walk, he was over his books all the time that sleep and meals left him, and always with unabated enthusiasm. In languages—and I was then engaged with him upon Latin, Greek and German—he seemed to have a method of teaching and studying of his own. It was something I had not known in the routine of school and college. Although an exact and skillful grammarian and philologist, the life-consuming rules and exceptions of the dreaded grammars were made to bear lightly upon the spirit, and what he did, without fear of using translations and notes, was to make the author, whether Thucydides or Xenophon, Cicero or Horace, Goethe or Schiller, a living, sentient being, and to establish with him an intelligent communion of thought and sentiment or emotion. To say that to me he was the best of instructors, is saying but little. He was the best of friends. I looked upon him as a generation in advance of myself, as well as moving in a different sphere. When walking with him, engaged in conversation, I felt as if walking by the side of one who had descended to my level in an ethereal equipage of his own, and yet

had it so under control, and was so full of naturalness and sympathy and interest, as to make me feel that, while "By his natural motion he exceeds," yet he is a man, a companion and wayfarer withal.

It was for six months that I had the privilege of daily intercourse with this marvelous man. After that, I returned to Harvard with new ideas of scholarship, of study, and of life. Again, I spent with him a week or two of a short winter vacation, during which time I was his room-mate, and was what Wordsworth calls, by a mixture of figures, "the very pulse of the machine." I trust I do not err in the way of publishing his privacy or of obtruding myself. I was a witness to the regular devotional readings with which he began and ended each day, and to his prayers, kneeling by his bedside. It was a touching thing to me, who was not recognized by the orthodox as "converted," as a "professor of religion," that he expected me to join with him. It was a new presentation to me of Congregational orthodoxy—not that I found Andover the least behind Cambridge in personal liberality or in kindliness to the individual amid its stern and keen doctrinal polemics, but the system of the period, as I afterward learned, was the New Measure system of New England, and not the theory of the first non-conformists of the Boston colony, as regards the relations of the young. Mr. Woods considered himself, in that respect, a truer representative of the earliest divines of New England than were the great part of the men of his own time. At all events, controversy aside, he was in his religion comprehensive, trustful, confiding and companionable.

The analysis of his mental and moral nature may well be left where Professor Park has placed it. To understand fully his intellectual and moral history, from the age of thirty to his death at the age of seventy-one, and to account for what his greatest admirers sometimes call *the failure of his life*, requires a diagnosis of brain (or whatever else it may be) which the human intellect has not been endowed with the means of making, either upon the living or the dead.

I have always thought that his great function was that of a rhetorician. I use the word in its widest sense, so as to embrace every form of oral expression, whether in conversation with one, or as a contributor to the free discourse of a small gathering, or as an orator of the pulpit, the platform or the instructor's chair. He had the indispensable

element, the *temperament* of an orator. He had also great collateral advantages of voice and countenance. In conversation, though he might be the chief contributor, he was strictly but a contributor. He never declaimed; and he always kept the conversation open to all, and never permitted it to become a controversy or a struggle.

Some thirty years ago, it had been announced that President Woods was to preach in what is now the parish church of the Advent, in Bowdoin street, but was then in the possession of a Congregational society, under the pastorate of the Rev. Dr. Winslow. The house was well filled. President Woods spoke apparently without even notes. He spoke for nearly an hour and a half, of a warm summer afternoon, to a congregation which had been used to set their mental chronometers to twenty or thirty minutes. Yet it was a case of "*Conticue omnes, intentique ora tenebunt*," from first to last. There was not only attention, but an excited, glowing attention. His subject was "The Delayed Justice of God," the text being, "Because sentence against an evil work is not executed speedily, therefore," etc. For his space of time, and his purpose, he was the master of every one in the house, and Dr. Winslow, in his concluding prayer, was so carried away that he entered unconsciously upon a eulogy on the preacher, in thanking the Almighty for the great privilege we had enjoyed that day. At this time, it was rarely if ever that a preacher of the orthodox sects took examples or illustrations from elsewhere than the scriptures; but in this discourse, it seemed that, as was said of Burke, there had gone out a decree that all the world should be taxed. He drew his illustrations from all history, from all the known experience of mankind. As I have said, it is more than twenty-five years since I heard that sermon; but I can repeat, I think *verbatim*, many of its finest passages, and retain a clear memory of its thought and order. After some years, happening to speak with a scholarly and thoughtful man on the subject of sermons, he said that the best he had ever heard was one by President Woods, in the old meeting-house in Bowdoin street, on the delayed justice of God, and he proceeded to describe it. Again, in New York, at a gathering of men of letters, the subject of best sermons was started, and one of the number, a man of high repute as a writer, said that, chancing to be in Boston of a Sunday, some years before, he went to hear President Woods, at Bowdoin street, and

there heard a discourse, on the delayed justice of God, which had ever remained in his mind the ideal sermon. Thus, the only three persons I know to have heard it, give it the first place; and I doubt if any intelligent hearer on that day will fail, even now, to acquiesce in this judgment.

Professor Park speaks of his Phi Beta Kappa oration, at Harvard, in 1840. I can only bear evidence as a witness. President Woods came forward upon the wide platform, with no desk, seat nor table near him, and without notes in his hand, and threw himself upon his audience, with the full fervor of a natural orator, with a countenance gleaming with emotion, an eye suffused, and a voice that thrilled and charmed so that one "could not choose but hear." He stepped on air. He soared. At the end of a truly splendid paragraph, when he bore down upon those who recognized as truths only what the senses expose to them, with all the energy of his enkindled moral nature, "with his ensigns streaming from his peak, and all his canvas straining to the wind," there broke out a vehemence of applause such as is seldom heard upon academic occasions. One devotee of exact science and analytical methods was so excited that he hissed. I do not think he was heard on the platform, but he was heard for some distance. At length, failing a more fitting mode of expression, he called out in a loud voice, "Sophistry! Mere sophistry." He found no sympathy; and a gentleman whom we all respected turned around from a neighboring pew, and answered: "If it is, it is the most magnificent piece of sophistry I have heard this many a day." At the dinner, this "superb oration" as it was called, was the topic, and all regretted that the rule of the society forbade our asking for a copy for the press. But if we could and had, there was no copy for the press. I do not mean that the oration was extemporaneous. I do not doubt that many of its most consummate passages had been written and rewritten; and that, by a far more laborious process than writing and committing to memory, he had composed mentally, and rehearsed by himself, with the advantage of imagination and enthusiasm in the process, and so fostered in his singularly tenacious memory nearly all that he afterward heralded to his audience, with such changes and additions as the stimulus of the moment suggested, and his singular mastery of himself enabled him to make without risk.

Dr. Park speaks of a lecture by him, delivered in several of the cities of New

England, on the "Liberties of the Ancient Republics," as to which he says: "The secular press was exultant in praise of the 'majestic grasp of thought,' the 'melody of language,' and the 'intoxicating charm of oratory.'" This is probably the one I had the never-to-be-forgotten delight of hearing in public in Boston, and afterward, at the request of some who were not present, read by him at the house of a friend. This essay, I think, was to some extent written out; yet, probably, if the notes escaped the sad disaster to his library years afterward, they would not be found sufficient for use to a publisher. The discourse I refer to had for its object a portraiture of the defects, the evils, the sins, the wrongs, of the boasted ancient civilizations, compared with the characteristics of the civilizations of Christianity. I remember it began, as his discourses always did, with a touch upon his key-note,—"'But for Christianity,' says Gibbon, 'to what heights might not the ancient civilizations have attained,'" and, by the end of an hour, you were ready to cry out to him to hold his hand, so almost unendurable became the impression of dejection and accumulated horrors. You felt your breath stifled and your heart beating, until you were relieved and thrown into delight by the dazzling moral splendor of the extended contrast. If this is not the discourse to which Professor Park refers, it adds another to the list of great achievements.

It would be grossly unjust to President Woods to take the comparison directly, but something in the effect of his richest and most brilliant efforts recalls to one's mind Burke's description of the banquet "the great magician himself," in British India, spread before the young officials just sent out from England,—a description I have not before me, and can only call up imperfectly from memory,—where the most delicious wines of France joined with the voluptuous vapor of perfumed India smoke, combining the vivid satisfactions of Europe with the torpid blandishments of Asia.

I assent to Professor Park's statement that "he was more remarkable, perhaps, for his conversations than for his public addresses." With him, conversation was a fine art. He had the light touch, the variety, the abstinence from pedantry or disputation, the faculty of a good listener, and the power of dropping seed in all soils imperceptibly, and of casting his bread upon all waters. I do not think it at all an exaggeration to say that the conversation of President Woods

produced deeper psychological effects upon what were, or what turned out to be, the best minds of New York and New England, than has that of any man of his epoch.

In his youth and early middle life, there was no lack—nay, there was ever an exuberance—of civil courage and enterprise. The account given in the memorial of his course as editor, for four years, of the "Literary and Theological Review," has the interest of a battle-field:

"He threw out his opinions at once and in a mass, instead of steadily expressing them one by one. He came out simultaneously against various parties in the church and in the state. He proved that his amiable spirit was not an easy indifference to what he deemed the truth. His bravery elicited the admiration of his confederates. He cited and adopted the words of Coleridge: 'As far as *opinions* and not *motives*, *principles* and not *men*, are concerned, we neither are tolerant nor wish to be regarded as such. As much as I love my fellow-men, so much and no more will I be intolerant of their heresies and unbeliefs; and I will honor and hold forth the right hand of fellowship to every one who is equally intolerant of what he conceives to be such in me.'"

He came out against the opinions of many of his supporters. He opposed the courses pursued by the Temperance and Antislavery societies, and by the popular revivalist preachers. He objected to the German Reformation, as either a misfortune or a mistake, and contended that reformation in the Church was possible, and should have been pursued. As far back as 1837, we find him defending, in his periodical, the organ of Presbyterians and Congregationalists, the few and simple conditions of admission to the Anglican communions of Great Britain and the United States, as compared with the full and minute requirements of doctrine among the Presbyterian and Congregational denominations. He defended these on the grounds on which they are now successfully and almost universally defended by the churchmen themselves,—that the Church is a school and not an association of alumni; an open institution for all mankind, in which doctrinal as well as moral truths are to be taught, with more or less effect, to the last hour of life; a guardian of sacraments to be open to all who show the humblest and simplest knowledge of truth, and the merest elements of religious life, rather than an exclusive association of those who "have attained,"—grounds which, in that day, were scarcely perceived or welcomed by large numbers of churchmen themselves.

It was with full knowledge of these bravely outspoken opinions that he was called to the professorship of Sacred Literature at

Bangor, in 1835, and in 1839 to the presidency of Bowdoin College, both strongholds of orthodox Congregationalism.

While at Bowdoin College, from 1839 until his resignation in 1866, he departed from the course his predecessors had pursued as to the Congregational clergy. "He declined to mingle in their ecclesiastical councils and their ministerial associations; he did not preach their ordination sermons; he seldom appeared in their pulpits; he opposed some of their distinctive principles." In his political sentiments, too, he was open and avowed. He became known as an advocate of negro slavery as a thing good in itself, and not as a necessity to be submitted to, and as a defender of Calhoun's theories as to the constitution. While these lay in the opinions of a recluse and a scholar, they did not attract popular attention; but when such opinions, carried into action at the South, had led to a terrible, protracted, and long-doubtful war; when in New England there was scarce a house in which there was not one dead; when they meant the loss of the dearest and best of our youth; the march of armies by the tens and hundreds of thousands, where "every turf beneath their feet became a soldier's sepulchre"; when all this meant debt and poverty and privation; when it might mean a divided or a piecemeal-broken republic, and still his potent voice was against the republic, his position and its effects were altered. In the good old vigorous times he so admired, he would have found himself in the Tower, perhaps on the way to the block; but in calm, self-restrained, liberal, forgiving New England, the worst that befell him was the forfeiture of some friendships, the cooling of others, and a diminution of the public confidence in his judgment, though with a full acknowledgment of his civil courage. His political and ecclesiastical positions together probably led to his resignation of the presidency of Bowdoin, or, at least, largely contributed to it.

If he had simply acquiesced in slavery as an existing order of things from which he could see no escape but with great danger to all our institutions, and to the existing social order, and shrank from all resistance to its assumption which portended the last resort, we might explain it on the grounds of his extreme conservatism, and his abhorrence of war. But his abstract opinion in favor of slavery, and of the correctness of the Southern position, involving a resort to war, and his wide proclamation and earnest advocacy of those opinions to the end, require other

considerations. He had never seen slavery, and the so-called patriarchal system appealed to his imagination. It fell in with his respect for authority, and his tendency to support the weaker side led him to look upon it as a system that stood alone, with the world against it, and surrounded by perils and obloquy. I will add here, what Professor Park has not suggested, but which I believe to be true, that in later life he developed a strong tendency to paradox. It was enough that the popular opinion, literature, and politics of the day were engaged against slavery to make him seek for arguments in its favor; and, at last, his generosity and his natural inclination to support the least-supported, and perhaps a little pride of consistency under trial, led him to continue his support beyond the limits of loyalty; and the more so because he saw Northern politicians deserting the cause they had sustained so long as it was a good political paymaster; while, for himself, he was conscious of none but disinterested motives.

I have referred to what has been called the "failure of his life." In what sense can a life be called a failure, of which all can be truly said which Professor Park has said of him? Only relatively to the promise given and so long kept, and to the great results so early effected, can the life of him be called a failure who, at twenty-three, had translated and annotated a work which is still a standard; who, at twenty-four, was almost the equal assistant of Stuart and Robinson, and the editor of the most conspicuous theological magazine in the United States; whom Bowdoin College was glad to secure as its president at thirty-one; who, at thirty-three, conversed in Latin at Rome, and in French at Paris, delighting the intellectual family of Louis Philippe at the Tuileries, and praised by Gregory XVI. for his excellent Latin, as well as the richness of his discourse, after an interview of an hour or more, to which the Pope had himself invited him; who, before he completed his thirty-fourth year, could count among his friends and correspondents some of the most eminent of the ecclesiastical dignitaries of Rome and Oxford, and had communed with the leading statesmen of America and England and France, and was the most welcome of guests at the abodes of the best writers and thinkers, as well as the social leaders, of his own land; who had delivered such discourses as I have described, and exerted such an influence upon a generation of admiring pupils, and on such numbers of men and women who



were thinking and acting in all positions in life.

But we see him beginning a history of the Andover Seminary with great zeal; hear him say that it will be a history of religion in New England; know that he labored long upon it, and then we hear of it no more. He projected the plan of an extended treatise which would require years of preparation, on what might have been called the formation of Christendom: "He elaborated his plan," says Professor Park, "was dissatisfied with parts, improved them, hesitated, still expected, and at length the result of his extensive preparation lay entombed in his own mind."

Later in life, he makes a second visit to Europe. But it is not, as before, to the great centers of thought, or to commune with its great masters. He is sent abroad by the Historical Society of Maine to make researches into the early discoveries and settlements of the eastern shore of that State. We find him, not at Oxford, or Geneva, or Rome, but at Bremen, gathering materials for the minute details in the history of a State of which he was not a native, and exerting a personal influence and diplomatic skill to obtain for others materials and labor which have given great value to the first two volumes of the Maine Society's publications, and exhibiting an enthusiasm which, in earlier days, he gave to what concerned human nature itself, in its widest, deepest and highest interests.

Some have suggested that his mind was of a cast which did not favor the growth of convictions, and did not admit of that persistent determination of all one's forces in the direction of their support, which alone leads to great, permanent, visible results; that he was a speculatist and a rhetorician, a man of taste and imagination, one who delighted in the beautiful and the good, the strange and the ancient, and hospitably entertained whatever was worthy and true, but was not a constant seeker for truth as such, or a persistent actor in its promulgation.

But that which at length gave rise to complaints and fault-finding among many, and to doubts and anxieties among his friends, was connected with his religious opinions and ecclesiastical action. The Oxford theology seemed to have won his entire sympathy and approval. No one of the tenets went too far for him. More than that, there seemed nothing to warrant his refusal of the claims of the Church of Rome. He would pass days with Dr. Pusey, at Oxford, in entire sympathy of discourse, or, in his own words, "talking hour by hour on

all the doctrines of Christianity, with an agreement at which he himself seemed not a little surprised"; and even among the doctors and cardinals at Rome, there seemed to be (it was before the Vatican Council) no serious grounds of difference.

His personal influence in America was in those directions, not only in conversation, but in the reading and practices he recommended, or at least suggested. Not that he advocated the claims of Anglicanism or Romanism in the way of direct argument. Such was not his habit or nature. He electrified through conductors. It was the frame of mind and emotion he developed or created for which he was responsible. The number whom he has, directly or indirectly, by these means, led from his own denomination to Anglican and Roman communions is very great. Yet he himself did not move. He asked for no orders beyond the Presbyterian laying on of hands he received in New York in 1835. Away from home, he sought those churches where liturgies and sacraments, ancient choral music and worshipful masses, ruled all, and he showed more sympathy with their clergy than he could possibly have felt with those who were ecclesiastically his brethren. He remained officially within that fold, while it was outside its lines that lay those fields and hills, those gardens and forests which his soul seemed to delight in. It is this apparent inconsistency which led to the most unfavorable reflections that were made upon him, and which those who did not know him have attributed to various commonplace defects.

Professor Park treats his constitution, moral and mental, as extraordinary and phenomenal, containing extremes that can scarcely be combined, resulting in a mystery, to the solution of which he addresses himself with skill and tenderness and profundity, but without the expectation of success.

There is often something in the native structure of the mind, or in the effect of circumstances upon its growth, or in the subtle results of disease, which so operates that

"thus the native hue of resolution  
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,  
And enterprises of great pith and moment,  
With this regard, their currents turn awry,  
And lose the name of action."

But Professor Park has thrown a new light upon this theme when he reveals the secret that, some twenty-five or thirty years before his death, Mr. Woods had had intimations that he must greatly reduce the

strain upon his brain, restrict himself to easier and concrete topics, and no more "so terribly to strain the disposition with thoughts beyond the reaches of the soul." This was probably known to few but himself. Never married, he became more a recluse as life went on. It certainly was neither known nor suspected by his friends and intimates generally. It was but a few years before his death that a second attack produced effects that were generally marked. If we compare the periods of these manifestations with what, as mere observers, we noticed of a lapse of interest in abstract topics, and the absence of that action which his opinions on great questions demanded of him, we find a sad revelation of causes and effects. "Such a mind," Dr. Park exquisitely says, "seems to be attending the funeral of its own faculties and mourning their untimely decay."

But that is not all. Must there not be an

allowance for idiosyncrasies, increased by the effect of these physical onslaughts upon a delicate and susceptible temperament? Might this not result in a blunting of the keen edge of mental discrimination, and an increase of tenderness toward the revived impressions of youth? Is there any inconsistency in that state of mind which, in its last moments, derived its chief consolation from "ancient Latin progress and venerable liturgic services," yet gave its last audible utterance to the imperishable child's stanza of the New England Primer?

But I can do best by leaving the beloved and alluring topic here, and hope I may be excused if I find a consolation in calling up those well-worn but never unfelt lines of a tender bard:

"No further seek his merits to disclose,  
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode  
(There they alike in trembling hope repose)—  
The bosom of his Father and his God."

#### ARTEMUS WARD.

I HAVE lately read the complete works of Artemus Ward, edited by Mr. Hingston, who was, I believe, his business manager. Mr. Hingston has written in this book some recollections of Artemus Ward; and he has here and there added a foot-note, in which he appears in a relation to the author somewhat like that which the middle-man has to the end-man at the minstrels—explaining the jokes in a superior and educated manner. But Mr. Hingston seems to have been a sincere admirer of Ward, and deserves our thanks for having got into a single volume the effusions of this original writer, marked by so much wit and reflection, by such a friendly and gentle spirit, by a humor so thoughtful, yet so sudden and jocund.

I have found another book by Mr. Hingston, called "The Genial Showman," which is in two volumes, and seemed at first to be a kind of life of Ward. But it contains very little about him. Yet, I suppose it has pretty much all that is known of him. It was thus that Mr. Hingston first came to make Artemus Ward's acquaintance. He was traveling on the railroad through Indiana when he heard some one in the car remark that this was Artemus Ward's railroad, and that Baldinsville was not far from where they were running. The

reader will remember that Artemus Ward, when editor of the "Baldinsville Bugle," asked the superintendent of this line for a free pass. The superintendent told him that the road could not pass him, even as an editor.

"Can't it?" said Artemus Ward.

"No, sir, it can't," said the officer.

Ward eyed him indignantly, and said:

"I know it can't—it goes so tarnation slow it can't pass anything."

The gentleman recalled this story, and said that this was the line which Browne meant. Mr. Hingston asked who Browne was, and, on being told that Browne was Artemus Ward, desired to know if he was really an old showman, as he had heard. The traveler said that he had some business with him that night at the Burnett House, in Cincinnati, and that, if he liked, he would then introduce him to Browne. Accordingly, Mr. Hingston met Artemus Ward, as promised, and found him "not more than twenty-five years old, slender in build, frank, open, and pleasant in demeanor, with ruddy cheek, bright eyes, and a voice soft, gentle, and musical. Artemus Ward asked them to accompany him to a show called "The Infernal Regions."

This exhibition, which Mr. Hingston considers to have furnished Artemus Ward

with the first idea of his own show, he describes at length. The lower part was a museum, which contained various curiosities: a number of swords and spears said to have been picked up on the battle-field of Tippecanoe, a thunderbolt which "had been seen to fall in Kentucky," a stuffed pig, and fragments from the ruins of the temples of Sodom and Gomorrah. The whole place was black with dust and soot. The wax-works were in a room by themselves. Brown appeared to be very familiar with the place; made a number of inquiries, and asked particularly if any snakes had recently been found inside the Queen of Sheba. It appears that one of the snakes had not long before escaped, and had been found on the person of the Queen of Sheba. The whereabouts of the snake was discovered by a trembling of the figure, which caused the jewels and gold snuff-boxes (of Connecticut manufacture) which she was represented in the act of offering to Solomon, to fall upon the ground. In another room there was a small amphitheater, in which some famous characters of fiction and history, and certain leading animals, were represented by actors dressed up to resemble them. Mr. Hingston says that no child could have taken more delight in this exhibition than Artemus Ward did. "It is the best show in Cincinnati," he said, on his way home. Mr. Hingston often asked Ward if this show had not suggested to him his own traveling exhibition. Although he could never get a direct answer to the question, he suspects that it was at "The Infernal Regions" that Artemus Ward first got the idea of his "miscellanyus wax-statoots of celebrated pirts and murderers."

Mr. Hingston took a journey with Ward to Louisville. He tells a story of an innocent practical joke which Ward played, on the steam-boat. The story is not very good, but it is interesting as being in Ward's manner. He was fond of mystifying people. He was always inventing some absurdities, of which he made his own person the medium of expression. Mr. Toole, who was one of Artemus Ward's most intimate friends in London, says that he told him the following story: He went to a lecture at a remote place, where his face was not known. He was a little late; the audience became impatient, and began to stamp with their feet and to whistle. By and by Ward came out and began to move about the platform, dusting the chairs and desk. The people took him for a "supe," and became still more impatient. Presently he turned around,

dropped the dust-cloth, and said: "Now, having dusted the chairs, I will begin my lecture." Many of the jokes he made were not so good as this, but, no doubt, served to amuse himself and others. An acquaintance told me that he was once riding in a Broadway omnibus when Browne got in, and, on being asked for his fare, inquired of the driver if he could change five dollars. The driver said he could not, stopped the coach, and requested Ward to get out. Upon this Ward became very indignant. Why should he get out? Because he had not the proper fare. "But I have," he said; "I never said I hadn't ten cents. I only asked if you could change five dollars." On his visits to his home in Maine, during his summer vacation, he would go about the country in company with a certain Mr. Setchell, mystifying the farmers in this way.

Mr. Hingston has very little to say about Ward's childhood and his family. It would be interesting to learn something about his early days. Why does not the "Herald" send an interviewer who appreciates Artemus Ward to Waterford, Maine, to pick up all that may be learned about him from those of his neighbors who knew him. Artemus Ward's New England origin is very plain in his writings. They represent the rural New England life well. They show the village store, the rude and austere village street, the solemn landscape, the humor, the poverty, and the virtue of the New England people. He has one paper, "The Village Green," which is about Waterford. I have never been to Waterford myself, but I have looked it out on the map, and in particular have traced the course of a stream which runs through the township,—Crooked River,—whose wild and sweet warbling through its poor landscape is pleasant to the ear at this distance.

The "Complete Works of Artemus Ward" is a book which must be very grateful to the American who is living abroad. When one has been long enough away from home, there comes a time when he finds himself reading American newspapers a great deal; or, when reading the newspapers of the country, his eyes will wander away from a good anecdote, or a paragraph of gossip, or a fresh piece of really important European news, to read over several times a telegram from New York, stating the arrival of so many tons pig-iron, or the embarkation of so many head of cattle. To any one in this state of mind, Artemus Ward's book will be

welcome, for it will bring before him the scenery and society of his country.

The writings of Artemus Ward are most expressive of the society of the United States. The prevalence of humor in this country—and there is no doubt that this quality is prevalent here—appears to me to be largely due to that democratic structure of society which makes each man a free critic of the world about him. Such a character as Artemus Ward could not have existed in any other than a democratic community. The freedom with which he approaches everybody and everything would be possible only to an American, or to some member of society as democratic as ours. In what he has to say about the leading persons of the day, he does not at all take into account the fact that he is an obscure and uneducated youth; that he has never been at college; that he is only a reporter for a country paper; that he was yesterday a type-setter or a farmer's lad. No, he is an intellect, a judgment, which has arrived at a certain degree of power,—by what means it matters not,—and which looks about it with that freedom from corporeal modifications which might belong to an immaterial intelligence. Ward's humor has many traits which are national. One of these is humility; he is the object of his own ridicule. Betsy Jane, his wife, scolds him, and sometimes pours hot water on him, and even beats him. But this self-ridicule is an old attribute of the joker. The fool in old times for every jest was threatened with three dozen, and the clown of the modern stage is being continually pummeled and knocked about. Again, Ward is always expressing the difficulty he finds in doing the things which romance-writers say are so easy to do. He says of a man who insulted him, that he (Ward) did not strike him, but that he "withered him with a glance of his eye." He says of another, whom he rebuked, that he "qualed before his gaze." Ward means, of course, that he ought to have quailed, but that he did not. This is, again, an ancient and conventional mode of humor. After the famous tumbler, who is the serious attraction of the show, has turned a double-somersault or leaped over four horses, the clown makes a pretense of trying to do one of these feats, but either shirks it or sprawls upon all-fours. But though humility is a historic feature of humor, I think that it particularly marks the humor of this country. It is to be seen in many American books of humor. John Phoenix, whom

Artemus Ward particularly admired, had much of it. We should expect to find it in a society where very few begin with silver spoons in their mouths; where each man has in some degree to contend with the hard and fundamental conditions of human existence, and finds himself ungraceful and unsuccessful on comparing himself with those vaunting heroes to whom fortune has given a long start.

In the circumstances of his life, and in his feelings, Ward was just like any other American young man of the people. He was a poor young man, and his books describe the life which a poor young man leads in America. This is done without the least false shame, and indeed without any consciousness that there is a class of society to whom such a life may seem vulgar. The pictures which he draws of that life are not vulgar, because they are true. He would have become vulgar, had he professed to a standard of living which was not his own; but this he did not do.

One sees in Ward that sympathy with both ends of society which characterizes Americans of his class. He likes bar-keepers and stage-drivers, and does not feel himself to be a bit better than they; indeed, he thinks, in what way is a plow-boy and a type-setter their superior? In return, they of course like him. The following story is vouched for by Mr. Hingston as quite true: At Big Creek, he delivered a lecture in the bar-room, standing behind the counter. The audience was pleased, and particularly the bar-keeper, who, when any good point was made, would deal the counter a vigorous blow with his fist, and would exclaim, "Good boy from the New England States! Bully for William W. Shakspeare!"

But if an aspiring and nice young American of Ward's class feels a friendly equality with stage-drivers, he has also a great respect for the genteel classes, and a desire to be genteel. Ward soon began to show this ambition strongly. He was at first a very uncouth and ugly youth. His ugliness was such a source of misery to him, that he used to lie awake at night thinking of it. From this experience, he may perhaps have evolved his remark about the reporter of a rival paper in Cleveland, whom he charged with being so ugly that he was compelled to get up three times every night to "rest his face." The negligence of his dress was at this time in accordance with the mean opinion which he had of his person. But when he began to find out that he was not so ill-looking as



he supposed, he soon showed a great desire to obtain for himself the becoming exterior of a member of the better classes. It was his good fortune to live in a country where he might become just as much of a gentleman as he had it in him to be. He had the mind of a gentleman, and people who knew him say that he had the face and bearing of one. How absurd that he should have been prevented from taking his proper place in society by any such irrelevant consideration as that of his former condition!

Ward's sketches, though caricatures, are extremely lively representations of American society. He draws a society strongly marked by alert selfishness and good nature. He describes admirably the civility,—which is half kindness and half policy,—the prudence, and the humbug of such a society. The Americans are a very civil people. I do not mean that they are merely civil in their way of speaking to one another; their civility is deeper than that: it is in the attitude of their minds toward one another. That civility may be selfish in its essence; it no doubt is. The silent teaching of American society causes each man to respect his neighbor, because his neighbor possesses a respectable fraction of the general power. But, whatever may be the reason of the matter, there is no doubt of the fact that Americans are very friendly toward one another. Artemus Ward's pages show this quality. Ward really likes the people he laughs at. I believe he really admires the Latin of the Baldinsville school-master, and ridicules his own ignorance quite as much as the school-master's pedantry. Indeed, he has a warm regard for the school-master. In speaking of those citizens of Baldinsville who welcomed him on his return, he says: "A few was true blue. The skool-master was among 'em. He greeted me warmly. He said I was welkum to those shores. He said I had a massiv' mind. It was gratifyin', he said, to see that great intelleck stalkin' in the midst onct more. I have before had occasion to notice this skool-master. He is evidently a young man of far more than ord'nary talents."

This American friendliness, of which I have been speaking, has its bad as well as its good side. Its bad side is its tolerance of that kind of vice, the motive of which is selfish advantage at the expense of public or private honor. Ward's satire, though mild and playful, was keen and accurate enough in its description of these traits of

our society. At a war meeting in Baldinsville, which Artemus Ward had interrupted by one of the outbreaks of his irresponsible humor, he was thus called to order by the editor of the "Baldinsville Bugle," who presided: "I call the Napoleon of showmen, I call that Napoleonic man, whose life is adorned with so many noble virtues, and whose giant mind lights up this warlike scene,—I call him to order." Mr. Ward here remarks that the editor of the "Bugle" does his job printing. He is sufficiently keen in his exhibition of the disparity between big words and small motives. Thus, he says that he wants "editors" to come to his show "free as the flours of May." But he does object to their coming in crowds and to their charging him ten cents a line for puffs, solely on the ground, alleged by them, that the press is the "Arkymedian Leaver which moves the world."

In his remarks upon social and political subjects, Artemus Ward shows that soundness of judgment and that cool and accurate perception of the actual state of affairs which are the characteristics of our population. Artemus Ward evidently was not educated to a dislike of slavery. The black man is the object of his ridicule rather than of his pity. This may have been because it was easier to joke against negroes and abolitionists than against slaveholders. It is certain that, until within a very few years before the war, the American public hated nothing so much as an abolitionist. As it is only possible to make the crowd laugh on the side of their own opinions, the amusers of the public were compelled to cater to the anti-negro sentiment. The American stage of that period was certainly anti-negro. It is thus possible that Ward, being a joker, may have drifted into this manner of writing about slavery. But I rather think that his education and his disposition were not of the sort to incline him to take a strong part against slavery. One imagines him by disposition skeptical, cautious, perhaps timid and despondent, more likely to fear the dangers of a bold movement than to feel an ardent and sanguine sympathy with its objects. I should think it likely, moreover, though Mr. Hingston has not informed us on this point, that Ward's father was an old-fashioned Democrat. The men who voted for Jackson were most tenacious of their political sentiment, and rarely failed to communicate it to their children. This sentiment was of a virulent type. To many families in the



land, the mere name of Democrat had a charm which it required all the shock of revolution and civil war to dissipate. But Ward was very loyal during the war, and did the Union good service. In his address on "The Crisis," delivered before "a c of upturned faces in the red skool-house" of Baldinsville, just previous to the outbreak of the war, he exhibits some of the immoral despair of that period. In his conversation with Prince Napoleon, the comicality of which but slightly veils the feeling of despondency, astonishment, and bitter disappointment which the madness of the quarrel had produced upon his reasonable and thoughtful mind, he said: "It cost Columbus twenty thousand dollars to fit out his explorin' expedition. If he had bin a sensible man, he'd hav' put the money in a hoss railroad or a gas company, and left this magnificent continent to intelligent savages, who, when they got hold of a good thing, knew enuff to keep it. \* \* \* Chris meant well, but he put his foot in it when he saled for America."

But when the war has once begun, he is in favor of it, and, indeed, raises a company. Ward's writing will be useful to the future historian who wishes to form an exact idea of the physiognomy of public opinion at this time. In "Squire Baxter," he describes a representative figure. 'Squire Baxter, like President Buchanan, did not believe in coercion. But when he learned that the rebels had assaulted the flag, he changed his mind. Artemus Ward adds: "The 'Squire is all right at heart, but it takes longer for him to fill his venerable biler with steam than it used to when he was young and frisky." Ward is very happy in many of his remarks on current subjects. In his letter to the Prince of Wales, he says: "In my country we've got a war, while your country, in conjunction with Cap'n Sems of the *Alobarmy*, manetanes a nootral position."

There is no choosing among the many good things he has said upon manners and society. I have spoken of Ward as an uneducated youth, but, in truth, he had had a sort of education better than any college can give, and which no college can insure; it was his felicity that his past life had suited his talent. He had suffered from no self-mistrust or passion, or diversion of the mind to things unfriendly to its best powers. He had, indeed, had the best of educations,—that of a kind chance. That goddess, who scatters Jack-o'-lanterns along the path of

the wayward, the opinionated, and the eccentric, had conducted him in simplicity along the original path which nature had meant for him. It is rare to meet with so perfect a genius as that of Ward. Its perfection is not surprising, since his mind seemed to do but one thing. He had many fine qualities; he had wit, a sound judgment, a great deal of common sense, and he was full of keen feeling; but all these qualities were subject, or adjunct, to his talent of humorous perception and invention. His mental life seemed to consist in the practice of this talent. Everything that he says has the impression of it. It has been said that an author's matter is less important than his manner. By this is meant, I suppose, that the product is less important than the nature of the producing capacity, that an apple or a bushel of apples is less important than the constitution of an apple-tree. No man ever had a more definite, certain, and, I might say, perfect manner than Artemus Ward. His mind was in general definite and perfect. He had a perfect sense of just what subjects would suit him. For many years it was his desire to go to Utah. I suppose that he had never seen a Mormon, and it would be hard to say why he wished to go to Utah. But he had an instinct that this polygamous society, two thousand miles away, would be a good subject for him. The event showed that he was right; we know what a succession of novel and delightful absurdities he got out of the Mormons. His mind, besides being definite and perfect, was retentive. Some of his jokes seemed to have been engraved upon stone; he did not tire of things which had once occupied him. On his way over the plains, he went to see some Indians, who were preparing themselves by feasting for going upon the war-path; he found them eating raw-dog, and they told him they did this in order to get up their courage. This greatly amused him. Long afterward, when he was lecturing in London, at that time in a decline and scarcely able to drag himself upon the platform, he would say: "Well, Hingston, haven't you a little raw-dog?"

He was able to make his jokes last a long time. Perhaps no one got so much pleasure out of them as he did, and it was a law of his nature to be faithful to them. On his way from California overland, the thought struck him of announcing a lecture at the various telegraph stations along the route. He thought that his trouble would not be

thrown away, since it was likely that the placards would be preserved as curiosities. Accordingly, at various stations throughout the wilderness, some of which were perhaps a hundred miles from a human habitation, he caused bills to be posted, containing these words: "A Lecture will be delivered here, in a sweet voice, by Artemus Ward, the Wild Humorist of the Plains."

It will appear from these stories how perfect was his confidence in his jokes. He said to some negro minstrels, with whom he spent an hour after one of his lectures in Philadelphia: "I had a new joke in my lecture to-night. If George Christy had known I was going to have it, he would have traveled a hundred miles to borrow it for his own. As it is, I have no doubt that he will have it telegraphed to him to-morrow." I scarcely know a greater instance of the confidence, I might almost say the impudence, of genius than his stopping, after referring, in his lecture upon the Mormons, to the death of young Mr. Kimball, to have some air of melancholy music, such as "Poor Mary Anne," played by the pianist. When I say that he had great confidence, I do not so much mean that he believed in himself. There is evidence that, like most other men of genius, he could be for the time cast down. Mr. Hingston says that Artemus Ward once came to him in London, after he had had an interview with Mr. Mark Lemon, looking unusually grave. He said: "Mr. Lemon tells me that I want discipline. I know I want discipline. I always did want it, and I always shall." Then he added, "Can you get me a stock of discipline, old fellow? You have more of it over here than we have in the States. I should like some." Artemus Ward's confidence was not in himself but in his joke, as an external and substantial thing; like Galileo, he would have said, "She still moves." His jokes, once invented, were tangible entities, quite outside of and separate from himself. You may see this from the persistency with which he adheres to and repeats them. You sometimes find him writing a new paper for which he does not seem ready, as a landlady extemporizes a lodging-house dinner. She remembers that there is somewhere a part of a ham, and there are some eggs and a half-pot of jam. So Ward, when compelled to write, reflects that here he can put in this joke, and that there he can use that one. It was thus he prepared the articles which he wrote in England. Whether because he was ill, or because he

felt no encouragement to write in a strange country, the humor of Artemus Ward after he came to England seemed to languish, and he had recourse to some of his old jokes. Some of the things he wrote for "Punch," however, were very good,—for instance, his admiring remarks upon the figure of Queen Elizabeth on horseback at the Tower. This work greatly impressed the old showman. He speaks with special enthusiasm of the "fiery stuffed boss, whose glass eye flashes with pride, and whose red morocquer nostril dilates hawkily, as if conscious of the royal burden he bears."

In speaking of Ward's confidence in his jokes, I should not forget to mention that the confidence was due in part to the sweetness and the friendliness of his disposition. Was he not the friend of the world, and was not the world his friend? I think this one of his most important traits. He had no contempt or ill-temper. His freedom from these vices is all the more remarkable, because he had plenty of shrewdness. Along with that humor which is a native, involuntary motion of the mind, he had wit, which I may perhaps describe as a peculiarly clear and brilliant knowledge. The two are combined in this story illustrative of the desire of some Americans to make a speech. At a certain execution, the culprit, as is the custom, having been asked if he had anything to say, declined to speak, whereupon a gentleman in the crowd, loth to see such a chance unimproved, stepped forward and said that, if no objection were made, he would like to avail himself of the opportunity by making a few remarks upon the protective tariff. This is an extreme expression of Artemus Ward's sense of the absurdity of certain persons. There is wit enough here, but it is only about one-fifth of the whole; the rest is the play of a rich and sudden humor. There is no contempt or ill-nature in it.

Artemus Ward's spelling is very important. He himself thinks a great deal of his bad spelling and takes a great delight in it. He quotes the following about the Mormons, years after it was written, not correcting a single consonant or point of punctuation: "I girded up my Lions and fled the Seen. I packt up my duds and left Salt Lake, which is a 2nd Soddum and Germorrer, inhabited by as theavin and onprincipled a set of retchis as ever dreu Breth in eny spot on the globe." He never neglects to spell the heavenly luminary as "son" and the male offspring as "sun." It would seem that if humorous effects can be produced

by transpositions of this sort, anybody might make them. But the bad spelling of a poor joker is always foolish and ineffectual. A good humorist, like Artemus Ward or Thackeray, spells, not by accident, but with an intelligent intention. Thackeray's bad spelling defines the mind of his Jeames. Artemus Ward's defines the ridiculous mind of his showman. Such an expression as "infernal poncents" lights up the face of the old showman. The queer orthography may be said to spell his mind. It lets us into the secret of his way of holding certain stock poetical ideas. You laugh at the old man, and you laugh at the contrast between the dignified associations of certain words, and the travesty of these as revealed by the bad spelling.

I have spoken of that peculiar manner of Ward's genius which is in everything he writes. Some of his jokes are so good, have such unmistakable novelty, that you would be ready to make an affidavit before a justice of the peace that they are good; others, on the other hand, have a character which eludes the understanding. Their quality is an involuntary play of the spirit, the charm of which you only recognize when you have come into some sympathy with the humorist. When you really like him, you do not even mind his bad jokes, for I suppose such jokes as "it can-

not was" are bad. I have mentioned several of the traits which are peculiar to him. His main attribute, it seems to me, was gentleness, affectionateness and sweetness of disposition, a belief that the world was his friend. To this was due the fact that, though he always describes and never writes of anything which he has not seen, his ideas have not the hardness of the copyist. He has enthusiasm; he can be keenly charmed. Take, for instance, his sketches of the showman's young daughter, of whom he often speaks. The sketches of this girl are very much like a copy; but she has an attractiveness which copies do not have; and with this she is endowed by the mild and comic spirit of the writer. But these, and other traits to which I have referred, do not account for that fine ultimate peculiarity which we see in Artemus Ward's humor. I have not tried to describe that ultimate peculiarity; perhaps it is unnecessary to do so. But I think it due to the genius of this delightful writer to recognize the fact that he is original and singular, that he is quite by himself. We hear of his founding or belonging to a "school" of humorous writers; and there seems to be a notion that one joker is about as good as another. But this is an unfair idea of Artemus Ward. He is no more capable of duplication than any other man of genius.

---

"PRAY YOU, LOVE, REMEMBER."

OH, dear is memory, and bitter-sweet

The lost delight that may no more be found!

And dear is hope, although forbid to meet

Fulfillment or content the world around!

And sweet and dear the changeless bells that ring

Their ancient peal, at some fair evening's close,

To him who hears after long journeying,

By land, or sea, all weary-worn with woes.

And dear the spring-time murmur of the dove!

And fair the sunset on the ivied tower!

And sweet the fragrance of the way-side flower!

And dear, and sweet, oh! doubly dear, the love

That was, and is not—And yet none the less,

O God, we thank thee for forgetfulness!

---

## TOPICS OF THE TIME.

## Our Decennial.

WE hope our readers will indulge us to-day in a somewhat free talk about this magazine, which, with this number, reaches its tenth birthday, and begins the eleventh year of its existence. Ten years ago, the first number of SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY was issued, with all the confidence naturally growing out of a considerable knowledge of other enterprises, and a profound ignorance of the particular business in hand. It was generally supposed by the publishing fraternity, and by the public as well, that there was no room, or call, for another magazine, and the prophecy was freely indulged in that the new enterprise would fail; but it was believed by those who had the project in charge that there was room in abundance for such a magazine as they proposed to make. SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY has met with a remarkable success, simply because it was conducted from the first by an ideal standard. There was no popular magazine in existence which it took for a model. It aimed at a higher excellence in art than had hitherto been attempted, and a fresher, more vigorous and more inspiring literature than had been exemplified in any popular periodical, American or foreign. It has not only accomplished what it undertook, but we believe it has greatly modified and elevated the work of its contemporaries.

When we began the publication of *The Monthly*, "magazine literature," as it was called, had a distinctive character, into which it had settled as into a rut. The traditions and influence of the old "Knickerbocker" had not been outlived. The quarterlies and monthlies, which within a few years have shaken off their lethargic ways, were devoted to ponderous, or dull, or conventional performances, without any vital connection or sympathy with the current topics of thought or phases of social life. Now all this has been changed. We have no more of the long-drawn gossip of literary idlers and pretentious triflers. The special theater for the exhibition of the literary dandy was the magazine of former days, and it must be confessed that his piping and posturing attracted a considerable amount of admiring attention. Now, even the quarterlies have become almost frisky with the new spirit, and in the place of dull and tedious discussions of old questions, we have sparkling essays on living topics. How much influence this periodical has had in introducing the new order of magazine literature, we cannot tell, but it was surely the first to adopt it; and for that very purpose was it created.

We feel more certain of the influence of *The Monthly* upon popular illustrative art. We believe that we do no injustice to any periodical when we say that ten years ago there was not one in existence which we could safely have taken as a model,—whose standard was such as would have enabled us to achieve our unexampled success. The fact has been recognized, at home and abroad, that America has made a great stride ahead of the world in wood-engraving. Nowhere in the world is the art of

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY more highly esteemed than among the homes of art in Europe. Wherever, on the other side of the Atlantic, the magazine goes, it is recognized as a leader and reformer in popular illustrative art. Not only this, but it is recognized as the great stimulating power, under the influence of which American engraving has become the best engraving of the world. We say with boldness, and we believe it to be strictly true, that American engraving has achieved its eminence in the world simply because SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY has demanded, guided and stimulated it. We have experimented freely in all directions, and although the results have not always justified our efforts, the grand result has been a great and permanent advance in art, and a world-wide renown for American wood-engraving.

After some years of experience and observation, we instituted the policy of publishing exclusively American serial stories. Concluding that only a few American novelists were developed, simply because the works of British writers were brought into a depressing and even a suppressing competition with them, we discarded the cheaply purchased English serial, and now, for several years, have published no novels save those by American writers. We account it a great honor to have discovered, through the adoption of this policy, such a man as George W. Cable, the author of "Old Creole Days," and of "The Grandissimes," just concluded in this magazine, and such a woman as Frances Hodgson Burnett, author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's." This policy of developing home writers of fiction, we propose to follow still, and to pursue it until we have a school of them,—of men and women whose works shall not only command a hearing at home but abroad. We believe that the country which produced Hawthorne and Cooper can still produce their equals or their betters, and we assume it as a part of our duty to give them a chance, and to shield them, at least in this magazine, from the ruinous competition of low-priced serials by foreign authors.

We would like to say a word just here for that much-abused product spoken of contemptuously as "magazine poetry." We wish very decidedly to express our belief that the cream of the poetry produced and published is "magazine poetry." The very choicest product of the American muse makes its appearance in the magazines. If that is not good verse, then there is no good verse written. We know of no volume of verse that could be collected to-day and published with a better prospect of a large sale, than one made up from the twenty volumes of SCRIBNER now completed. Bryant, Stoddard, Stedman, William Morris, Bret Harte, Calverly, Christina Rossetti, George MacDonald, H. H., Celia Thaxter, Mrs. Piatt, Boyesen, Dobson, Gosse, Bayard Taylor, Charlotte F. Bates, King,—these are not the writers of worthless verse, and writers less known have often contributed verse that was quite worthy of

a place by the side of theirs. In short, we verily believe that no one poet in this country or Great Britain has published during the last ten years a volume of verse of such excellence as can be culled from the pages of SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY, and we hope that such a volume will be collected and published, and that very soon. It is quite time that this senseless talk about or against magazine poetry were stopped. It is an insult and a discouragement to the best writers we have, and a slight upon the most careful, and, in all respects, the best literary work there is done in the country.

Will our readers bear with us, on this anniversary, when we attempt to give them a summing-up of what we have done for them, for the small sum of forty dollars? We have given them twenty large volumes of good illustrated reading, on all possible topics, and in all possible forms of literary art. These volumes have contained sixteen thousand seven hundred and thirty-two pages of matter, illustrated by six thousand six hundred and eighty-eight wood-cuts, costing from ten dollars to three hundred dollars each. Out of the material published in these twenty volumes, there have been made and published over fifty books, the retail price of which amounts to more than twice the subscription price of the magazine during the whole period, to say nothing of other volumes to appear, like Schuyler's "Peter the Great," Sensitive's "Life of Millet," Stedman's work on the American Poets, etc. We have had a list of the former made, and as our readers may like to see it, we herewith present it:

Lucky Peer (H. C. Andersen).  
A Free Lance in the Field of Life and Letters (W. C. Wilkinson).  
Wilfrid Cumbermede (George MacDonald).  
Back-Log Studies (C. D. Warner).  
Saxe Holm Stories, Vol. I.  
Saxe Holm Stories, Vol. II.  
At His Gates (M. O. W. Oliphant).  
Victorian Poets (E. C. Stedman).  
Arthur Bonnicastle (J. G. Holland).  
Spiritual Songs from the German of Novalis (George MacDonald).  
New Ways in the Old Dominion (Jed Hotchkiss).  
Winter Sunshine (John Burroughs).  
Birds and Poets (John Burroughs).  
Drift from Two Shores (Bret Harte).  
The Great South (Edward King).  
Old Creole Days (George W. Cable).  
Katherine Earle (Adeline Trafton).  
The Mysterious Island (Jules Verne).  
A Farmer's Vacation (George E. Waring, Jr.).  
Sevenoaks (J. G. Holland).  
Rudder Grange (Frank R. Stockton).  
Gabriel Conroy (Bret Harte).  
Philip Nolan's Friends (Edward Everett Hale).  
On the Iron Trail (A. C. Wheeler).  
The Bride of the Rhine (George E. Waring, Jr.).  
That Lass o' Lowrie's (Frances Hodgson Burnett).  
Haworth's (Frances Hodgson Burnett).  
Louisiana (Frances Hodgson Burnett).  
Nicholas Minturn (J. G. Holland).  
Sourly Tim and Other Stories (Frances Hodgson Burnett).  
His Inheritance (Adeline Trafton).  
Year Book of Nature and Popular Science (J. C. Draper).  
Rory (Edward Eggleston).  
Falconberg (H. H. Boyesen).  
Success with Small Fruits (E. P. Roe).  
The Grandissimes (George W. Cable).  
The New Day (R. W. Gilder).  
Locusts and Wild Honey (John Burroughs).  
The Poet and His Master (R. W. Gilder).  
Every-Day Topics (J. G. Holland).  
Some Impressions of London Social Life (E. S. Nadal).  
From Attic to Cellar (S. W. Oakey).  
Old Time Pictures and Shavings of Rhyme (B. F. Taylor).  
Wonders of the Yellowstone (James Richardson).

Exploration of the Colorado River (J. W. Powell).  
Tales from Two Hemispheres (H. H. Boyesen).  
The House Beautiful (Clarence Cook).  
The Life and Works of Gilbert Stuart.  
Brazil: The Amazons and the Coast (H. H. Smith).  
Portfolio of Proof Impressions from SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY and ST. NICHOLAS.

All these—to say nothing of sundry volumes of verse made up largely of poems previously published in SCRIBNER, like those of Bret Harte, Mr. Lathrop, Mr. de Kay, Mrs. Dorr, Mrs. Dodge, the Goodale sisters, etc. The comparative cheapness of what we have furnished will be appreciated when we say that these books, whose titles we have given, are only a small part of the immense volume of material of which our twenty volumes are composed.

So much for the past. The hand that traces this editorial has had the privilege of contributing to this department of the magazine in every one of the one hundred and twenty-one numbers now issued. How long it will be able to do this—whether it is to have ten years more of this delightful work, and the privilege of this precious relation to a million interested and affectionate readers—cannot be known; but so long as it may be able to do this work, it will do it, before all other work, and rejoice in the doing. We offer the past as the promise for the future. We expect to accomplish more in the next decade than we have accomplished in that just completed. The magazine is not and has never been in a rut, nor does it propose to get into one. We know the charm of young blood, fresh ideas, and large enterprise, and we pledge our readers that when we become perfectly satisfied with the magazine,—when we can see nothing new to be done for it, and no chance to improve it,—we will retire from it forever, and give place to a worthier conductor.

It has been concluded to signalize the entrance upon a new decade of magazine life by the adoption of a freshly designed cover. It is the result of the work of an accomplished architect and decorator, and with the advice of several of the best artists and decorators we know, and it will probably stand as the permanent dress of our much beloved monthly. We know the attachment to old forms and faces, and presume that there will be some who will like the old cover best; but they will get over this as the new one becomes familiar, and will find it better than the old, as it most indubitably is.

#### Pictures.

In the conduct of a magazine like this, in which art holds an equal place with literature, it is quite as necessary to study the popular taste and power of appreciation as to study art itself. A man who is to address a multitude must manage to keep the multitude within sound of his voice. Here is just where thousands of artists of all kinds fail, not to say anything of editors. They are disappointed if the world does not comprehend their work, and buy it, forgetting that they have not even endeavored to learn what the world wants,—carrying a fine scorn, perhaps, of the world's tastes and opinions in all matters of art. It is well, it seems to us, to look at art from the public side,—from the market side,—and



particularly to learn the limitations of the public appreciation of art, and to do what one can to make those limitations less.

In the reading of a magazine like this, there are always two distinct sets of people. One—far the larger—knows nothing of art. They have a love of the beautiful and of the pictorial, but have no knowledge whatever of the principles of art. They "know what suits them," and some of them have an idea that they know what ought to suit other people. They have a very great contempt, often, for pictures that are the result of a higher art and a deeper knowledge than they possess, and lose all patience with pictures that are beyond their scope of appreciation. These people always like smooth pictures, —the highest possible finish that can be attained, either with the brush or graver; and, whenever that finish of surface is wanting in a picture, it is condemned as imperfect. It is quite impossible for them to accept a sketch as of any value whatever. All lack of finish in their eyes is imperfection. The art that can convey a thought or fancy in a few lines and touches is of no account with them. The exterior—the shell—means the whole of art to them. They prefer a photograph, with its clean, perfect, luminous surface, to a sketchy portrait in which the limner has caught the very spirit of his subject—beyond the reach of all photographs, as far as the soul sees deeper and is more intelligent than the sun. Such people would very much prefer one of Denner's portraits to one of Rembrandt's, and would delight in his delineation of the very minutest show of the texture of the skin, with its veins and hairs, as the farthest reach of art in portraiture. Mrs. Browning says:

"Art's the witness of what is  
Behind this show. If this world's show were all,  
Then imitation would be all in art."

And it is because that imitation is not all in art, and because that art, if nothing more than imitation, would not be worth cultivating at all, that we would like to lead these friends of ours to higher ground.

Mrs. Browning further declares:

"That not a natural flower can grow on earth  
Without a flower upon the spiritual side  
Substantial, archetypal, all aglow  
With blossoming causes—not so far away  
That we, whose spirit-sense is somewhat cleared,  
May not catch something of the bloom and breath."

If these declarations of the poetess are true,—and they are indubitably so,—then the smallest value of art is in its finish, or its surface. The value of art—as even the value of nature—must be in what it reveals of spiritual truth, and not in its representation of external form and texture. The practical point we wish to make is just here: that that art is the best which subordinates everything to the revelation of spiritual beauty and verity. Now, the unlearned and unappreciating multitude will have nothing to do with an artistic suggestion. There

must be no suggestions in art to them, no hints, no lack of completeness. Every thought must be written out in full, finished and ticketed. To them, as we have said before, a sketch has no meaning. It is simply an uncompleted picture, which distresses them with a sense of its imperfection. They can take no pleasure in it as a sketch, and to present a sketch in an engraving—no matter how much it may mean to an artist, no matter how much more fresh and vigorous and suggestive it may be, than it can ever be again, after the artist has finished it, in-doors and away from the sources of his inspiration—is to offend them. Indeed, some of them are inclined to regard it as an insult to their good sense. They have sometimes lost patience with this magazine for persisting in styles of illustration that were not to their liking; and now, on this decennial year, and in this decennial number, of the magazine, it is proper for us to say, and to boast—if we may be permitted to do so—that the great success of our illustrations—a success which has made an era in the history of drawing and engraving—has grown out of the attempt to lift them, by all the ingenuities of expression we could bring to bear upon them, into spiritual significance. To this end, we have subordinated these matters of finish and smoothness utterly. If our readers will take up an English novel and look over its illustrations,—if they are at all of the typical sort,—they will see, by comparing them with the illustrations they will find in this magazine, the difference which we are trying to define. The English picture is as devoid of all vital and spiritual significance as a watermelon, although it may be carefully drawn and well finished; while such pictures as can be found by scores in SCRIBNER are surcharged with grace and dramatic force and meaning. If SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY has not succeeded because it has endeavored to present the vitalities of art, as distinguished from its forms and conventionalities, then it is not because it has not endeavored to do so. We are glad to take the success of the magazine, and its present wide acceptance, as evidence that, in the policy we have pursued, we have not run away from our audience. The surface-worshippers have greatly diminished in numbers, though there are many of them yet left. Our people have seen so much less of fine art than those of France and Italy, that it has taken them longer to get inside of its meaning, and to understand its better methods; but they are rapidly acquiring knowledge in the right direction. We trust the time may soon come when they will have a hearty interest in the various experiments we make for their benefit, and understand the meaning of those essays in art which they have been wont to regard as fragmentary and imperfect. When a people can take an engraved hint in art as an engraved hint, and delight in it as such; when they can accept an engraved sketch as an engraved sketch, and delight in it as such for what it reveals and suggests of spiritual meaning, and not demand that both hint and sketch shall be realized in completeness of modeling and surface, they will have made a great advance, and be in a condition both to be instructed and delighted.

## The Nihilists.

TO THE average American, the name of "nihilist" is a name of horror. It is identified with all that is repulsive in infidelity, and all that is damnable in crime. To the ordinary mind, a nihilist is a bad man, or a bad woman, who does not at all understand or weigh political questions, and who is insane enough to suppose that good can come of desperate measures, however poorly adapted they may be to secure the end sought. The nihilist commits a murder apparently in a wanton mood, and apparently for the sake of murder only; we do not understand the motive, or the bearing of the deed, and we can only regard it with horror and execration. By one thing, however, we have all been surprised in this connection, viz., the bravery and the loyalty to their confederates with which the nihilists have met the consequences of their crimes. Nothing approaches this courage and constancy but Christian martyrdom. There is another thing that has surprised us, viz., the fact that nihilists are found in the highest families, and not infrequently among the best women of Russia. With these latter facts in mind, it is quite time for us to suspect that the nihilist is not quite the bad person we have supposed him to be, and to inquire into his character, his policy and his motives.

We have been much interested and instructed by Mr. Axel Gustafson's article on this topic in the "National Quarterly Review" for July, and it seems to us that the American people, no less than the cause of truth and humanity, are under great obligations to him for his masterly setting forth of the facts concerning this terrible political sect. We cannot undertake in this article to present more than the conclusions at which the reader arrives in its perusal. We may say at the beginning that Mr. Gustafson does not argue the case for the nihilists, but presents his facts and his documentary evidence in such a way that no candid man can conclude the reading of his paper without feeling that the best and noblest men of Russia are in the ranks of the nihilists. The men who love liberty in Russia, the men who would like to see their nation enfranchised from the yoke of irresponsible personal government, the men who wish to see Russia progressing in the path of freedom from political and ecclesiastical tyranny, the men of noble aspirations for themselves and their country, the men of ideas and of courage and self-sacrifice, are nihilists. It is true that most of these look upon Christianity, as it is presented to them in the doctrines and forms of the Russian Church, as a worse than useless system of religion, but who is to blame for that? It is true, also, that the nihilist regards murder as a duty for which he is willing to sacrifice his own life, but who is to blame for that? It must be remembered that there is no lesson of desperate violence, and even of indiscriminate wrong, that he has not learned of his own government. He has been used all his life to seeing men banished, or murdered by his government, on suspicion of opposition to Czarism. He knows that no opinion or word of his, favoring the freedom of the people, or the subordination of the government to the good of

the people, will receive a moment's toleration. He has but to speak a word for himself or his nation, and the hounds of the government are set at once upon his track, and then he goes to prison, or to Siberia, or to the gallows. There can be no question, we suppose, that the sweetest blood of Russia is freezing in Siberia, and that, however mistaken the nihilists may be in their methods, they hold among their members the noblest souls of Russia. They have adopted the method of terrorism, as absolutely the only one at their command. Free discussion has no home in Russia. A slip of the tongue, even, is rewarded with imprisonment or something worse, so that these men and women, with a courage and a self-sacrifice that find few examples in modern history, devote themselves to the dangerous task of liberating their country from its double form of slavery.

We cannot do better here than to quote some of the authoritative declarations of the nihilist organs. They are taken from different documents, and explain themselves:

"Surely the liberty we crave and strive toward is not exorbitant; we only desire the right to free expression of our thoughts, the right to act independently and in accordance with our convictions; to have a voice in the State's affairs, and to know that our persons are protected against official whims. These, surely, are elementary rights of mankind, rights to which we are entitled because of our being human, and for whose vindication we call our brothers' aid."

"What would we do with a constitution under present circumstances? So long as the country is denied all justice, a constitution would be of no use to it. Let us be given justice without distinction of persons, and we shall be satisfied. But if the State chariot goes on as before, an old programme must be maintained; it is—Death to the court camarilla and to all criminal officials."

"We execrate personal government especially, because it has outraged by all its acts every feeling of justice and honor; because it systematically opposes freedom of thought, speech and education; because it supports for egotistical reasons social corruption and political immorality, since it finds in these both support and accomplices; because it makes law and justice the instruments of its personal interests; because it exhausts the material forces of the land, and lives at the expense of the welfare of coming generations; because by its home and foreign policy it has brought about a breach between our land and the rest of Europe; and because, after being weakened and martyred, we are exposed to the derision and contempt of our enemies."

"The problem of the socialistic revolutionary party is the subversion of the present form of government, and the subjection of the authority of the State to the people. \* \* \* The transfer of the State power to the hands of the people would give our history quite another direction. A representative assembly would create a complete change in all our economic and State relations. Once let the government be deposed, and the nation would arrange itself far better, may be, than we could hope."

These declarations do not read like the words of bloodthirsty, and unreasoning, and unreasonable

fanatics. They are the words of men who "mean business," it is true, but of men who simply want what the American inherits as his birthright. The American, in judging these brave men and women, should remember that the prevalent idea in Russia is that the people were made for the government, and not the government for the people. These nihilists differ with the prevalent idea, and so are in disgrace, and not only in disgrace, but in constant danger of imprisonment, banishment or death. They have been driven in their desperation to adopt the governmental policy of terrorism and cruelty. They meet threat with threat, terror with terror, death with death, because the government, with the total sup-

pression of free discussion, leaves them no other weapons to fight with. We wish there were a better course for these noble souls to pursue, but we judge them not. Their methods seem harsh—sometimes almost fiendish—but they know what they are after, and they appreciate the awful risks they run. They have undertaken to redeem their country from misrule—a great task—in which we wish them entire success. We profoundly regret that they feel compelled to use the same machinery of terrorism and murder with which their government seeks for their overthrow, but we cannot do less than sympathize in their great object, and admire their courage and self-devotion.

## HOME AND SOCIETY.

## Home-Decorations—Screens and Portières.

LOOK for a moment at the dull drawing-room of that period before the decorative heaven began its work within our homes, when chairs and sofas were ranged with mathematical precision against long, unornamented walls; when the piano was set between the two chimney-pieces, where fire never was; the center-table stood beneath the chandelier, the windows were darkened by lace and brocatelle, the shades drawn down, the register turned on, and, as was most natural, the "best room" abandoned to its melancholy state!

It often happens that the home into which a young couple turn their steps is one of the old-fashioned, discouraging kind, with that supreme stumbling-block to decorators—the long, narrow parlor—staring them in the face at the outset. We will suppose that the walls have been rehung with one of the papers so common now, that are furniture in themselves as well as pictures and sunshine, and that one of the obnoxious twin chimney-pieces has been removed, and a book-case or cabinet set in its place, the other widened out for a low basket-grate, and framed in porcelain tiles. "It will be always long and narrow, like Barbara Allen's coffin!" says the mistress of such a room, in vexation. Let us quote for her benefit the bright saying of that essentially womanly woman, Delphine de Girardin, masquerading in her letters under the title of the Visconte de Launay. "Set your wits to work," she counsels; "scatter your furniture, make little corners everywhere, and invest them with a sort of mysterious intimacy. Strew your lounges with pillows, your tables with books and flowers and work. Let each nook betray some trait or fancy of its mistress, and be sure that you can accomplish nothing of all this without the aid of screens. Above everything, screens."

She might have added, being a genuine Parisienne, "Where screens fail, try *portières*." The long room, divided beneath its customary stucco arch with a richly colored drapery, flowing full and free with the

unbroken sweep of the stuff, becomes at once invested with a picturesque grace it could never otherwise acquire. This curtain should always be partly drawn, and the brass rod on which it depends set low enough to allow a glimpse, into the space beyond, of ceiling and frieze,—over door-shelf glittering with blue china,—Christmas holly, perchance, stuck in the frame of a convex mirror,—plaques and picture-rod. A portière of Venetian yellow stuff, with an embossed pattern of conventionalized birds and branches upon it, hung thus in a dark room, is like sunshine in the rift of a shady wood. The tawny shades in drapery, the ambers, the old gold, the deep umber browns, the sunflower yellow, and the warm, golden chestnut, are almost sure to chime in delightfully, hang them where you will. Next come the royal crimsons and maroons. In plush-hangings, these colors succeed remarkably well, and should be crossed with bands, or edged with borders in outline embroidery in contrasting hues. Sage-greens, lizard-greens, and bronze-greens are always satisfactory. In blue, the dull tints of the Oriental fabrics wear better in a room than any more bright and positive. If these hangings, to be had now at various prices, are beyond the purse of the housewife, there are still numberless stuffs with which clever fingers can deal skillfully and produce artistic effects, at a merely nominal cost. Linen, momie-cloth, canton flannels dyed in lovely shades, cheese-cloth, ordinary coarse flannel in soft hues, can be bought very cheap and made up with home embroidery in bands. It is, in fact, quite an additional pleasure to make and hang these curtains for oneself, and to snap one's fingers at the shop-men, who walk serene amid encompassing draperies, like the people in "Arabian Nights," and smile compassionately at the request to purchase anything at a price smaller than a king's ransom.

Mme. de Girardin's indispensable, the *paravent*, or screen, is now a familiar inmate in our homes. One runs upon Japanese screens in hall-ways, where they shut off the servants' stair-way to regions below and light up dark corners with a superb collocation

of colors as striking as the bold assembling of native figures and birds and flowers in the design. Again, in the dining-room, the butler's pantry, with its mysterious vista of dishes in their disintegrated state, is safely excluded from our view. The revelers in "Noctes Ambrosianæ" found a reporter in their camp hidden behind such an ambush; and others than mischievous Lady Teazle have taken refuge there, in hasty escape from some intrusive guest. The small fire-screen, swung like a movable banner from the chimney, or set in a frame to move from place to place, is open to very decorative treatment. A bunch of peacock feathers, embroidered upon old-gold silk and set in an ebonized frame, had great success at a recent exhibition. Screens worked in crewels upon satin or English serge, in panels, may employ any design that is not too strictly copied from Nature. By all means avoid reproducing Nature in crewel-work, if you wish to silence the howl of the critics on such points. Conventionalize her, and

you may receive the blessing of a Decorative Art Society.

The drawing-room threefold screen, set at the back of a couch, or near a draughty door-way, is often worked on panels of satin, and set in a frame-work of deep maroon plush. Again, these panels are painted with water-colors in beautiful, but perishable-looking, flower groups. Hand-screens, and lamp-screens like tiny banners, are also used.

All of these hints are offered for the consideration of the young people about to marry, and, in due time, enter upon house-furnishing—of whom, as of most other good commodities, there is always a fresh supply coming on the market. If we have unconsciously alarmed the *amour-propre* of the head of the house, by suggesting that he is, for a brief time, carried away and overflowed by billows of Venetian gold tapestry and mediæval momie-cloth, we can as safely predict that his reward will come in the abounding joy with which he takes possession of the new home.

C. C. HARRISON.

## CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

### Longfellow's "Ultima Thule."\*

IF Longfellow had ceased writing after having apparently fully rounded out his fame, and reached an age when the world had no right to expect from him any further notable achievements, we should have missed some of the ripest and most lasting fruits of his genius—some of the most exquisite poetry that has been produced in the last ten years. Some of his later poems have, in fact, a mellowness and depth of tone that have brought them closer to the hearts of men than any of his earlier pieces.

Longfellow has invented many similes, but hardly any ideas. It is not by originality of thought that he has made his impression upon his times. He has neither luxuriousness nor intensity of expression. He does not, like Emerson and Browning,

"Mount to paradise  
By the stairway of surprise,"

and yet Longfellow is one of the truest poets that ever lived. It is not in vain that he has devoted himself more persistently than any other American to the art of verse. Note the mature art of this his latest book; the happy selection of subjects suitable to the poet's talent; the fortunate adaptation of meters to subjects; the elegance and unaffected simplicity of phrase. How completely each story is told!—and, to come to something more personal and more important, how beautiful the light that plays over these pages! The reader at the end would gladly have more, and turns to read again, with renewed pleasure, each perfect poem.

We can hardly recall any section of Longfellow's

gathered works, of equal length, where there is so little verse of inferior interest as there is in the present volume. Nowhere is he more musical; nowhere does he show greater skill. There is a syllabic charm, a graceful turn of rhythm or of expression in many of these poems that show the master. Altogether, "Ultima Thule" is a delightful little book, both in its exterior appearance and in its contents. We quote its three sonnets, which are worthy to be associated with the best of those in the author's own "Book of Sonnets."

#### MY CATHEDRAL.

Like two cathedral towers these stately pines  
Uplift their fretted summits tipped with cones;  
The arch beneath them is not built with stones,  
Not Art but Nature traced these lovely lines,  
And carved this graceful arabesque of vines;  
No organ but the wind here sighs and moans,  
No sepulcher conceals a martyr's bones,  
No marble bishop on his tomb reclines.  
Enter! the pavement, carpeted with leaves,  
Gives back a softened echo to thy tread!  
Listen! the choir is singing; all the birds,  
In leafy galleries beneath the eaves,  
Are singing! listen, ere the sound be fled,  
And learn there may be worship without words.

#### THE BURIAL OF THE POET.

(Richard Henry Dana.)

In the old church-yard of his native town,  
And in the ancestral tomb beside the wall,  
We laid him in the sleep that comes to all,  
And left him to his rest and his renown.  
The snow was falling, as if Heaven dropped down  
White flowers of Paradise to strew his pall;—  
The dead around him seemed to wake, and call  
His name, as worthy of so white a crown.  
And now the moon is shining on the scene,  
And the broad sheet of snow is written o'er  
With shadows cruciform of leafless trees,  
As once the winding-sheet of Saladin  
With chapters of the Koran; but, ah! more  
Mysterious and triumphant signs are these.

\* Ultima Thule. By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1880.

## NIGHT.

Into the darkness and the hush of night  
 Slowly the landscape sinks, and fades away,  
 And with it fade the phantoms of the day,  
 The ghosts of men and things, that haunt the light.  
 The crowd, the clamor, the pursuit, the flight,  
 The unprofitable splendor and display,  
 The agitations, and the cares that prey  
 Upon our hearts, all vanish out of sight.  
 The better life begins; the world no more  
 Molests us; all its records we erase  
 From the dull commonplace book of our lives,  
 That like a palimpsest is written o'er  
 With trivial incidents of time and place,  
 And lo! the ideal, hidden beneath, revives.

In all the range of Longfellow's poetry we do not  
 know a poem of greater strength and beauty than

## THE CHAMBER OVER THE GATE.

Is it so far from thee  
 Thou canst no longer see,  
 In the Chamber over the Gate,  
 That old man desolate,  
 Weeping and wailing sore  
 For his son, who is no more?  
 O Absalom, my son!

Is it so long ago  
 That cry of human woe  
 From the walled city came,  
 Calling on his dear name,  
 That it has died away  
 In the distance of to-day?  
 O Absalom, my son!

There is no far or near,  
 There is neither there nor here,  
 There is neither soon nor late,  
 In that Chamber over the Gate,  
 Nor any long ago  
 To that cry of human woe,  
 O Absalom, my son!

From the ages that are past  
 The voice sounds like a blast,  
 Over seas that wreck and drown,  
 Over tumult of traffic and town;  
 And from ages yet to be  
 Come the echoes back to me,  
 O Absalom, my son!

Somewhere at every hour  
 The watchman on the tower  
 Looks forth, and sees the fleet  
 Approach of the hurrying feet  
 Of messengers, that bear  
 The tidings of despair.  
 O Absalom, my son!

He goes forth from the door,  
 Who shall return no more.  
 With him our joy departs;  
 The light goes out in our hearts;  
 In the Chamber over the Gate  
 We sit disconsolate.  
 O Absalom, my son!

That 'tis a common grief  
 Bringseth but slight relief;  
 Ours is the bitterest loss,  
 Ours is the heaviest cross;  
 And forever the cry will be,  
 "Would God I had died for thee,  
 O Absalom, my son!"

## Holmes's "Iron Gate."\*

THE WRITING OF *vers de société* and of *vers d'occasion*  
 —for where English equivalents fail us we must  
 perforce fall back on the French phrase, apt as it  
 always is—is not the highest form of poetical achieve-  
 ment; but if it is to be done at all, no doubt it should

be as well done as possible; and so we are led to  
 accept without undue regret this volume of occa-  
 sional verse from one who has shown so fully and  
 completely his capacity for greater things. That  
 the author of "Mechanism in Thought and Morals"  
 and of "Elsie Venner,"—the poet who has sung for  
 us so many strains, deep at times and strong, and  
 again rippling with light-hearted mirth,—the humor-  
 ist who dared not write as funny as he can,—that  
 the man who is all three of these should rhyme  
 easily and freely for his old school-fellows and for  
 his class-mates in college, and that he should always  
 be called upon whenever the three-hilled city has  
 need of a poet, may seem to some who have loved  
 Dr. Holmes's more enduring work as a wasting in  
 trifles of a force too precious to waste at all; but  
 not so: we should take the gifts the gods provide  
 without grumbling, and be glad that even this much  
 is vouchsafed to us. The poet of "Contentment"  
 should not now cause discontent because he gathers  
 together a sheaf of occasional verses, instead of  
 sending us a poem called into being because it cried  
 for life, and rich with the ripened wisdom of his  
 years. We must take what we can get, with what  
 gratitude we may. Dr. Holmes is acknowledged in  
 two lands as the first living writer of *vers de société*,  
 and of his ease and grace and point and happiness  
 as a writer of *vers d'occasion* this volume testifies  
 abundantly. In his hands occasional verse, if not  
 for all time, has an abiding value; it is not transitory,  
 but to be treasured up. And as we turn these pages  
 with pleasure, we begin to be glad that so frequent  
 calls have been made upon his muse—who might  
 otherwise have been silent—and that he is the pat-  
 ented purveyor of verse whenever New England  
 has need: as he himself so modestly says:

"I'm a florist in verse, and what would people say  
 If I came to a banquet without my bouquet?"

The one thing which strikes the reader, after he  
 has paid full meed of praise to the facility and happy  
 propriety with which the special peculiarities and  
 associations of every occasion are utilized, is the  
 skillfulness with which Dr. Holmes has packed  
 pages of prose analysis into a line or two of verse.  
 There are little bits of characterization scattered  
 through these pages which are marvels of condensed  
 wit and wisdom—two qualities more closely and  
 more often united than the world is willing to believe.  
 What could be neater, for instance, than the refer-  
 ence to Jonathan Edwards—

" \* \* \* The salamander of divines,"

or than the contrast of Burns and Moore:

"One fresh as the breeze blowing over the heather,—  
 One sweet as the breath from an odalisque's fan!"

And consider this linking of Lowell's satiric work  
 with his acceptance of the Spanish mission:

"Do you know whom we send you, Hidalgo of Spain?  
 Do you know your old friends when you see them again?  
 Hoses was Sancho! you Dons of Madrid,  
 But Sancho that wielded the lance of the Cid!"

\* The Iron Gate, and other Poems. By Oliver Wendell  
 Holmes (with portrait). Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1880.



And this picture (on the same page) of Whittier:

"So fervid, so simple, so loving, so pure,  
We hear but one strain and our verdict is sure.  
Thou cannot elude us,—no further we search,—  
'Tis holy George Herbert cut loose from his church!"

In Dr. Holmes's pages we must look not for the thought-weighted verse of Emerson nor the learning-laden stanzas of Lowell, not the homely directness of Whittier nor the singing simplicity of Longfellow; but we do look for wit and for fancy, and we find them in abundance, together with gladness for its own sake and a delight in life and in the humor which leavens life and makes it worth living. He has both humor and good-humor, and the gift of imparting them. In spite of the ominous title of this latest volume of verse, we hope it will be many a long year yet before he who is autocrat and professor and poet shall cross the dark threshold, and we shall hear behind him the clang of the Iron Gate.

Browning's "Dramatic Idyls."\*

(SECOND SERIES.)

MR. BROWNING appeals much more strongly in his second volume of "Dramatic Idyls" than in his first to the sympathy of lovers of poetry. While in the earlier series he confined himself almost exclusively to the brutal, the horrible, or the trivial, in the volume before us he enlarges upon themes of inherent dignity and beauty, and offers us at least three poems—"Echetlos," "Mulýkeh," and "Pan and Luna"—as classically elegant in form as they are noble in sentiment. So even is the power of the book that, though these three are the first to win the heart through ear and eye, yet, perhaps, the poems entitled "Clive" and "Pietro of Abano" gain, after careful reading, a still more complete possession of the intellect, illustrating as they do the essentially individual qualities of the author's genius. Who but Browning could have evolved the complicated psychological problems of moral cowardice out of the prosaic story of Clive exposing the aristocratic blackguard who cheated at cards? Who but Browning in so comprehensive a spirit would have made this apparently insignificant episode of Clive's obscure youth throw such a flood of light upon the hero's mental constitution, as to foreshadow and explain the mystery of his self-sought end?

To our thinking, the weakest poem in the collection is "Dr. —," the subject requiring a lighter touch and more graceful humor than Mr. Browning can command. In "Pan and Luna" he strengthens our opinion that he is the only poet since Goethe who has succeeded in reproducing—not imitating—the antique. We have this admirably exemplified in such a verse as the following:

"Diving into space,  
Striped of all vapor, from each web of mist  
Utterly film-free, entered on her race  
The naked Moon, full-orbed antagonist  
Of night and dark, night's dowry: *peak to base*  
*Upstart mountains, and each valley, hissed*

\* Dramatic Idyls, Second Series. By Robert Browning. London: Smith, Elder & Co.

*To sudden life, lay silver bright; in air  
Flew she revealed, Maid Moon with limbs all bare."*

Were it not for the false metaphor (unpardonable in so careful a writer as Browning) which speaks of an "antagonist" of a "dowry," this passage, for serene and classic loveliness, might stand beside the immortal nocturn in the Eighth Book of the Iliad:

"When in heaven the stars about the moon  
Look beautiful, when all the winds are laid,  
And every height comes out, and jutting peak  
And valley, and the immeasurable heavens  
Break open to their highest."

Mr. Browning gives us a marvelous picture of the "virginal moon" flying through the empty heavens,

"Uncinct  
By any halo save what finely gleamed  
To outline, not disguise her,"

until shamed into self-consciousness, "betrayed by just her attribute of unmatched modesty," she plunges into "a succorable sleepy cloud," caught and "tethered upon a pine-tree-top," and so falls into the arms of "rough, red Pan," who has prepared the ambush.

"Orbed—so the woman-figure poets call,  
Because of rounds on rounds—that apple-shaped  
Head which the hair binds close into a ball  
Each side the curling ears,—that pure undraped  
Pout of the sister-paps, that—once for all  
Say—her consummate circle thus escaped  
With its innumerable circlets sank absorbed  
Safe in the cloud—O naked moon, full-orbed!"

And all this fine metaphysical problem of self-betrayed modesty, these large Hellenic images of beauty, our modern magician has woven out of a single line of Virgil:

"One verse of five words, each a boon,  
Arcadia, night, a cloud, Pan and the moon."

The story of Mulýkeh, the Pearl, the peerless Arabian mare, is told with incomparable power and subtlety. Hóseyh, the beggar, the churl, is rich only in the possession of this unblemished animal, whose speed has never been matched, whose very face he loves, whose "fore-front whitens like a yellowish wave's cream-crest," and whose life is "the lamp of his soul." He sleeps beside her with her headstall thrice wound about his wrist, while at his left stands her sister Buhýseh, only less fleet than the Pearl, ready saddled and bridled in case a thief should enter and fly with the first. The envious Dúhl, who has vainly tried force and guile to win Mulýkeh from Hóseyh, steals in in the night, clips the headstall from the sleeper's wrist, springs on the Pearl, and is "launched on the desert like bolt from bow." Hóseyh starts up, and like a flash is off in pursuit. He is about to win the breathless race, for Mulýkeh chafes against her "queer, strange rider," and is allowing herself to be outstripped by her sister. At the supreme moment, Hóseyh's pride in his treasure overcomes even the sense of his loss, and oblivious to all save that she is in danger of being vanquished, he shouts insanely:

"Dog Dúhl, damned son of the Dust,  
Touch the right ear, and press with your foot my Pearl's lit flank!"

"And Dúhl was wise at the word, and Mulýkeh as promptly perceived

Who was urging redoubled pace, and to hear him was to obey.

And a leap, indeed, gave she, and vanished forevermore.  
And Hóseya looked one long, last look at who, all bereaved;  
Looks fain to follow the dead as far as the living may,  
Then he turned Buhéyah's neck slow homeward, weeping

NOTE.

"And they jeered him one and all. Poor Hóseya is crazed past hope!

How else had he wrought himself his ruin, in fortune's spite?  
To have simply held the tongue were a task for a boy or girl,  
And here were Muléykeh again, the eyed like an antelope,  
The child of his heart by day, the wife of his breast by night!  
'And the beaten in speed!' wept Hóseya. 'You never have loved my Pearl.'"

Upon one such poem as this, if we were so unfortunate as to lose all else he has written, Mr. Browning could safely rest his fame. In power and in psychological analysis, the poem entitled "Clive" is fully its equal, but is, we think, inferior as a work of art, inasmuch as it is less poetically suggestive, and, owing to the nature of the subject, less steeped in the atmosphere of beauty. It vibrates, however, with a trumpet-toned heroism that can well dispense with Oriental glamor. Never has the soldier of Plassy, who "gave English India," been painted in nobler colors than here where he tells the story of the moment in his life when he felt most afraid! Nor does he shrink from confessing that, "whether he showed fear or not, fear he felt, and very likely shuddered, since he shivers now."

We venture to say that the most devoted admirer of Mr. Browning must read more than once the poem of "Pietro of Abano," before he can affirm that he understands its drift and purpose. The author was determined not to let us off so easily with the comparatively direct and simple beauties of "Clive," "Muléykeh," etc.; he must give his friends and critics yet one more of his hardest nuts to crack in this extraordinary and at times grotesque production, in which, after having apparently exhausted his eccentricities of language, he finds himself compelled to resort to music, and ends with a "lilt," as he calls it, in four bars of musical notation. However, we have long since learned that the meat within his kernels compensates for all the roughness of the rind, and the patient reader who is not repelled by the irritating awkwardness of forced uncouth rhymes, by the bewildering entanglement of parenthesis within parenthesis, and the labyrinthine intricacies of thought encountered in this poem, will be amply rewarded by a manifestation of those splendid qualities which the world has grown to revere in Mr. Browning's mind. Nowhere has he more fully and freely displayed his tolerant humanity, his piercing insight, his finely tempered wisdom, as broad as it is keen, and his wholesome satire, unspoiled by a touch of acidity. The whole action of the poem is supposed to take place in the space occupied between the enunciation of the syllables "*Bene-dicite*," which the old cabalistic seer Pietro of Abano utters over the head of the Grecian stranger who seeks to wrest from him his magic secret.

A recent critic has spoken of "the noble cadences and significant music" at Mr. Browning's disposal whenever he sees fit to lay aside his ruggedness, and is lifted by his theme into unwonted enthusiasm or

emotion. The harmony in some of the lines of Pietro justifies such epithets, and makes most of the lyric melodies of the day ring thin and hollow in comparison.

Such verse as we find in this and other poems in the book, when contrasted with the metrical phrases of even such skilled melodists as Swinburne or Tennyson, reminds us of the diapason and full-chorded dignity of an organ or an orchestra as compared with the primitive rhythm and cloying sweetness of tambourine and flute.

The story of the Greek's gradual but rapid advancement as high as to the Papal Chair, and how at each stage of progress he repudiates anew the debt of gratitude to his benefactor,—all this is told with the subtlety of analysis, the pungent satire, the pitiless logic, the dramatic impartiality, and the vigorous originality of illustration, which in our day belong exclusively and essentially to Robert Browning. Surely these qualities counterbalance the frequent obscurity of construction, and the Hudibrasian burlesqueness of rhyme in which his sphinx-like genius takes perverse delight.

This poem, to which he has evidently devoted his best strength, is but one more version of the moral or rather social lesson which the entire work of his life has inculcated. To take the world as he finds it, that is his motto—not to "foolishly turn, disgusted, from his fellows, as pits of ignorance—to fill, and heaps of prejudice—to level." According to him, the wise man does not censure, nor despise, nor judge, nor condemn, nor exaggerate—he simply *endeavors to understand*. If he be worldly and clever, he will make vices as well as virtues subservient to his ends, and "learn to compute as helps the very things which he had foolishly estimated as hindrances." If he be poet and sage he will not falsely idealize a world wherein sin and misery play such paramount rôles, but impartially show us how "fair and good are products of foul and evil," and will track home crime through all the intricacies of motive, and the extenuating complications of circumstance under the goadings of temptation. Browning's chief glory is that he retains always his own serene health and sanity in the midst of his researches into the world's maladies, and thereby succeeds in lifting us to a height where a large toleration has nothing in common with mawkish pity, and where a broad and noble humanity never for a moment degenerates into the morbid sentimentality which blurs or obliterates the straight line of demarcation between right and wrong.

#### Cable's "Grandisimeses."

MR. CABLE is a literary pioneer. He has broken a path for the daylight into the cane-brakes and everglades, and into the heart of Creole civilization. He is the first Southern novelist (unless we count Poe a novelist) who has made a contribution of permanent value to American literature. The old-fashioned romances of chivalry, which by a strange anachron-

\* The Grandisimeses. A Story of Creole Life. By George W. Cable, author of "Old Creole Days." New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1880.

ism of feeling are still surviving among the Southern people, and the terrifically lurid and feverish productions of the author of "Beulah," are, of course, not to be mentioned in the same breath with Mr. Cable's dignified and wholesome work. Even compared to such novels as J. W. DeForest's "Kate Beaumont," which was typical of a class representing, with a fair degree of insight and literary skill, the outside Northern view of Southern society, "The Grandissimes" not only holds its own but easily casts its predecessors into the shade. Although obviously the result of years of reflection and acute observation, it has the beautiful spontaneity of an improvisation, and all the slow and laborious processes of thought, from which it has gradually grown to its present completeness of stature, are not even remotely felt by the reader. For all that, it is patent to any one skilled in aesthetic analysis that the author's attitude toward his work is primarily that of a philosopher; we are inclined to think that he saw his problem before he saw its possibilities for a story. And his problem is nothing less than the conflict of two irreconcilable civilizations. To grapple with so large a theme requires courage, but Mr. Cable has shown that he has not overestimated his powers. At any rate, it would have been nobler to fail in an attempt to describe a battle of civilization than to succeed in describing a lady's foot or a charming conglomeration of laces and satins. We are well aware that these fascinating trivialities have not been without influence upon the fate of nations; but if we were to judge by a certain school of novelists which has eminent representatives on both sides of the Atlantic, it would be safe to conclude that nothing happens in the world which has not its origin in a *boudoir* intrigue. It is refreshing to escape from the tepid and perfumed atmosphere of this artificial over-refinement into the healthy semi-barbarism of Mr. Cable's Louisiana during the years immediately following the cession to the United States. In fact, the state of affairs in Louisiana in 1804 is so nearly parallel with the state of affairs to-day, or at all events previous to 1876, that to all intents and purposes the book is a study (and a very profound and striking one) of Southern society during the period of reconstruction. Accordingly, we cannot help suspecting Mr. Cable of a benevolent intention to teach his Southern countrymen some fundamental lessons of society and government, while ostensibly he is merely their dispassionate historian. Whether the Creole gentlemen whom Mr. Cable characterizes with such admirable vigor and distinctness are capable of accepting a lesson, even though it involves the very problem of their existence, is a question which we dare not decide. But if our inferences from the story are correct, that little strip of France, which by an unfortunate accident was deposited on the delta of the Mississippi, represents a civilization that is doomed, and which already bears in its bosom the germ of decay. Whether single individuals like Honoré Grandissime, who break with the traditions of their people, and whom their kinsmen, with the instinct of self-preservation, hate and would like to trample upon, can do more than prolong the period of

decay and the final death-struggle, is another problem which the reader is left to solve in accordance with the logic of the story. Nevertheless, we venture to say that M. Grandissime shows a marvelous depth of insight or of instinct when he attaches himself to the plain and honorable apothecary; for the apothecary, though he has no antiquity to boast of in the way of pedigrees, carries the future in his pocket, while M. Grandissime's grandeur lies chiefly in the past, and his only chance of survival (not individually but generically) is determined by his ability to identify himself with the Anglo-American civilization, and his readiness to adopt its codes of law and honor. Opposed to him, as the champion of the Gallic tradition and the *ancien régime*, stands his uncle Agriola Fusilier—an admirably conceived type of the shallow but magniloquent Southerner who bewilders and overwhelms you with his sonorous rhetoric, and while patronizing, humiliates you by his exaggerated and insincere flatteries. In the title "citizen," which is so strenuously insisted upon, and in a great deal of Fusilier's self-exalting and didactic talk, we find a subtle allusion to a fact which we have nowhere else seen commented upon—viz., that the South clothes itself in the worn-out intellectual garments of Europe, and glories in its provincial attitude toward the nations of Latin blood. It is no rare thing in the Creole South to hear social theories and doctrines which were exploded half a century ago in France, propounded with a recklessly progressive air, as if they were the latest novelties in the world of thought.

The influence of the pure and high-minded hero, Frowenfeld, upon Honoré, Palmyre, Doctor Keene, and in fact every one with whom he comes in contact, was evidently a central *motif* with the author, and as such is properly emphasized. It strikes the reader, however, that Frowenfeld's influence is unduly passive; it is by being what he is, and not by any pronounced deed, that he lifts and exalts the lives which intersect his own. As with the sweet Pippa in Browning's dramatic poem "Pippa Passes," the exhaled purity and loveliness of his character become, as it were, a palpable influence for good and give an upward impulse to many a wavering life. For all that, it is not to be denied that Frowenfeld's character is very pale, in its approximate perfection, when compared to that of the vividly individualized Creoles by whom he is surrounded. Again, if we are to persist in minute fault-finding, we perceive that Mr. Cable has not followed the dramatic rule (which is, indeed, applicable to all fiction) requiring, as it were, an acceleration of *tempo*, and a proportionate accumulation of interest toward the end. His last chapters, though they deal out poetic justice, and gather up most satisfactorily all the suspended threads of the plot, seem to be a little lagging, and, on the whole, impress one less strongly than many of their predecessors. This may in part be owing to the fact that the *dénouement* becomes after the forty-third chapter a foregone conclusion, and its anticipation necessarily distracts one's attention. The interest of the book really culminates in the terrible story of Bras-Coupé, which is very skillfully interwoven with the fates of

the principal characters in the book, and incorporeally pursues them to the end.

We would fain go into a still further analysis of Mr. Cable's excellent novel; but as our space compels us to be brief, we will pass by the many tempting passages we had marked for comment, and merely add a concluding remark regarding his style. We believe it is the opinion of the average reader that it is too luxuriant, that it is full of allusions which are hard to trace. We have heard this judgment frequently expressed, but we have always combatted it. To us Mr. Cable's style is that of a highly imaginative man, in whose mind every fresh thought opens up a long vista of alluring suggestions. An author who is in this manner actually embarrassed by his wealth has to exercise severe self-denial when the temptation to imaginative digression presents itself; and if occasionally he grants himself the luxury of a striking metaphor or paradox, it is because he knows its value to be too great to justify the sacrifice. Who would, indeed, miss those inimitable little touches which in "The Grandissimes" are scattered through the soberer narrative like blazing poppies through a field of wheat? We shall not quote (though we can hardly refrain from calling attention to the "worthless berries, whose splendor the combined contempt of man and beast could not dim"), but would rather leave to the reader the pleasure of chuckling to himself at each fresh discovery.

#### "The Stillwater Tragedy."\*

TO MR. ALDRICH's old admirers "The Stillwater Tragedy" presents a serious difficulty: it compels them, temporarily, to suspend their admiration. The reason why, it may be difficult to state concisely; but instead of attempting it, we will relate a conversation which took place the other night, say at a certain New York club. Of the speakers, one was a Bostonian, and accordingly a born literary critic; the other was a New Yorker. They had both read "The Stillwater Tragedy," and, as the following colloquy will show, had tolerably well-defined opinions:

"As for me," said the Bostonian, "I am free to confess that I like all that Mr. Aldrich writes. He is never crude. His humor is delightful, his wit keen and brilliant, and refinement and culture are required to enjoy him. He never shocks your sensibilities, he never fails to amuse. You can read him aloud to your lady friends without fear of encountering embarrassing passages. The love-making, which is mostly parenthetical, is always well-bred and discreet. Take, for instance, this 'Stillwater Tragedy,' which you are determined to find fault with. What is there in the relation between Richard and Margaret to which the most fastidious reader could object—"

"Granted, granted," interrupted the New Yorker, with some eagerness. "You have misunderstood me, if you imagine that I object to that, or anything else. It is not what there *is* in Aldrich's books

which offends me, but it is the absence of the things which are not there, that I criticise. It is all very clever, astonishingly clever. But it is a kind of cold, cynical brilliancy which in a short story may be very entertaining, but which in a novel soon palls upon one's taste. The neatness with which every phrase is turned, the ingenuity with which the simple details of the plot are arranged, would no doubt be worthy of high praise, if they were not there as substitutes for the more weighty and essential qualities which constitute the novelist's first claim to his title. Where in 'The Stillwater Tragedy' do you find a single situation which has the faintest power to move the heart? Did you really care very much whether the colorless Margaret, who is an enfeebled copy of the lovely Prudence Palfrey, did or did not, in the end, join her fate to that of the sensible, but utterly uninteresting, Richard Shackford? To me, I admit, it was a matter of supreme indifference. I read the book because in any book of Aldrich's I am justified in expecting to find a certain number of bright and clever sayings, and in this expectation I was not wholly disappointed. Moreover, it is always a pleasure to read an English style of such singular refinement and purity, even though the story which it is intended to convey may be feeble and bloodless. A fine arrangement of drapery may be impressive, even though it clothes nothing but a lay figure."

As our space forbids us to report verbatim, we shall only give a *résumé* of the concluding argument. The New Yorker maintained that "The Stillwater Tragedy" was not a serious study of the labor question, while he admitted that the various types of workmen were vividly characterized, and undoubtedly had been suggested by living models. The murder with which the book opens, he further asserted, was robbed of all its tragic force, first, by the despicable character of the murdered man, and secondly, by the familiar, semi-humorous way in which it is treated. If this were realism, he would even prefer a tinge of melodrama. The web of evidence, which at first apparently implicates the nephew, and then allows him, with such surprising ease, to extricate himself again, was ingeniously contrived, but not sufficiently so to make the reader feel for one moment the slightest apprehension as to Richard's ultimate fate. And, reverting once more to the discreetness and propriety of the courting, did his opponent really maintain that this cool and measured regard had the remotest afflatus of the genuine passion? In his opinion, Mr. Aldrich and his school virtually said to their readers: "Ladies and gentlemen, you know what love is. Therefore, I need not describe it to you. When I introduce two lovers, you know perfectly well how they feel toward each other. Why, then, should I waste words in descanting upon the sentiment which animates them? It is a story as old as the hills, and accordingly a little stale. Moreover, love of the wild and enthusiastic sort is out of date and out of fashion. The modern substitute for it is a much milder article, which may cause a headache, but never kills."

But thus, if our critic is right, no author is justified in reasoning. As far as he is concerned, the

\*"The Stillwater Tragedy. By T. B. Aldrich, author of 'Majorie Daw,' 'The Queen of Sheba,' 'Flower and Thorn,' etc. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1885.



public know nothing which it would not be safe to teach them again, and have felt nothing to which he can appeal as part of an irrevocable past experience. He must make each one of his readers fall in love with his heroine, as William Black does in "A Princess of Thule," and Tourguéneff in "Spring Floods," or, if he does not desire to do this, he must take pains to attune him into sympathetic comprehension of the relation existing between the lovers. Even if the individuals be not wholly above reproach, the strength and inexorableness of their love may (as in the case of Litvinof and Irene, in "Smoke") temporarily exalt and dignify them. We have chosen these examples at random, and they may, at first glance, seem inappropriate, as very likely this was not the kind of love which Mr. Aldrich wished to describe. It is not an indigenous plant in the New England soil. The kind, however, which grows in "The Stillwater Tragedy" is a mere specter, a name without blood or substance behind it.

Greene's "Army Life in Russia." \*

In reading the modest preface of this book, we are, in a measure, unprepared for the rich treat that follows. The author has already shown himself to be one of the ablest military writers of the day, and this book, although not so strictly professional as its predecessor, merits commendation, both in a professional and literary sense. He has succeeded in weaving the personal experiences of an actor into some of the most memorable scenes of the great Russian-Turkish war, without weakening our interest in his movements or dwarfing the proportions of the great historical events which he describes.

Beginning with the central figure of the great drama,—the Tsar,—we can form a fair estimate of his character (apart from the pomp and surroundings of his palace), of his purpose, and his actions, as these impress the mind of an unusually intelligent young officer fresh from the shores of republican America. In this picture the Tsar is a man actuated by human sympathies, controlled by a great purpose, and upon whom rest the strangest responsibilities. Hereafter, we will hold him in mind with affectionate interest, because he endures privations in common with his soldier comrades, sorrows for their sufferings, and is moved by their intense love and adoration. Of the Russian soldiers who fought so bravely, endured so heroically, we have a complete picture. Their peasant life, with its somber lights and shades, their preparation for actual military service and subsequent career, are described with sufficient minuteness to impress us earnestly with their excellences and defects. To the professional soldier, all this is well worth careful reading for its bearing upon those important questions relating to the *personnel* of our own service. We distinctly trace, in this narrative, whence arise the lack of individuality, the unquestioned obedience and the ever-abiding faith in the

Tsar which characterize this body of simple-minded men, and note the striking absence of that influence which long-continued education develops in a people from which the army comes. And in the subaltern officers we see more pointedly, perhaps, the same effects, so that we have, in their deficiency of even a sound knowledge of their profession, and in their loss of wit in emergencies, a happy illustration of the distinctive difference between *education*, by which all the faculties of the man are harmoniously developed, and *accomplishments*, which simply adorn, but do not penetrate into the fiber. How important, then, must be the training demanded of our officers, to whom, in future wars, the command and guidance of large masses of intelligent citizens must be confided! The apparently contradictory views which English-speaking people have of Russian society and those incidentally set forth in this book, are clearly stated on page 33; and the conclusions of our author have in their flavor the fact that our intellectual sustenance on this question has been drawn through the prejudiced English press, which reflects the interested convictions of a nation antagonistic in the highest degree to its growing and powerful rival.

Lieutenant Greene possesses the fortunate faculty of description. The scenery, the home, the surroundings and the daily life of the simple peasant, with the modifications brought about by war, are admirably depicted. Picturesque views of Bulgaria and its people, of their simple life and habits, of their wrongs and their deliverance, follow in good sequence. Then is told the story of Plevna, in language technical yet simple; but peculiarly impressive is the thrilling narrative of the assault of the Krishin Redoubt. We follow with intense eagerness the movements of the assaulting line, and at the critical moment when Death deals so wantonly with brave and gallant men, it is for the moment our own comrades that fall on the bloody field.

In contrast with the alternations of exciting activity and constant drudgery of the siege, he relates in language of absorbing interest the lively incidents of the march, the coming up with the enemy, the dispositions for battle, enlivened now and then with new scenes and new people. A capital analysis of the characters of some of the more famous Russian generals is made impressive from personal observations of their thought and action in daily life. Of these, the most complete is that of Skobelev, with whom our author appears to have enjoyed intimate personal friendship. Possessing great energy, powerful will, and indefatigable endeavor, his inherent military talent is fostered, developed, and enriched by his persistent study, well-digested reading, and his ready assimilation of the experience of war. His wonderful career affords no exception to the general rule, that great success attends great endeavor—for mediocre men are incapable of either.

The companion picture of the war-correspondent MacGahan has for its subject an equally meritorious man, and whatever may be said of the military

\* Sketches of Army Life in Russia. By Lieut. F. V. Greene, Corps of Engineers, U. S. Army. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1880.



hero may with equal justice be said of his worthy civilian comrade, who, from a sense of professional honor, braved equal dangers without the sustaining hope of either great reward or great renown.

In conclusion, the ease with which the author handles his various subjects, the clearness with which he describes the movements of troops in march and in battle, the directness with which he points out the tactical and strategical elements of the various problems of war, and the happy *résumé* which he finally gives of the salient points of the "Eastern question" are both refreshing and delightful. The military reader will be well pleased with the graphic pictures of the Russian soldier and his commanders. He will detect the certain causes that have led the Russian army to wonderful feats of valor and endurance, in spite of faulty organization, and get a clear understanding of the elements which form the basis of the military structure of this comparatively new civilization of Europe—and, finally, have in a short compass a comprehensive view of the more important military movements of this latest great war. To the general reader, the book will be found as interesting as a novel, attracting and retaining his attention with unflagging interest from the opening chapter to the final sentence.

#### Jonathan Edwards's Discussion of the Trinity.

THE contents of Edwards's discussion of the Trinity\* will disappoint more than one class of readers. In the first place, it is very brief. It formed a part of the "Miscellaneous Observations" of Edwards, which were first printed in Edinburgh, was copied for publication under the direction of the younger President Edwards, but was not inserted in the printed work. It is a fragment, not a treatise. In the second place, the character of the discussion is quite different from what was anticipated. Dr. Bushnell, who called for its publication in 1851, had the impression, apparently, that it would favor his speculations, which tended strongly to the Sabellian theory—the theory that the Trinity is one of manifestation only, a threefold mode of self-revelation on the part of the Deity. Dr. O. W. Holmes, in a recent article, seems to have had the hope that the Coryphæus of New England divinity might have become something of a "liberal" in his latter days, and that the unpublished manuscript would contain precious evidences of the fact. No one thoroughly acquainted with the writings of Edwards cherished any of these expectations. Some of the treatises which "liberals" most dislike—that, for example, on Original Sin—were posthumous. There was never the slightest reason to think that Edwards varied a hair-breadth from the type of Calvinism of which he was so stalwart a defender, unless the unexplained withholding from the press of the manuscript in question may have constituted such a reason. His convictions were too deeply engraven on his mind,

they were too closely interwoven with one another, to be easily changed. But the impression had gone abroad, among those who knew better than to suppose that Edwards had left on record a change of opinion on a fundamental point in his creed, that the treatise would turn out to be an *a priori* argument for the Trinity, after the manner of Augustine, Aquinas, Melancthon, Baxter, and other eminent theologians, who have found an analogon of the Trinity in the human mind, and even in visible nature. This limited aim of the author, it was supposed, might impart to his work a Sabellian appearance, and give rise to the notion of it which Dr. Bushnell appears to have received. The fact is, however, that the "Observations," which Professor E. G. Smyth has issued, with instructive notes and comments, mainly relate to the respective offices of the Father, the Son and the Spirit, in redemption—to the "œconomical" relations of the persons. It will not take Dr. Holmes long to read this little tract through, and he will probably not grieve over its brevity. To theologians, however, it contains matter of much interest. Especially is it worthy of note that Edwards coincides so nearly with the Nicene conception of the Trinity,—the ancient Greek theology, in which the Father is the fountain-head in the Deity. There is, we are told (p. 22), "a priority of subsistence [in the Father], and a kind of dependence of the Son, in His subsistence, on the Father; because, with respect to His subsistence, He is wholly of the Father and begotten by Him." This priority it was the tendency of the theology of the West to sacrifice, partly from dread of Arianism. The Latin theology culminates in the falsely called Athanasian—styled by "Punch" the Anathema-sian—creed. When Edwards goes on to discuss the "Covenant of Redemption," he falls into statements about the social relations of the Divine Persons, which are anthropomorphic, as is the main idea—the Federal theology—with which they are connected. These "Observations," brief as they are, are marked by the usual discrimination and logical acumen of their author. Great prominence has been given of late to his terrific pictures of future punishment, and his hard sayings on that subject. We have no inclination to laud his mode of treating topics of this nature. It is only fair to remember, however, that all of his conceptions of religious truth were in the highest degree intense and vivid. He dilates on the joys of heaven, on the beauty of Christ, on the blessedness of faith and love, in a strain not less vivid than that of his portrayments of retribution. It is a mark of his power that a posthumous composition of this nature from his pen, printed more than a century after his death, is regarded with so much curiosity. Professor Smyth's learned Introduction and Appendix furnish to the reader a full illustration of its design and meaning. Why it was kept back from publication when it was loudly called for thirty years ago, is not explained. Possibly its deviation from certain more provincial conceptions of the doctrine which it considers, and its approximation to the more Catholic orthodoxy of the ancient creeds, may have had something to do with it.

\*Observations concerning the Scripture Economy of the Trinity and Covenant of Redemption, by Jonathan Edwards, with an Introduction and Appendix by Egbert C. Smyth. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1880.

## THE WORLD'S WORK.

## New Telegraphic System.

A NEW system of sending and receiving electrical impulses over an insulated wire has recently been brought into successful operation, that seems to promise not only a radical change in the present methods of telegraphing but a material gain in the speed and cost of sending messages by wire. It is founded on a union of the so-called "automatic" and "chemical" systems of telegraphy. The first of these employs a strip of paper having, by some mechanical means, a series of small holes punched in it, the design being to pass the perforated strip under a needle, or stylus, in electrical connection with the line. This stylus, on passing over the paper, opens the circuit, but in passing one of the holes, drops through and closes it,—this alternate making and breaking of the circuit transmitting the message. The chemical telegraph records any electrical impulses sent over a line by staining a strip of prepared paper passing under it. This is founded on the fact that electricity has the power of decomposing certain chemicals, and if paper is soaked in these chemicals and submitted to the action of electricity, it will be discolored wherever the current passes. While both of these systems have been used, neither has been able to compete with the more simple Morse key and sounder, and it has remained for the new system to bring them to a position where they may come into general use. The new system is a modification and combination of the automatic and chemical systems, the transmitting being performed by means of a perforated strip of paper, and the receiving of the message being recorded by the discoloration of chemically prepared paper. The process is entirely mechanical and chemical, the telegraph operator having no direct control over the message, either by sight, sound, or touch. The written message is sent to the operating-room, and given to the person using the perforating machine. This consists of a small key-board, with black and white keys, each marked with a letter or sign, and an ingenious system of levers, operated by the keys, for punching small holes in a ribbon of paper moving past the side of the machine. The machine stands upon a small table, and under it is a treadle for giving motion to the feeding apparatus for supplying the paper to the machine. The operator moves the treadle with his feet, and at the same time touches each key to spell out the message. In a very few seconds the message is imprinted on the ribbon in the form of a double row of small perforations, each group of two holes representing a dash, and each single hole a dot, as in the Morse alphabet. Each letter is separated from the next by a longer dash, and each word by a still longer dash, and each sentence by a dash of indefinite length. This spacing of the letters is performed automatically, the spacing of words and sentences is performed by the operator. The perforated strip containing the message is then sent to the transmitting machine. This

consists essentially of a metallic wheel, divided into two sections by means of a thin insulation of hard rubber. One section of the wheel is connected with the positive pole of the battery, and the other section with the negative pole. A pair of fine metallic brushes, both of which are connected directly with the line, are suspended above the wheel, and are arranged so as to press lightly upon the latter, when desired. When resting on the wheel the circuit is closed, and when raised above it the circuit is broken. The perforated strip is, by a simple piece of mechanism, made to pass over the face of this wheel and under the brushes. While the paper is passing, both brushes are raised from the wheel, and slide over the paper, and the circuit is broken. On passing a hole, one of the brushes drops through and closes the circuit for an instant. On passing two or more holes, arranged in a series close together, the brush closes the circuit for a shorter or longer time, according to the number of holes, and as the perforations on the paper are arranged in two rows, alternating from one to the other, the brushes are used alternately, and the polarity of the current is continually changed with every impulse sent over the line. No special skill is required in sending a message, as the operator has only to put the perforated strip in the machine and turn a hand-crank, to cause it to pass rapidly under the brushes, and with a little practice, a young girl can send messages at the rate of one thousand words a minute, with absolute precision. The receiving apparatus consists essentially of a simple piece of mechanism for causing a strip of chemically prepared paper to pass rapidly under two small needles that are connected with the line. As the paper passes the needles, the electricity sent over the line from the transmitting machine seeks the earth through the wet paper and the machine, and in passing discolors the paper, each stain representing a dot or dash, and the message is printed on the paper in a double row of marks at the same speed with which it was dispatched. In practice, a Morse key and sounder is placed at each end of the line, and on sending a message the transmitting operator calls the receiving station, and when the operator at the distant end replies, both turn the cranks in their machines swiftly, and the message is sent and received at an average speed of one thousand words a minute. The message received is given to a person using a typewriter, and at once translated into print and sent out by the messenger-boy. It is found in practice that two operators, one at each end of a single wire of indefinite length, can keep fifteen operators fully employed in preparing the messages, and fifteen girls busy in translating and printing the messages for delivery. The system is of American origin.

## The Photophone.

THIS new form of telephonic transmitter, while it is not immediately available in daily use on a tele-

phone line, is exceedingly suggestive, and may yet be of use upon a commercial scale. It is based upon a property recently found to exist in a marked degree in selenium, and in a less degree in many other common materials. This property is the action of light upon the substances, in causing certain molecular changes that may affect the ear as sounds,—in brief, the conversion of light into sound. If a beam of light is allowed to fall on selenium, it produces a certain effect; if it is withdrawn, other changes take place in the material; if the beam is of varying intensity, these effects are varied in intensity. Upon these newly observed laws is founded the photophone. It consists essentially of a transmitter for receiving the voice or other sound, and conveying it to a distance along a beam of light, and a receiver for taking the beam of light and reconvertng it into sound. Practically, these are one and the same, and make the transmitter, the receiver being an ordinary telephone. The most simple apparatus used in making the experiments with the photophone consisted of a small mirror of silvered mica, suspended vertically and free to vibrate, much as the diaphragm of a telephone. Upon the front of this was thrown, by means of a lens, a concentrated beam of sunlight, and by means of a second lens, this, when reflected from the mirror, was sent in parallel rays to the receiving station, located at a distance of 213 meters (about 700 feet). The speaker stood behind the mirror, and the sound of his voice was sent against the back of it, causing it to vibrate in unison with the vibrations of sound. The receiver consisted of a reflector, and in its focus was placed a cell of selenium, connected by wire with a telephonic circuit and battery. With such an apparatus spoken words could be heard in the telephone, transmitted through the air along the beam of light. In detail the process is this: the vibrations of the air cause the mirror to vibrate, and its movements cause the beam of light to quiver or undulate, and at the receiver the selenium in the focus of the reflector was subjected to the beam of light of constantly changing intensity. Here the curious property of selenium comes into play. Its resistance varies with the intensity of the light, and this changing electrical resistance is in the telephone converted into audible sound. The chain is complicated and curious, yet it is practically perfect, and conveys not only audible sounds, but all motions may be transmitted over the beam of light, and may appear as sounds, even though the movements themselves produce no sounds upon the air in their neighborhood. With other forms of apparatus, a silent motion or the burning of a candle may be heard in the telephone as sounds, a shadow of any object in the light of the candle producing an audible effect at the end of the line. Further experiments have shown that the action of light may be directly converted into sounds by the use of very simple apparatus made of the most common materials, and independent of a battery or telephone. The photophone is as yet in the experimental stage, but it would already appear as if, under the great impetus now given to all scientific research by the commercial demands made upon science, that it may yet be as

useful for conveying information by means of a beam of light as the heliograph. This latter instrument, it may here be remarked, is not patented, and is now being brought into daily use. It can be easily constructed and used by any one familiar with the laws of light. It is available as a visual telegraph for distances varying from one to fifty miles by the aid of sunlight or the electric light. For short distances, a common lamp will answer, in default of sunlight, and it would seem as if it might be of value in moving ferry-boats, and in railroad construction in hilly countries.

#### Improved Diving Apparatus.

THE objection raised to the common form of dress worn by divers is that free movement under the water is impeded by the air-pipes. The diver cannot go very deep nor move any great distance, because the pipe supplying air to his helmet must reach to the surface and be continually connected with the air-pump. Attempts have been made from time to time to make some kind of tank or reservoir, in which a supply of fresh air, or fresh oxygen, could be stored. This was to be carried by the diver, and when he wished fresh air he drew a supply from the tank. By this arrangement he would be free to move under water independently of any pipe or other connection with the surface. All of these experiments have failed on account of the difficulty of getting rid of the condensed water and the carbonic acid from the breath. More recent experiments would seem to indicate that, by a new system of portable air-tanks, it is now possible for the diver to take with him sufficient air to enable him to remain five hours under water, or in an atmosphere of smoke or poisonous gases. Two tanks are provided, one to be worn upon the back and a smaller one in front, both being suspended from the shoulders, and connected by pipes at the bottom along the diver's side and under one arm. These are packed full of small pieces of India rubber, saturated with a solution of soda. The tanks have also a false perforated bottom. The helmet is of the usual shape, except that it has a small tank attached to it, and designed to be filled with oxygen under a pressure of six atmospheres. Upon the diver's face is worn a small mask of leather, fitting air and water tight over the nose and mouth. This has two valves opening inward, and a flexible tube or windpipe leading directly to the tanks suspended from the shoulders. On fitting the apparatus to the diver, the operation of breathing is maintained, whether in the air or in smoke or under water, in this manner: The exhaled breath is sent through the tube to the tanks. Here the water is condensed, and runs into the space below the false bottom of the tank. The carbonic acid is removed by the solution of soda, and after passing through both tanks the exhaled breath escapes upward into the helmet. It now contains a small percentage of oxygen (the reserve that always follows breathing) and an excess of nitrogen. This atmosphere, while ill-balanced, will sustain life, and may be breathed for a short time without

harm. As soon as the percentage of oxygen falls too low, which is indicated by a slight sense of suffocation, the diver, by turning a tap, admits fresh oxygen into the helmet from the tank, and quickly creates an artificial and perfectly healthful atmosphere by diluting the excess of nitrogen with oxygen. The carbonic acid and the water being removed at each passage of the exhaled air through the tanks, and the diver being able at any moment to dilute the excess of nitrogen with fresh oxygen, he may remain below for several hours, and quite free from any connection with the surface except by the bell-rope. The apparatus is reported to have stood severe tests in an atmosphere of carbonic gas, in smoke and under water, with perfect comfort and safety to the diver.

#### Submerged Well-Pump.

A NEW form of well-pump, for hand or power, presents some features of value in saving wear and tear in use, in economizing power, and in preventing stoppage by freezing in winter. The plan of sinking a pump in the water at the bottom of a well, out of the reach of frost, is not new, and several pumps arranged on this plan are already in the market. The advantage claimed for the new pump, therefore, rests on its new form and material. The pump consists of three cylinders, each from ten to twelve centimeters in diameter and about 15.2 centimeters (six inches) long. These are of common vitrified stoneware, open at each end, and are placed together so

that the centers form a triangle. They rest on a casting having openings corresponding to the diameter of each pipe, and are joined by a second casting at the top, the two castings being united by rods on the outsides of the cylinders. The upper casting fits tight, and carries three valves of leather, one over each cylinder, and is connected at the top with the wrought-iron discharge-pipe that serves both to carry the water to the surface and to support the pump. The cylinders, being entirely open below, are always full of water, and the piston designed to move in each carries one valve, opening upward. From the platform at the top of the well extend downward three light rods, each carrying at the end a frame that embraces one of the stone-ware cylinders. On this frame is an upright rod extending upward into the cylinder, and carrying the piston and valve. At the top the rods are connected at an angle of sixty degrees with a hand-crank. The operation of this is as follows: one rod, bearing its piston in the cylinder, is just rising and lifting the water as the second is half-way down, while the third is just beginning its return stroke. Only the first rod is lifting any water, the others being out of action. The pistons overlap each other on the stroke, so that one is always at work, and the water is delivered in a continuous stream. The advantages of such a form of construction are found in the fact that there is no vacuum in the pump; the cylinders are always full and need not be air-tight, even slight leaks in the water not making much difference in the work. The use of stoneware insures purity and cleanliness in the water.

#### BRIC-À-BRAC.

##### Where Ignorance is Bliss.

IS LOVE contagious?—I don't know;  
But this I am prepared to say,  
That I have felt, for many a day,  
A great desire to make it so.

Does she vouchsafe a thought to me?  
Sometimes I think she does; and then  
I'm forced to grope in doubt again,  
Which seems my normal state to be.

Why don't I ask, and asking, know?—  
I grant perhaps it might be wise;  
But when I look into her eyes,  
And hear her voice which thrills me so,

I think that on the whole I wot:  
I'd rather doubt than know she don't.

##### Uncle Essek's Wisdom.

MAKING apologies is a mean business, but the necessity of making them is still meaner.

He who works and waits, wins.

Common sense is the gift of heaven; enough of it is genius.

Ceremonies and bills of fare seem to be necessary. Many people would not know how to act without the one nor what to eat without the other.

A thoroughly neat woman is never an unchaste one.

The ambitions and vanities of an old man are too weak and ridiculous to be dangerous.

The time spent in reading books that do not make us think is worse than useless. One good book, however, is food for a life-time.

If there were no listeners, there would be no flatterers.

If contentment is happiness, it is better to be contented with a good deal than with a little.

The man who has no foolishness in his nature probably has something worse in place of it.

We owe one half of our success in this world to some circumstance, and the other half to taking the circumstance on the wing.

Crime is the outgrowth of vice; to stop the former, you must weed out the latter.

A cunning man is often shrewd but seldom wise. He sets so many traps for others that he generally gets into some of them himself.

Good breeding is so natural and easy that it can be taken for mere simplicity.

There is a kind of honesty that is nothing but fear, and a sort of patience which is nothing but laziness.

Coquetry is more natural to woman than prudence. A woman seldom outlives all of her coquetry, and never becomes a prude until she is obliged to.

#### On the Inspiration of the Moment.

THE following quotations are from a circular addressed by the publisher of a subscription book to his agents. Our excuse for this wantonly "giving away" the secret of the trade must be sought for in the great good we do in putting our subscribers on guard against the delicate flatteries of the book-agent, as portrayed in the stage business here set down. Who, indeed, would be safe from the emphasis or gestures of an adept in the art?

[With prospectus out of sight, call on the nearest neighbor to your last subscriber and say:]

Good morning! This is Mr. — or Mrs. —, I believe? My name is —, from —. (Shake hands and make some pleasant remark.) Mr. —, I'm showing the people here Judge —'s new work; will you take a moment to look at it? (Pull out your prospectus and keep on talking.) It is this length, this width, and this shows the back (as you say this, turn and show strip on inside of cover), making a large, handsome volume, and it is beautifully illustrated (turn leaves). One of the engravings copied from Trumbull's masterpiece in the Rotunda at the Capitol in Washington. You remember it cost our Government \$8000. This is Thomas Jefferson (the one signing), who wrote the Declaration. This (at Jefferson's left) is Benjamin Franklin, who said after they had all signed it, "Now gentlemen, we must all hang together, or we shall surely hang separately" (meaning we must stick together or King George will hang every one of us). The work is written by Judge — of —, assisted by our most eminent Authors, Artists, Statesmen, Military, and other officials.

You see it is gotten up for a National Memorial Volume (point to top line of page). It has been eleven years in preparation (turn to table of contents, saying), but you will judge of the work by the table of contents.

PART 1st, you see, gives those momentous Political (emphasize political) Events which furnish the key to our whole Political History and our American System of Government.

PART 2d is the military Department. Here we have the deciding battles of our five great wars, both on land and sea, so you can compare the military genius of each.

PART 3d, the superb achievements of our American Oratory on National occasions, including the great debate between Webster and Hayne in the Senate in 1830—the great debate of the century.

Then here we have John Quincy Adams, in his eleven days' single-handed struggle against the whole House of Representatives.

PART 4th gives us the wonderful phenomena of the Earth, Ocean, and Heavens, such as the wonderful dark day of 1780 (point to the year in the margin), and the sudden appearance of the great *Fiery Comet* in 1843, with a train of 108,000,000 miles in length, which so alarmed the people—all fully described and explained.

IN PART 5th we have the Key to our National Greatness. The extraordinary Discoveries and Inventions (run finger down page 15 slowly as you continue), the Scientific Expeditions sent out by our Government, and all the splendid triumphs of Mechanical Genius. Many people order the book for this part alone (to parents add)—especially those who have children in the family.

PART 6th presents the appalling public Calamities, Disasters, Panics, etc., of the century. The Death of Great Men, scourge of Pestilence, "Black Friday" in the business world, Burning of Cities, etc., which so often brought grief and sorrow to our people.

IN PART 7th we have the Celebrated Criminal Cases, Trials, Tragedies, Duels, and Conspiracies—those stains on Our Nation's History,—given here to make sin and crime odious, and to serve as a warning by showing us the pitfalls into which others have fallen. Forewarned is forearmed, you know.

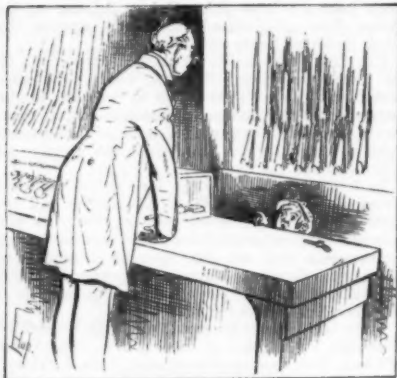
(Watch your man closely, and see what parts of Table of Contents interest him most, and then show the heads of chapters in the prospectus which you think will interest him most. Call especial attention to the fine engravings.) We not only give a splendid picture of the most prominent men, but an exact copy of their signature, which is a very expensive feature of the book. "Perry's Victory" cost \$150; "Fulton's First Steam-boat" about \$200. (Show to your man as long as you see he is interested, but if he gets restless you will turn leaves rapidly, and finish up your description of book in a few words, ending with Emperor William's celebrated letter to President Grant in 1866, a translation of which is given in the book. Then running the leaves of prospectus back through your hand say:) This book will contain about — pages of this beautiful print, on this quality of paper, and bound in the very best spring-back binding, and we furnish the whole complete work for only —. They will be ready for delivery here in —. (Read one or two recommendations, and the list you have there secured, and when you come to last name hand prospectus right over to him, at the same time saying:) Of course you want one; just on that line, please.

#### Emerson on English University Training.

IN connection with the essay on Mr. Gladstone, the following from Emerson's "English Traits" is interesting. He is speaking of English University men.

"When born with good constitutions, they make those eueptic studying-mills, the cast-iron men, the *dura illa*, whose powers of performance compare with ours as the steam-hammer with the music-box—Cokes, Mansfields, Seldens, and Bentleys; and when it happens that a superior brain puts a rider on this admirable horse, we obtain those masters of the world who combine the highest energy in affairs with a supreme culture."





WESTERN ADVENTURE.

SMALL SPECIMEN.—"Look a here, uncle, I do' want none o' your toy pistols. Give me one of them kind as Snaggy Bill killed seventeen Indians with in the last number of the 'Infant's Own.' I'm agoin' West, I am, and I mean biz."

## A Variation.

WHERE'ER I go, I hear anon  
An endless twang and twiddle,  
For all the *lows* are playing on  
The banjo and the fiddle.  
I cannot make a call in peace,  
Upon my fair enslavers,  
This new caprice doth so increase  
Their crotchets and their quavers.

For scarcely now a word is said  
Of archery or tennis,  
They play instead "Old Uncle Ned"  
Or "Carnival of Venice";  
And when in classic terms they speak,  
Arrayed in silks and laces,  
The whole technique to me is Greek  
Of Weber's polonaises.

From observation, I aver  
Each feminine designer,  
Without demur, doth much prefer  
A major to a minor.  
No longer claims of blood endure,  
Nor names aristocratic,  
You may be sure each ardent wooer  
Is weighed in scales chromatic.

A lovely girl essays in vain  
To harmonize this vandal,  
With each refrain she doth explain,  
'Twixt Offenbach and Handel.  
But when her soul she seems to throw  
In tremulous appealings,  
I only know her fiddle-bow  
Is playing on my feelings.

Oh, would I were the violin  
Whose melodies enfold her,  
That I might win her dimpled chin,  
And rest against her shoulder;  
And when my heart-strings she'd caress,  
With dainty, jeweled fingers,  
With tenderness I would confess  
The love that in me lingers!

## Uncle Ned's Banjo Song.

De cloud is scattered all away,  
De stars is shinin' bright;  
My heart is mighty light and gay,—  
I's gwine abroad to-night;  
De darkies gwine to 'spec' me,  
An' I knows dey'll want a song;  
An' I nebber likes to fool 'em,  
So I'll take de banjer 'long;

## Chorus.

For I's gwine to de shuckin',  
For I's gwine to de shuckin',  
For I's gwine to de shuckin' of de corn.

Oh, I'll tell 'em at de shuckin'  
'Bout de little gal o' mine,  
In her pretty little shanty  
On de Allerbaner line;  
Her eyes is like de Jack-er-lantern,  
Sweet enough to kill;  
An' when she starts to sing a song,  
She beats de whipperwill!

An' when she hunts de hick'y-nuts,  
She mighty nice to see,  
'Cause she beats de raccoon all to pieces  
Clammin' up de tree;  
Her teef does shine so mighty white  
Dey sparkle in de dark,  
An' dey make de sweetest music  
When dey mash de scaly-bark!

An' when de darkness comes at night  
An' kivers up de sky,  
Why, she kindles up a fire  
Wid de brightness ob her eye;  
Den she gadders up a pile o' wood  
Fum out de cyp'us-brake,  
An' gits de skillet orf de she'f  
To cook de Johnny-cake!

De time is slippin' fas' away,—  
I see de risin' moon;  
I ought to be down at de corn-'ouse  
Knockin' out a chune;  
So I'll git my coat fum out de chis'  
An' moobe along de way;  
Oh, 'twill make dem darkies happy  
When dey hear de banjer play!

## "The Thought of Astyanax beside Iulus."

For the unclassical reader of Mrs. Piatt's poem in this number, we may say that the pathetic little episode to which it refers is related in the third book of Virgil's *Æneid*, lines 488-98, where the poet describes *Æneas*'s meeting with *Andromache* during his wanderings, after the sacking of *Troy*, with his son *Ascanius* (also called *Iulus*). To the latter she gives the clothing of her boy *Astyanax*, who, in obedience to an oracle, had been cast headlong from the walls of *Troy*. This was after the death of *Hector*, his father, whose parting with *Andromache*—in which the child "headed like a star," together with the "horse-hair plume," are mentioned—is one of the most famous passages of the *Iliad* of *Homer*. The description in *Virgil* is as follows:

"*Andromache*, sad with the last parting, brings garments figured over with golden embroidery and a Phrygian cloak for *Ascanius*, and loads him with woven gifts, and thus speaks: 'Take these, too, my boy, and may they be to thee mementos of my handiwork, and bear witness to the lasting love of *Andromache*, *Hector*'s wife; take these last gifts of thy friend, O only image remaining to me of my *Astyanax*. Just such eyes, just such hands, just such features he had, and he would now be growing up in equal age with thee.'"

The reader will see how dramatically Mrs. Piatt has interwoven with this thread the thought of any mother for her dead boy.